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the world's greatness in any respect than it can to the creation of the heavens. One thing alone can it claim as its birthright,—the mess of pottage, the conglomeration of debasing influences which its licentious spirit of freedom has made to keep pace with and adulterate all that in the natural order it has produced or vainly endeavored to improve. For its creations are, by its own confession, far inferior to those of the heathen and the barbarian. The Church, on the other hand, claims, and rightfully claims as her divinely borrowed gifts to men, everything which they have of good. All that was ennobling in the ancient heathen was the workings of the heavenborn inspiration in the soul of man; in so much she respected them as the works of her heavenly spouse, in so much she blessed and fostered their development, so likewise does she act with the fruits of modern improvement, but the glorious creation of her triumphant eras of undisputed sway over humanity are not second in their refulgence to the borrowed lustre she derives from her patronage of those produced in less favored periods. The only charge that can be brought against her is that in her solicitude for men's souls she scrutinizes with jealous care the products of their finite wisdom ere she gives them her benediction. In this she has never used any more than the ordinary policy of even her enemies in worldly wisdom, nor with no more odious delays and devices. She may thereby have been far more slow than the champions of modern progress, but she was surely, as their own vagaries

prove, ten thousand times more certain. No work of any age, bearing her blessing, has ever failed to stand the test of adverse criticism. Can our modern progressionists say as much of theirs? She, by the providence of God, is the teacher of the world, her crown is surmounted by the inspiring dove, and she has from the beginning, and will until the end, teach ALL TRUTH. Slanderers may revile her, impious men may contradict her, conceited fools may blaspheme her and drown her voice, just as the politicians of the free-thought school have robbed her, but so surely as their machinations and the false doctrines of heretics have in every age been brought to naught, so surely will her wisdom, always and everywhere, reign supreme, the correctness of her judgment prove itself.

Oh beautiful, all-sufficient, and ever-enduring providence of God! which has given us the Church for our teacher, and the lamp of divine faith whereby to read her teachings, while with overflowing hearts we thank thee, with tremulous lips we pray thee keep us humble in our knowledge of thy truth, and steadfast in our loyalty thereto, amid the darkness of doubt and the glamour of glittering error. Teach us so to use even thy temporal blessings as to convert them into potent instruments of eternal life, and may thy Holy Spirit's refulgent inspirations so win the hearts and enlighten the minds of all the sons of men, that we may kneel on earth before thee in the unity of truth, and praise thy incarnate wisdom with one voice forever in heaven.

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A MISCELLANY OF

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VOL. VIII.

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THE
CATHOLIC RECORD.

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THE NECESSITY FOR AN EDUCATED PRIESTHOOD.

AN APPEAL FOR THE MORE GENEROUS SUPPORT OF THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES
BY THE LAITY.

THE Catholic Church has always insisted on the importance of thorough intellectual training, and of accurate and extensive knowledge on the part of the priesthood. For, as an ancient writer says: "It is an illusion of false zeal and a temptation of the enemy for young novices to begin to teach before they have learned themselves. Young birds which leave their nests before they are able to fly are sure to perish. Trees which put forth their buds before the season yield no fruits, the bloom being nipped by the frost or destroyed by the sun." Another ancient writer says, "The priest must not only do but also teach the commands of Christ, must guide by word and precept as well as by practice. If any controversy arise, he must bring his knowledge and learning to his aid in settling the right interpretation of Scripture, and must also be skilled in the true arts and rules of disputation, all of which cannot be attained without continual

labor and study: . . . For if a plain and simple people shall observe their leader baffled by the arguments of a subtle opposer, they will be ready to impute this, not so much to the weakness of the advocate, as to the badness of the cause; and so by the priest's ignorance a whole people shall be carried along to destruction, or at least so shaken in their faith that they will not stand firm in the future."

In the year 653 the Council of Toledo declared: "It is absurd that they who are unlearned and ignorant should be promoted to teach the simple and the laity. Let no man then who is unholy or unlearned approach to meddle with the mysteries of God. But let him only come who is adorned with innocence of life and the splendor of learning." In the eleventh century Gregory VII, when repromulgating ancient canons for the institution of schools for the liberal arts and for theological professorships, recognizing the intimate

relation of knowledge and sanctity, says: "That desiring a saintly clergy he wished them to be learned." In the thirteenth century Innocent III enjoins upon bishops the necessity of attending to this in selecting those whom they ordained to the priesthood. "The bishop," says Innocent, "will diligently ascertain the capacity of those upon whom he confers holy orders. It is better to have a few who are learned to serve the altar, than many who are ignorant."

We might multiply, *ad infinitum*, utterances of saints and doctors, of councils and of popes, all enforcing the same principle, but it is not necessary. The principle is admitted. Where it is not acted upon, the neglect results from the carelessness of those who have charge of the education of the candidates for the priesthood, or from inability to carry out the principle into practice, and not from the absence of a distinct rule on the part of the Church, or want of earnest exhortations and injunctions to enforce it.

There is, we apprehend, however, a widely prevalent error on the part of laymen as to the mode and process necessary to be pursued, in order to give to candidates for holy orders the intellectual training and learning required for the efficient discharge of their difficult and arduous duties.

The idea is but too commonly entertained, that nothing more is necessary to this than a thorough training in some specific branches of knowledge, in Latin, in Dogma, and in Moral Theology, for example, with some knowledge of Church history. It is a great mistake, and a mistake which involves a fundamental disregard of the first principles of thorough educational training. It assumes, what is utterly untrue, viz., that the pursuit of certain specific studies can adequately educate the mind, and that they can be made an effective substitute, first, for severe elementary discipline, and

secondly, for the general studies which a broad, deep, comprehensive education involves. It is impossible to make an adequate preparation for any profession or pursuit by the mere study or practice of the specific subject-matter involved. The providential laws of human development, physical, mental, and moral, forbid it.

This is true of even the lowest forms of industrial action. And we choose them as furnishing a familiar and readily understood illustration of the truth which we are endeavoring to enforce. Quickness and accuracy of eye and of hand, nicety and certainty of manipulation, ability to strike, to chisel, to chip, and to file, make up part of the acquirements of a thorough mechanic. They are most important, and yet are the least intellectual part of his acquirements. But they are not obtained solely by the practice of those particular manipulations. They are the results of a broader and less specific training of the senses and of the muscles in the general operations of the workshop. We have an evidence of this in the frequent complaints of civil engineers and superintendents of manufacturing, that, notwithstanding the general tendency of the age towards material improvement and the demand for higher mechanical skill, the number of thorough mechanics is becoming smaller. The reason given, and rightly, is, that, owing to the subdivision of late years of industrial pursuits into single specialties, and the confining of the employees to a few specific forms of labor, to the omission and neglect of a more general and broader industrial training, they become not mechanics, but mere human machines.

Still more fully does the principle we are illustrating hold good in the higher sphere of mental action. A general training, broader and deeper than the study of any specific subject of science, is always required. It is only after this general training that



specific studies can be prosecuted with success. First there must be mental discipline, and development and expansion; afterwards may come, and then only can advantageously come, mental concentration upon specific studies. Reverse this order, attempt to prepare men for any pursuit or profession by the mere practical study of the matters specifically involved therein, and the necessary result is a narrowing and dwarfing of the character and of the natural abilities of those who are subjected to this illogical, unnatural process.

No one can attain to a complete mastery of any single department of science, or reach eminence in any secular profession, by the specific study and practice of it alone. The man who confines his attention solely to the manipulations of the laboratory will never become a scientific chemist. The man who confines himself simply to lawbooks will become a pettifogger, not a lawyer. The man who studies only practical works on medicine will be, not a physician, but a quack. Common sense and common experience prove the necessity of giving to those who would qualify themselves for usefulness in any of the secular professions, or in any of the departments of science, a much broader and deeper education than the specific study of that profession or branch of science. How much more important, then, that the priest, whose duty it is to expound the mysteries of the kingdom of God, to defend the faith, to discriminate and judge, and determine the most delicate, difficult, and complex matters in the confessional, should not be narrowly, and in this bad sense specifically educated, but broadly and profoundly.

Both the Old Testament scriptures and the New furnish numerous illustrations that God, in selecting persons to fulfil his purposes, always had regard to this principle. Take Moses, for example. He was the divinely appointed leader and law-

giver of the Jews. In fulfilment of God's express promise he was constantly upheld and guided by the divine presence and direction. If a general, preparatory education were unnecessary in any case, it certainly might have been dispensed with in his. Yet, what are the facts?

First, he was "learned in all the learning of the Egyptians." Secondly, he had the advantage of all the culture which his position in the Egyptian court, as the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, could give. He acquired high reputation for wisdom in council, and for military skill and prowess; for we are told that he became "*mighty in words and in deeds.*" Thirdly, after he had thus grown intellectually for forty years, he was compelled to fly from Egypt into the land of Madian. In that country, the husband of the daughter of its high priest, with the opportunity of acquiring whatever of knowledge he could impart, dwelt Moses forty years longer, in the midst of circumstances peculiarly adapted for ripening by quiet reflection and meditation into perfect maturity all the results of his earlier education. It was only after all this preparatory discipline, and long, varied, and full educational process in the Egyptian schools, the court and the camp, and their action on the one hand, and the deeper and more inward discipline of a life of quietude and contemplation in the desert on the other, that Moses was called by the Lord to become the leader and lawgiver of the Israelites.

In what we have just written we have not forgotten that Moses was specially under divine guidance; but we affirm, that although thus guided in all that he spoke and wrote and did, his individuality was not thereby ignored, nor was he, at the expense of his intellect and free will, made a mere dead or dumb machine in the hands of the Lord. The personality of Moses, with all advantages of the varied and extensive knowledge and

experience, which we have endeavored to describe, was employed as an intelligent instrumentality for the working out of the divine purposes. We are fully justified by the history of Moses and of the Jews, as recorded in the Sacred Scriptures, in believing that no amount of mere specific preparation would have fitted him for his mission, and that, without the comprehensive and thorough general education he providentially received, he would not have been selected as a suitable instrument for the accomplishment of the Lord's designs. For God will not, it must ever be borne in mind, work miracles to effect his ends, if the miracles would destroy the autonomy of man, the free action of his personal intellect and will.

When we carefully analyze and study the information we possess in regard to the educational opportunities of the Apostles and Evangelists, the conclusion at which we have arrived is confirmed.

It is quite common in referring to the Apostles to speak of them all as uncultivated, unlettered men. Whilst the statement may be accepted as true in connection with the argument of which it usually forms part, and in the sense in which it is intended to be understood, yet, when literally construed, it is far from being strictly accurate.

When used, too, as it often has been by fanatics, as an argument against a thoroughly educated priesthood, and when it takes the form of an assertion that the Apostles were all grossly ignorant and stupid men, who received their knowledge solely and entirely through spiritual illumination, it becomes positively false.

We propose, therefore, considering the intellectual status of the Apostles, and the educational opportunities they possessed.

Our Saviour did not select all his Apostles from the uneducated. His evangelists were by no means unlettered men. It is an historical fact that educational culture was highly

valued amongst the Jews of all classes at the time of our Saviour's advent. The Jewish proverb, then current, *He is the vilest of men who suffers his son to grow up without instruction*, is proof in point. Nor does the fact that a number of the Apostles were fishermen or otherwise engaged in manual labor militate against our position. For another Jewish proverb says, *He that does not teach his son some trade teaches him to steal*. In conformity with this every boy amongst the Jews, high or low, was invariably taught a mechanical trade. Even the dignified teachers of the law generally joined some mechanical business with their studies. The surnames of eminent rabbis are derived from trades which they followed either for a livelihood or for mental relaxation.

St. John is supposed by some to have finished his education in one of the then existing provincial rabbinical colleges, by others to have been for a time under the instruction of Gamaliel, a most learned rabbi. There is also a tradition which carries with it strong evidence of credibility that Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue, or, as he might perhaps be more properly designated, the head of the school of the law, of the neighboring city of Capernaum, was, for a time, St. John's instructor.

Zebedee, the father of Saints John and James "the Great," was not in straitened pecuniary circumstances. He was the owner of nets and of vessels, and he carried on his business on a scale that required the employment of "hired servants" as well as of his sons. His wife, too, is referred to in the Sacred Scriptures as a woman of property, who (probably after Zebedee's decease) followed our Saviour from Galilee into Judea ministering "to his wants out of her substance."

The father of Saints Andrew and Peter appear to have been of like social position with Zebedee, and

there is, to say the least, nothing in the references made to them in the Sacred Scriptures or in Sacred Tradition which forbids the supposition that they received an education entirely compatible with their father's circumstances.

The mother of Saints James "the Less" and Jude was a woman pecuniarily able to follow our Saviour from Galilee to Judea and minister to his wants, and therefore, it may be presumed, able to provide for the education of her sons. Moreover, they were of the tribe of Levi, and are believed to have been "of the house of Aaron and family of Kohath," and eligible to the priesthood. Indeed, it is believed by some that St. James was a priest of the old law before he was called to become an Apostle. It is, therefore, in the highest degree probable that these two brothers, Saints James and Jude, were well educated.

St. Matthew is known to have been in comfortable pecuniary circumstances, and the duties of the official position he occupied under the Roman provincial government presupposed and required for their fulfilment a liberal education.

St. Mark was a *Levite*, a member of a Jewish tribe who were more generally and more highly educated than were the Jews of other tribes. His uncle was wealthy, and his mother was the owner of a house in Jerusalem of such magnitude that it was the resort of the first converts for purposes of worship. In connection with St. Mark we here mention St. Barnabas, his kinsman. He also was a Levite, a man of property, and of wealthy family connections. He was born and reared in the island of Cyprus, the home of Grecian refinement and culture as well as of luxury, and the favorite resort of wealthy Jews. Saints Mark and Barnabas are also believed by many to have been near relatives of Ananias, the high priest. If so, they were of the highest social rank. It is highly

probable that St. Barnabas received a classical education in Cyprus, and it is a fact beyond dispute that, like St. Paul, he finished his educational studies under the direction of *Gama-liel*, who was for thirty-two years President of the Sanhedrim, and highly distinguished for his acquaintance with Grecian philosophy, as well as profoundly versed in the learning of the Jews. On this account he was styled "Head of the College of Rabbis," "Prince of the Senate," "The Glory of the Law."

In regard to St. Luke it is not necessary to enter into any details. It is universally known that he was highly educated.

It is not, perhaps, amiss here to say a few words concerning the educational advantages existing amongst the Jews.

1. A Jewish education was well adapted to develop intellectual acuteness and strength. It consisted of a very thorough study of the writings of Moses, not simply as a collection of religious precepts, but also as a system of civil law, of political economy, and of moral casuistry. It involved, too, a study of the past history of the people of Judea, of their relations in the past and the then present to the peoples of other nationalities, and of their own future destiny as foreshadowed in the divine revelations with which they had been favored. This latter subject led to a searching inquiry into and study of the writings of their prophets.

Out of this had grown up a body of learning, the exercise of mastering which constituted a disciplinary process of no slight severity and value. For, while the study of "The Law" necessarily involved logical and metaphysical training, the study of the "Prophets" could not well fail to carry with it literary and rhetorical culture. Nowhere will you find finer specimens of style than in these Old Testament writings. No other literature furnishes better examples of animated description, perspicuous

narration, noble imagery, and of pastoral, lyric, and dramatic poetry.

2. The progress of mental development among the Jews, in connection with the influence of Oriental and also of Grecian literature and philosophy, which many of their learned rabbis zealously studied, had given rise to several philosophical and theological parties, whose polemical contests quickened and sharpened the Jewish intellect. Other circumstances, too, contributed to carry forward this process of mental development. For some time before our Saviour's advent, and during the period of his visible presence on earth, political changes, intercourse with foreign countries, and the recent introduction of Grecian and Roman learning, produced extraordinary intellectual activity amongst the Jews, and caused learning to be highly esteemed.

The Apostles were unquestionably men of quick and strong mental susceptibility; and born and reared at the time and under the circumstances we have endeavored to describe, with nothing in the way of those whom we have named obtaining an education, to suppose that they did not avail themselves of their opportunities seems to us most unreasonable.

There is another consideration which it is now in place for us to state. It must be ever borne in mind that the Apostles enjoyed the advantages, for several years, of personal intercourse with our Saviour, and of direct oral instruction by him, who is immeasurably superior to all human teachers. This, of itself, was an advantage of incalculable value. The superiority of personal oral instruction over the mere study of books is well known; the immeasurably greater power of spoken words over those that are written; the immense advantage of communicating with the living spirit of a teacher. But the Apostles had constant, personal intercourse with the greatest of all teachers—HIMSELF THE TRUTH.

Moreover, the power of the super-

natural forces which were constantly brought to bear upon the Apostles, and the extent to which these operated in sharpening the perceptions, in quickening, invigorating, developing, and training the mental and moral faculties of the Apostles, we can never fully know. It is a mystery which forms part of the unfathomable abyss of the incarnation itself. But we do know, that in virtue of the relation of the Apostles to him, who was and is divine as well as human, the Creator and Ruler of the powers of heaven as well as of earth, in whom, by whom, and through whom all things move and live, the influences and forces operating upon and in the Apostles must have been immeasurably above and beyond any conceivable natural powers. The personal presence of our Saviour, the very atmosphere, so to speak, of his sacred person, could not but have exerted an immense power over those who, in the exercise of their free will, yielded to the benign influence. For several years the Apostles dwelt immediately in that presence, and heard "the *gracious* words which proceeded from HIS mouth," words which could quicken their faculties and stir their natures to their inmost depths as effectively as they could raise to life the dead Lazarus, or calm the surging billows of Gennesaret. And he is worse than blind who cannot see the results of the supernatural as well as of the natural advantages (antecedently referred to) which surrounded and elevated the Apostles, in their intellectual acuteness and vigor, in the depth and breadth of their thoughts, their powers of statement and argument, their clearness and strength of expression, as well as in their zeal, self-abnegation, piety, devotion, and abounding spiritual graces.

In addition to all this the Apostles received, in their plenitude, the gifts of the Holy Ghost. This fact, it might seem at first, would weaken if not destroy the force of our argument. When properly considered,

it gives it additional force. For the Holy Ghost not only sanctified the hearts of those upon whom he descended, but also quickened and elevated their intellects. Their memory was cleared and strengthened, so that they remembered all that our Saviour had taught them, more, far more, than is contained in the New Testament writings. Their understanding was deepened, so that they comprehended mysteries which the profoundest intellect in the exercise of merely natural powers could not grasp. Their knowledge was enlarged, so that subjects, which a life-long study might have failed to enable them to master, became familiar to them. Compare the Apostles in these respects with the mightiest minds and most learned scholars of antiquity or of modern times, and they are immeasurably superior. Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, with all their keenness of intellectual vision, with their wonderful powers of discrimination and analysis and profound comprehension, were unable to catch even a glimpse of the truths which the Apostles clearly apprehended and taught.

It is now in place to speak of St. Paul, who was converted and called to be an Apostle after the ascension of our Saviour. And here we may be pardoned, in view of the exceptional interest of the circumstances known respecting St. Paul, and his eminence as specially the Apostle to the Gentiles, for dwelling upon details to such length as may seem to make a digression from the line of our argument.

The parents of St. Paul were Jews, of the tribe of Benjamin. Their ancestors had left their fatherland for the fertile plains of Cilicia, whether voluntary emigrants from the promptings of commercial enterprise, or swept thither by the tides of war, we do not know; but most probably the former.

This country—Cilicia—was the scene of some of the grandest events

in history. It was founded by Sardanapalus, king of Assyria. It was subsequently enlarged by Triptolemus, the leader and head of a Grecian colony. Whilst under Persian sway, it was honored with the presence of Cyrus, the younger, when on his way to tear the crown from his brother's brow. Within its walls Alexander the Great had rested awhile from the toils of war, and in its waters had taken an almost fatal bath. Over its soil had passed his conquering army, and within the limits of its territory, at Issus, had met, in their mightiest array, the vast hosts of Darius; and vanquishing them, decided the world's destiny.

Established by the most refined people of ancient times, from the first beginning it shared in the glories of that Hellenic-Asiatic civilization which founded the first philosophic schools, under the influence of which philosophy, eloquence, art, taste and warlike power attained in the Asian colonies of Greece an unequalled height. It was in this country that Thales, Anaxagoras, Anaximander, and many others of the earlier Grecian philosophers lived; and in *Cilicia* (one of its districts), were the schools of Aratus and of Chrysippus. Strabo says: "So great was the zeal of the men of Tarsus for philosophy, and the rest of the circle of sciences, that they excelled both Athens and Alexandria, and every other place, where there are schools and lectures of philosophy."

Under the Romans Tarsus continued to be a highly favored city. The "Great Pompey," Julius Cæsar, Cicero, and other distinguished Romans visited it; and it was down its river that Cleopatra's splendid galley sailed, when on her way to meet Marc Antony, who, for her, lost the empire of the world.

It was amongst these "men of Tarsus," in the midst of these historic scenes and associations, these educational influences and opportunities,

that the Apostle Paul was born and reared. How rapidly a mind like his would develop under such circumstances, we can easily conceive. That he profited by his great advantages, we know from more than one allusion in Scripture.

Carried subsequently to Jerusalem, St. Paul completed his education under *Gamaliel*, of whom we have already spoken, the most distinguished Jewish teacher of his age.

No one, it seems to us, can acquaint himself with the early history of St. Paul, the influences exerted upon a mind gifted and susceptible of the highest development, as was his, can duly estimate the historic associations, the culture and intense intellectual activity, the political movements, and the constant conflicts of the philosophic schools, in the midst of which St. Paul was born and passed his youth, and then can call to mind the fulness of the advantages he enjoyed in his subsequent studies under the most eminent master of rabbinical learning the age produced, without discerning plain evidence of a divine intention to qualify St. Paul by thorough intellectual training as well as by spiritual discipline for the mission to which he was subsequently called. He was specially the Apostle to the Gentiles. And it was unquestionably because of his splendid intellectual gifts, developed and disciplined in the manifold ways to which we have adverted, that his vocation was specially to evangelize the refined, acute, and cultivated peoples of Asia Minor and Greece, which were then looked to as centres of light, and whence the truths which he preached would be diffused widely through all lands and nations.

A knowledge of St. Timothy's early life and youthful training teaches a similar lesson. His father was a Greek, a native of Lystra, a city of Lyconia, a district of country immediately adjacent to Cilicia, and of like culture and educational op-

portunities. His mother was a Jewess. There is every probability that he was trained in the mental discipline of the Grecian schools, as well as faithfully educated in the knowledge of the Jews. Thus he was well fitted intellectually for his mission, which was principally in the cities and among the refined peoples of Greece and Lesser Asia.

That we have not pressed beyond proper limits our argument in proof of the fact that most of the Apostles possessed cultivated minds, or at least minds highly susceptible of cultivation, and in the case of some of them intellects naturally of the highest order, thoroughly trained and developed, we propose now to show by considering, from the standpoint of purely literary criticism, the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles which are still extant. Nor does it, in the slightest degree, affect the force of our argument that these writings are inspired. We are not now and at this point of our remarks, concerned with the manner or means by which the intellectual faculties of the New Testament writers were quickened and elevated. It is simply the fact of this quickening and elevation that we are now insisting on.

St. Matthew's Gospel is admirable, considered simply as an historical composition. Its style is a remarkable combination of simplicity, clearness, and energy. For perspicuity of narration, freedom from digression, and intermingling of the author's own sentiments with the history itself, for multiplicity of internal evidences of its own credibility, as well as for the richness and fulness of its topics, "this Gospel"—to use the words of an eminent critic—"is not surpassed by any human production."

St. Mark's Gospel is well described by another critic of the Sacred Scriptures: "Considering the variety of great actions it relates, it is the shortest, clearest, most marvellous, and at the same time satisfactory history in

the world." It is full of internal evidences of the clear, discriminating, and yet liberal and broad character of St. Mark's mind,—of his thorough comprehension of the ruling spirit, ideas, social life, customs, and religious sentiments of those for whom he specially wrote, though they were of an entirely different nationality from himself,—of the accuracy and fulness of his knowledge of the wide differences which existed, in all these respects, between them and the Jews on the one hand, and the Greeks upon the other. His Gospel was written specially for the Christians of Rome and Italy. It is a brief, clear, and energetic exhibition of the deeds of our Saviour rather than of his teachings. It does not record at length what he said, but concisely tells what he did. It exhibits him, too (in contradistinction to the other evangelists and particularly St. Matthew), as the Son of God, who was also truly man, rather than as the Son of man, who was also truly God. In all this it was admirably adapted to the practical, energetic character of the Romans, a people of action, rather than of feeling or thought, and also to their ruling religious spirit and aspirations, which looked for deliverance not to One, in whom though man, should yet "dwell the fulness of the Godhead bodily," but to One, who though God, should yet be "made man." St. Mark, be it remembered, was a *Levite*, a Jew emphatically and beyond all other Jews. His Gospel, therefore, is a wonderful exhibition of his ability to go entirely beyond his own nationality, associations, ruling ideas, and studies, and to project himself into the life and spirit, the ideas and sentiments of men, whose nationality, character, and modes of thought were entirely foreign to his own. There is a dramatic power in all this that is truly wonderful. He never forgets those for whom he is writing, but their life seems to rule him. He avoids, wherever possible, all allusion

to Hebrew prophecy, to the types of the Mosaic law, to the tabernacle and temple worship, and to the arguments which might be deduced from them,—of all which, as a Levite, St. Mark was keenly conscious,—and wherever a Hebraism in language, or reference to Hebrew geography or history or custom occurs, he accompanies it with a proper explanation. All this shows, on the one hand, an accuracy and fulness of knowledge which an uneducated man could not possibly have, and also a power of conception, of entering into, and realizing the thoughts, spirit, and inmost character of others, which is truly wonderful.

It is only necessary to refer to St. Luke's "Gospel," and to his "Acts of the Apostles." It is universally conceded that they, as well as other well-known circumstances, show him to have been a man of cultivated mind.

St. John's writings at times glow with the sublimest poetic fervor, and evidence throughout a mind capable of apprehending the truth in its essential substance, and developing it into its most complex and ultimate relations. In breadth and depth of thought, in power of profound philosophic reflection he is the intellectual compeer of Plato, the greatest, deepest uninspired thinker the ancient world possessed. Spiritually, St. John was above him as high as the heavens are above the earth.

St. Paul's writings, regarded simply as specimens of moral casuistry, would be sufficient to give him a high place among intellectually cultivated men. As a dialectician he is unsurpassed. And Cicero never exhibited more of winning courtesy, of polished address, of felicity of expression, of copiousness of amplification, of vehemence of denunciation, of thorough knowledge of the springs of human emotion, and of rhetorical tact and skill in effectively touching them, than has St. Paul in portions of his speeches and writings.

Refer now to the Epistle of St. James; witness the beautiful simplicity of its style; the admirable method in which he arranges and sums up the practical duties of Christians, the polished as well as affectionate manner in which he enforces those duties,—all evidences of high intellectual culture as well as of the graces of the Spirit.

As for St. Peter; the intellectual keenness, fire, and concentrated energy, point and pith of his addresses; the fulness of thought, sublime imagery, conciseness, strength, and majesty of style exhibited by this "Prince of the Apostles," are all evidences of his great and thoroughly developed intellectual powers.

We come now to St. Jude, whose brief Epistle bears abundant testimony to its author's mental culture. Its style is clear, and full of animation. In no author will you find bolder comparisons, stronger and nobler figures, and more forcible amplifications, than in this short letter of the "son of Alpheus." Origen says of it: "St. Jude has written an Epistle of few lines indeed, but full of vigorous expressions of heavenly grace."

We have thus considered the writings of the Apostles and of the Evangelists one by one, and find that they evidence no want of intellectual training, but just the reverse. We find in them geographical and historical references—references to social institutions, to national customs, to legal enactments, to political movements and institutions, to religious sentiments, not only of their own country, but also of foreign countries—all correctly made, and evidencing accurate and extensive knowledge. The political, religious, social relations, and arrangements of Palestine and Asia Minor, and of Rome and its provinces, were very complex, and it would have been impossible for men of slender information to have avoided falling into frequent mistakes. Let an

Englishman, however intelligent, write about America, and what numerous and ridiculous blunders will he not commit. But the Apostles made no blunders. Their style has been subjected to the most searching criticism. Infidels (particularly of Germany) have narrowly examined the use of particular tenses of verbs, and cases of nouns, and choice of prepositions, by the Apostles, with a view to convicting them of want of grammatical knowledge, but have failed. Their writings show that the Apostles possessed all the fruits and advantages (in whatever manner acquired) which the fullest, richest intellectual culture can give. Neither those writings, nor yet the history of the Apostles and Evangelists, furnish any argument for an uneducated priesthood.

We had intended exhibiting historical proof of the educational training and literary culture that prevailed amongst those who taught and defended the faith in the age immediately succeeding that of the Apostles, and in subsequent ages, but we have already filled up our allotted space.

Suffice it to say of them, in the words of another, that "together they form that constellation which, under the well-deserved name of Fathers and Doctors of the Church, has attained the highest place in the veneration of all ages, and forced respect even from the skeptical." They lighted up both the East and the West with the radiance of all that was true and beautiful. They lavished in the service of truth an ardor, an eloquence, a profound and extensive knowledge, which has never been surpassed; and they sought to train up, with like thoroughness of learning, all who were called to the priesthood and episcopate.

The example of the Apostolic age, of the ages immediately succeeding, of mediæval times, and we may truly say of all ages of the Church,

sternly rebukes the idea that those who enter upon holy orders should not first be subjected to the severest and most thorough intellectual discipline as well as spiritual training.

That we are not speaking too strongly we vouch St. Chrysostom as evidence, and a host of other Fathers and Doctors in the Church, of whom we quote the following from St. Gregory of Nazianzen :

"The meanest arts cannot be obtained without much time, and labor, and toil spent therein. It were absurd to think that the art of wisdom, which comprehends all things human and divine, and comprises everything that is noble and excellent, is so light and vulgar that a man needs no more than a wish or temporary effort to obtain it. . . . Some, indeed, are of this silly opinion, and put on a grave demeanor, . . . and have the vanity of thinking that they are qualified for teaching and for the government of the Church."

Another eminent writer says: "It is the habit of heretics to regard scientific study with displeasure, because it restrains their license in disputation. It is the office of priests to illustrate, and also to confirm as far as possible from human studies, the doctrine of the Church of Christ, to spoil the Egyptians, to smite off with his own sword the head of the proud Goliath, having an example of learning in St. Paul, and of wisdom in Moses and Daniel."

Still another: "A theologian has to do with the science of God, but whatever he meets with . . . in any subject, he gladly learns. For it is with wisdom as it is with virtue—all are branches of the same stock."

By way of conclusion we remark that, if it were important in any past age that priests should be thoroughly learned, able at will to employ all the results of varied, scientific knowledge, it is doubly important now. For those whose office it is to teach and defend the faith have not partial

heresies to combat. They have not to contend with error simply on one or two sides, but on all. Heresy has lapsed into positive infidelity, into absolute denial of Christianity, the more dangerous and the more difficult to overcome because of its extreme subtlety. Its advocates have searched every department of science for materials from which to construct weapons for their warfare against Christianity. They have forged and sharpened them to the utmost possible keenness, and they wield them with all the skill that severe study and perfect practice in dialectics and rhetoric can give. It is necessary, therefore, that those who have to meet them should be able not only to present the truth, but also to present it in such way and manner as will compel conviction. Owing to want of ability in regard to this latter point—we mean want of rhetorical skill and aptness in the presentation and illustration of the truth—there have been instances in which priests, in the discharge of their duties, have encountered and really refuted the advocates of error; yet still their opponents, by their superior rhetorical skill and eloquence, were enabled to hide their discomfiture; and the fruits of the victory, won by those worthy priests, were lost, by their being popularly supposed to have been vanquished.

All knowledge, both secular and sacred, comes from God. It all forms part of the science of God. The closeness of the connection between the different branches of science and their relation to man as a spiritual, immortal being, on the one hand, and to God as the origin and first cause and final end of all things, on the other, is every day coming to be more clearly recognized. It will not do for those whom God has placed over us as teachers in his Church to attempt to ignore this fact, nor to underrate its importance. They must be prepared to meet modern philosophy, as St.

Paul did ancient heathen philosophy, on its own ground, and turn its own admissions and enunciations against it. Like St. Clement of Rome, they should be able to employ the phenomena of the natural world in the illustration of spiritual truths; and, like St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Cyprian, Saints Basil and the Gregories, Saints Chrysostom and Jerome, should be able to use all the resources of science, philosophy, deep research, rhetoric, and oratory in their studies, their writing, and their teaching. It is all-important, therefore, that those who aspire to the priesthood should be trained, disciplined, educated, intellectually as well as spiritually, to the fullest possible extent.

We have thus endeavored to show, from the example and teaching of the Church in Apostolic times, and

we might add in all times, the importance of a priesthood thoroughly learned in secular as well as spiritual knowledge. It must, however, be borne in mind by our lay readers—for it is with them specially in view that we write—that upon them it mainly depends whether such shall be the character of coming generations of priests in the United States. For, however earnestly our right reverend bishops, assisted by the reverend clergy, may strive to establish and sustain theological seminaries, provide teachers, and all the other necessary requisites for a full and thorough preparation of candidates for the priesthood, it will be impossible for them to succeed in their desires and efforts unless the laity furnish them the necessary pecuniary means.

LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF OSCAR VON REDWITZ.

SAY, what is love? A chamber where
Thou layest lapt in golden dreams;
The fir-trees rustle in the air,
And through the pane the wan moon gleams.

On odorous flowers thy head is laid,
And o'er it winged songsters fly;
The walls are wreathed with a braid
Of myrtle and of rosemary.

An angel ever hovers there,
With wings outspread of radiant hue,
Who brings from heaven visions fair,
And bathes the flowers in crystal dew.

But ah! beware, lest evil come,
And blight thy heart with scorching ray—
The angel, mounting to his home,
Fades like a summer cloud away.

The flowers die within the room,
In tears thou wak'st—the dream is gone:
The moon's pure beams are quenched in gloom,
Thou art deserted and alone.

THE TRUTH OF IT.

I.

It was a hard matter to get at it. "I cannot really vouch for it, my dear," said Mrs. Grundy, in the *role* confidential; "but *on dit* there is something wrong under the surface of that postponed marriage. Postponement was not all."

Then said "my dear"—a representative of a class—"Ah, yes, I understand. And tell me, now, the lady or the gentleman?"

"The lady, *on dit*. We must be careful, not of the story, but ourselves. We must stand aloof."

So society, standing aloof, was so careless of the story, in the case of itself, that the story broke loose from truth altogether under its heedless guidance. Society, however, kept one main fact in sight, viz., that it had been deprived of Constance Houghton's wedding (which would have been "perfectly splendid," to use the parlance of the people who apply that brace of qualifying words equally to Niagara Falls and a new bonnet), and it came to the just conclusion that she could not expect to be held blameless in the matter, but must bear the burden apart from its charmed circle. Because, you know, there must be "something wrong," no one could tell what; but the persons called "my dear" by Mrs. Grundy are so careful about being connected with wrong, even so indefinite a style of wrong as that characterized by the title of "something," that they are willing to detach themselves from it on the slightest suspicion of danger. For Bruce Aire, the whilom bridegroom, why, he was free again, that was all! Free! with princely figure and fine manly face, and prosperous bank account! My dear reader, I will tell you beforehand, society never got at the truth of it. You can do so in this wise.

II.

"CONSTANCE, have you no mercy?"

"Mercy! Dear, you forget how—how—" a note of the voice breaking softly here over a heart-sob, "*I love you!*"

"Yet you leave me; you destroy the hope of my manhood, the life of my life, all for a visionary duty."

"It is not my will, but the will of God. It is not my decision, but the call of a Master;" now the voice reasserted itself—rose pure and clear—"it must not remain unheeded."

"Do not be so perfect, Constance; do not raise yourself so entirely above earthly feeling. Listen to me a little."

"Dear, when I had listened, if I should say, 'Bruce, I yield to you, I give up this duty, which is hard, and which I never dreamed of till now, for your love, which is heaven to me,' tell me, would you then deem me worthy of that love? Would you have your—your—" the tone softly shrunk within itself—"wife a craven who had laid aside all generosity and all sense of honor? Ah! believe me, I am worthier of your love, in this moment of renunciation, than ever before." But the brave words ended in a hush of tears.

He who listened, bowed his head, was silent for a time, when thought was unspeakable. Then in a voice, marked by tremor most touching, because that voice was a man's, spoke:

"At least let me help you; let me protect you. That is my right."

"It is impracticable, Bruce. You could not help me, and might hinder. Let us say good-bye. Do not, dear, do not wring my heart by trying it thus. Oh!" That was the cry of a heart that bled almost to very death, and it ended in a woful shower of tears.

"I shall not bear it. It shall not be. I will have the heart of the man who loved me. For compensation, you must not go."

And she stood up then, how beautiful she was to a woman's majesty of spirit, standing out like—

"I shall not stay and have you love and regret. But keep it for a farewell. I will love you forever."

His arms were around her, her head resting its majesty on the heart that loved her. And my reader, the wedding gown! We dare not stand on it longer. But you have loved Bruce and Constance Houghton taking that farewell under one of the world's dearest sky, and there must be "something wrong." Even this, however, does not bring you to the truth for which you and I are seeking.

III.

Now she stood looking at her bridal-dress alone—in her own mind how utterly alone could be seen in the drop of the head, and eyes, and figure. She said no word, she dropped no tear, but looking at it awhile in dumb grief, took it up, as we see stricken mothers take up dead children, and held it to her heart a moment, and then flung it away out of sight, as people bury that which they love. It was not white silk, and pearls, and orange-blossoms, were put away there, but a young life's light, and hope, and joy; so, when her work was done, she knelt as beside a grave. It was a room adorned with all of the beautiful and costly that wealth could bring there, and the kneeling figure was robed in dainty and shimmering silk; yet, in that hour, no poverty in hovel or garret could be more desolate than Constance Houghton's. Ah! youth is bright, its sunlight dazzling, but all the deeper for that is any shadow cast upon it.

"Constance, is it possible you have sent Bruce away?"

The voice was that of a stately

woman scarcely past the prime of life, and so beautiful a woman that no young twelve years in hand and beauty in a woman were so that below delight in their black depths.

"Yes, mother, and—my heart broken."

The light of the eyes grew a moment, then a hard look to kill the tears.

"Constance, do not kneel up and listen to me. This no less you are mistaken, romantic."

She got up, looked steadfast her mother's face.

"I have considered it," she quietly, but all the more defiant, than "and justice to the right. I was brought up a son of my father's existence that he was wronged. You did yourself from him, and marriage was said together, another in that he was wronged. He has not borne even his name that he was wronged. His I made a blank, or, what was no filled up with bitterness; in it was most fully wronged. Yet not, if you would, change this past for him. I can and will of his future. He has sent to a child, the lonely, outraged mother, with this wrong so that I stand hushed before the record of his life. He is shadow, and I will be his light is weary with the strife, and be his rest. So shall tardy be done, even—even though it my heart." Now the clear fell, the girl's heart came surging through its quivering tones.

mother, why did you do it? could not have foreseen this pass to which you have brought but you knew he loved you, a knew you broke his heart."

You see, my reader, society right; there *was* "something" under the postponed wedding thing so very wrong that it could be righted now; but society

suspected that all the wrong was its own doing. That trivial circumstance of the case it entirely overlooked.

The woman thus accused stood silent. She was subtle, and unscrupulous, and quick of apprehension, but she had no reply for this brave and innocent plea of justice for the man she had wronged. Then Constance, softening, said :

"You have so much to fill your life, mother, you will not miss me ; society, and fame, and wealth, can be your world. Let me go—in peace." She turned away wearily.

"Let me speak practically to you, child, for a moment, for this is all romance. I could not love your father; I left him for one I could; that was all."

The girl covered her face in her hands.

"Oh! mother, you *knew* you could love another while you were still my father's wife. Disgraceful!"

"Nonsense! It is done every day; my marriage was a mistake, and the only remedy a divorce. Half the marriages in existence are mistakes, only every one has not the courage to apply the remedy."

"Courage, mother," those hard, black eyes quailed before the truth of the other's, lifted up to them in maiden wonder; "courage to commit a sacrilege!"

"Bah! half the world thinks otherwise, and you are only a girl. As for my part towards you, my dear, do *me* a little of that justice of which you are so lavish towards a person to whom you literally owe nothing. I kept you from him, it is true, but I gave you careful culture, and till now, sheltered you from a shadow of care or sorrow. Your youth has been girt round with pleasures, and, but for this untoward appearance of your father, just when I was about to have my best wishes for you accomplished, your womanhood would have been the same. This was surely better than the sort of half-existence

you would have led with him—a literary man, not overstocked with means to support or educate you. You see, your justice is romantic; mine, practical. That is all the difference."

"It is true, mother, you have been very good to me;" out of the utter worldliness of the speech she gathered this one flower of truth and set it in her earnest heart, "but to my mind marriage is a holy thing, and love an unmistakable presence. It is a sacrilege to desecrate either. To *refuse* love, even to one who loves truly, is a privilege, the right of every human heart; to make marriage a semblance of giving it where it does not exist is a crime. But she who does that not only gives, but takes, and so cannot draw back. You took my father's heart, mother, and even though you did not love him, could not, you say, you owed him the duty of a wife. The law of man may have made it right to transfer that to another, but no law of God permits it. Divorce is simply disgrace in my eyes, and cannot assume any other form. Truth wears but one guise, and justice speaks in unmistakable voice."

"Ah! you are like your father, Constance. He would have said that in that voice and with those eyes! And—after all—" she sighed.

Constance took up the broken thought:

"After all, mother, truth crowns a life. God keep me—like my father."

No reproach she had uttered was so forcible as this, no word struck home so surely to the heart of the listener, who idolized her—"God keep me like my father," not like the beautiful, brilliant being, worshipped of the world, envied of the obscure, whom she called mother. That is what it said. She had brought up this exquisite creature for herself, for society; she had placed her there a queen; she had coveted for her, and seen her win, high position and abundant wealth, and in

space of her life: work the wronged father's nature seemed itself holding wrong and justice above the golden gift in her feet. This was her bitter winter and, in it, wounding her heart to the very core. She would make another effort. This heart so noble in its truth might be touched by love—strong as love's mother.

"Constance, have you no love for me in this hour, no thought of my pain at your feet?"

The girl's heart smote her. In truth she had not counted that cost to her worse conduct she arranged. She went over and knelt, as children kneel to pray, at the mother's knee.

"Yes, mother, you will miss me, and I—I do indeed love you through all."

"For that love, dear, stay with me then—a mother's right is first."

"No, mother, you would have given me to—St. Bruns, and I would have gone away to Europe, and for years you would have done without me. Now I stay with me, you can do without me all the same. I love you all the more, since, by whatever sacrifice is in my act, I repair your wrong."

"Go then," was the bitter answer, bitterly spoken: "you will repent. These things sound very beautiful in theory; in practice they prove a disagreeable mistake. When you find your mistake it will be too late, for I will have done with you forever. Reflect, therefore, before you act on your present mood. If you leave me now there is no return."

For answer she only held out her face for a kiss, as she had often done when a little child. But the mother, angered and outraged, according to her view, turned away and left the room.

So thus took place another farewell, of which society knew nothing, though above and beyond which "something wrong" loomed within its immaculate and offended vision.

III.

"My Father—"

"You have always believed me dead, but I, Justin Maxwell, your father. Your mother, lately divorced from me, was but a mere infant, and you, up to believe that the man I died held that relation to you quite as unjustly, the law of me to relinquish you to her, you should be of age. I live lonely as I a blighted life, to hold in my heart the recollection of seeing you from the day in which you were born, should God spare me till you be of age to judge for yourself, this has now arrived, but I come to you—half this poor mine is help less with rheumatism you must come to me. At once see you, let me speak, as alone can speak, of the evil circle of which, I understand are the queen, and into which are about to marry."

"Your father."

"JUSTIN MAXWELL"

This was the note, the recollection which changed the whole of Constance Maxwell's life.

It before her mother she only

"Mother, is this true?"

"Yes," was the scornful: Mrs. Houghton was one of the "morning woman." G the final advent long, and to be taken by surprise: "all unjust" part I would have some time. We were, divorce incompatibility, perfectly sure! There is nothing, for you to be ashamed of. Don't mind him. He can't you, and only wants you to r through his rheumatism."

"What was the incompatibility?"

The girl asked it slowly and ly, in a voice that seemed echo of despair.

"Oh! I don't know! Even We couldn't possibly think

any subject, for he was a Catholic, and I a—well, nothing. You know I have a religion of my own—a broad and comprehensive creed, not trammelled by churches. Then I was very much admired, and he was not satisfied, after our marriage, that I should go so much in gentlemen's society. Besides, he did not like me to attend our suffrage meetings, or even our literary societies, and really I grew sick of his eternal cant about the 'domestic sphere,' and the 'true dignity of woman as wife and mother,' and the power she owns in 'her modesty which withdraws her from the public glare,' etc. But don't bother about it, dear—just burn that note. Lucie wants to know what you will wear to the opera this evening, which decision is of much more consequence. Go and tell her."

"Mother!" This was a cry of agony.

"Nonsense, child, that is hysterical, and no sensible woman would give way to it. Your father is not worth thinking about; all he has to recommend him is his talent, I assure you. He writes beautifully, no doubt of that, but wrong theories—Catholic, of course. He is poor, but he might be worth a fortune if he had only given them up, and taken ours in hand. So you see how foolish he must be. Even that note to you shows the visionary in his nature. To suppose, for an instant, you would take such a romantic and foolhardy step! Nonsense! Sheer dreaming!"

"Oh! mother, I—I—must go," and a passion of tears relieved the heart, that, all untried, knew no way of coping with this sorrow.

"Real hysterics now! Constance, I am ashamed of you. Here, take some brandy! Dear! dear!"

Out of a ruby Bohemian flask, and into a rare crystal glass, she poured the liquid, alas! too often the progenitor of the "spirit" of those wonderful women who hold meetings to subvert the laws of Al-

mighty God, and set up an improvement on them.

The girl took it out of her hand, held it over the marble hearth, and dropped it with its amber contents there, shivering it into gem-like fragments.

"Oh! mother!" she cried, her nervous agitation intensifying the poetry of that nature inherited from her father, "thus perish my mistaken past, and my more mistaken dreams of the future. The fragments are shining with beautiful memories, but they are only fragments. No more can they be put together again than these glistening things—never—never!"

Now the "woman of the period" was amazed; now she began to descend from her pedestal of supreme indifference to "that note" and its writer. For Catholics are such visionary people, you see, and the girl had always really displayed more inherent resemblance to her father than to any one, and really she was in earnest now. It was trying. After all, a strongminded woman can be tried.

"Constance," she said authoritatively, "you do not suppose I can regard this as anything more than the effect of an overwrought imagination?"

"Ah mother! I am in earnest; I am not dreaming. Is this note a dream? Is it a dream that I have a father? A father!" in a voice of ecstasy; "how often have I dreamed of one with longing! Now—now—it is no dream! I must—I *will* see him!"

All this time, the bearer of the note was waiting for her answer. She went down, expecting to find some boy in the vestibule, but could see no one.

"Shure, miss," said the girl, whose business it was to attend to the door, "I know it wus the praste, an' I tuk him into the parlor, fur I bethought to meself ye wor a rale lady, an' ye wouldn't like his riverence to be

thrated loike wan of huz, no matther what he kem fur; an' its meself is knocked into doldhrums about that same!"

She smiled even out of her woe.

"No wonder, Mary," she said; "well, you did perfectly right to bring him into the parlor."

She entered it, and found an old gentleman seated there, who could not have been less than sixty years of age. His hair was not of dubious gray, but soft, pure white, quite as beautiful and as shining as the hair of early childhood. From its frame of light beamed a kind, pure face, saying, like its Master's, in every line, "Come to me, all ye who are heavy laden." It lit as she approached him with a courteous and serene smile, which calmed her agitation instantly. "Excuse me, sir," she said, "for keeping you waiting so long, but I did not know"—she hesitated. He broke into one of those laughs that become contagious.

"You didn't know that I wasn't a little boy, merely sent to carry the note, and bring back the answer. I am Father Jerome, and I am your father's most confidential friend."

She trembled a little.

"Now," he went on, "I can understand that your agitation is very natural. Do not hurry to speak, but feel that, to me, you may speak unreservedly, whatever you wish to say in answer to his note."

"I wish, sir—I wish to say nothing; I only wish to—go to him!"

It was quite impossible for that priest, old in the service of souls, and accustomed to facing the most harrowing scenes, to control his feeling at this. It merely escaped, however, in a simple "Deo Gratias!" and a quiet clasp of the hands. Then said he:

"My child, I married your father to your mother, and these hands baptized you into the Catholic Church. I would have you know that any sacrifice you make for him is made for one worthy of it. Do nothing hastily, but remember, that justice and truth are God's, and falsehood and wrong the world's. The one endures to immortality itself; the other perishes miserably. I came with the note, because I could assure you of the validity of his claim, and bring you to see him, whenever you may appoint an interview. After you see him, you can reflect and decide for the future."

"Now, sir," she said eagerly, "can you take me to him now?"

He smiled.

"Certainly," he said; "you are glad, then, to go?"

"Only—only," she answered, clasping her hands as they might be clasped in prayer, "my heart is rejoicing that I find my father, I would be overpowered by my sense of misery and shame at his sad story." And she left the room, as if afraid to trust herself to say more.

"Wonderful!" soliloquized the old priest, "miraculous, to be found in the midst of such influences! Women's rights, divorce *ad libitum*, free-love unmeasured, strongmindedness the throne of all. Ah! powers of the Evil One, the sacrament of baptism had set its seal on that soul, and I think—yes, I am pretty near unreservedly believing it has escaped ye!"

The subject of the soliloquy opened the door, and it ended. Indeed, it was not very long till the wondering girl stood alone in the presence of her father.

(To be continued.)

THE SANCTITY AND HONOR OF THE ROMAN PONTIFICATE DEMONSTRATED.

WHEN inquiry is made concerning the doctrine and history of the Catholic Church, we are gratified to find the many prophecies, figurative allusions, and allegorical descriptions that have been applied to what is styled in Gospel language the "*kingdom of God on earth*," all completely accomplished and illustrated in a variety of facts connected throughout a long succession of ages with the institution known in every clime and language by the title of the One, Holy, and Apostolic Church. Although it is difficult to make selection of a singular example from such a brilliant array, a devout reader of the Gospel narrative and sincere student of truthful history cannot but turn his attention to a special consideration of the claims of the Roman Apostolic See. While changes and convulsions have shaken and dissolved the empires and nations of the earth, that institution alone has withstood every shock. Heresies and schisms have fretted and frowned, then disappeared; the arts of civilization have been altered; populations have been extinguished; yet all those changes have not involved the catastrophe of the Roman Pontificate. The throne of the Cæsars has fallen, but the chair of Peter stands immovable where it was fixed nearly nineteen hundred years ago; and the barbarous people to whose ferocious valor the Roman Empire became a prey have themselves become the spiritual children of the new mistress of the world. This subject has been variously discussed, and conclusions have been made as contradictory as they are numerous, and proportioned to the impressions which swayed the minds of different classes of persons. Whilst we cast aside every other influence except the Divine Word and

its legitimate commentary, the testimony of ages recorded on the pages of truthful history, we will be sure to produce the veracious inference that the Roman Pontificate is a divine institution, that it is the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace; in it we find an idea worthy of divine wisdom, a principle illuminating the human mind, and a fact filling all time with imperishable records of its religious and civilizing influence.

Those persons who are enraged against an authority which never fails to curb the insolence of error, and who cannot conceal the want of legitimate argument, have sought to divert attention from principles to persons, and have hurled against the Roman pontiffs the most outrageous reproach. From the case of two or three occupants of the Holy See, whose conduct may not have been equal to the sanctity of their office, who, perhaps, were not superior to the ordinary character of secular magistrates, but were certainly saints in comparison with a Henry VIII, an Elizabeth, a Muscovite Peter, and such like temporal sovereigns, who, assuming pontifical dominion, prostrated every principle and every right of religion and reason beneath the foul despotism of their pride, lechery, and avarice; from such a case motive has been presumed to depreciate the entire Apostolical succession in the See of Rome, and to eclipse the brilliancy of the dogma by the darkness of detraction. Yet, should we freely admit as truthful the assertions regarding the Popes alluded to, nothing more would follow than a matter of fact proof that there may be chaff mixed up with the grain even in the granary of the Lord, and that Christ keeps his word by allowing tares to grow up

with the good seed until the eternal harvest day. Our Divine Master has solemnly declared that scandals will come, and it is the most unmitigated impertinence to demand that any order of men shall be impeccable. This much only can be concluded from the wild invectives of the revilers of the Roman Pontificate. Although Aaron, clad in the robes of his sacerdotal office, acted most sinfully near the verge of the mountain whereon the majesty of heaven was displayed, and the Almighty proclaimed his holy law, the crime of the individual did not cause the high-priesthood to be removed from his house. Neither can the few shadows drawn from the obscurities of past ages darken the flood of light emitted from the chair of Peter for more than eighteen hundred years. Truthfully and confidently we can say that the chair of Peter emits a brilliancy more than sufficient to scatter the clouds engendered by mere human corruption, and referred to with so much bitterness and ceaseless malice. Politicians, historians, philosophers tell you that there is nothing fixed and permanent on which the affections of life can repose. Ideas, nations, seasons pass away. In vain a flattering mitigation is sought for this mutability in a fiction of progress; still everything is displaced, exhausted with devouring rapidity. Society changes its aspects some ten times or more between the cradle and the grave of one human being. In the midst of this vast shifting scene there is *one city*, there is *one man* fixed immovably in perfect continuity and transcendent perpetuity, namely, "*Rome and her Pope*."

For those who are wearied of being at the mercy of every wind, who seek in this life the calm of eternity, a sure refuge, a port of safety, a rock overtopping every billow, is found in the Roman Pontificate. In its *unchanging immutability*, around *was*, persecution, hatred

have rolled and have been shatt there is a spectacle sufficient to the dormant or stifled sentime belief. Since the day on which word of commission was spok Judea, barbarism, infidelity, philosophy have rushed in with torch and sword in against the chair of Peter. R the eternal city in modern tim she was in ancient days, has taken, retaken, sacked, garris by all the hordes coming from and West. No more than centuries ago, drunken soldier on by a renegade, entered its in the name of Luther. Little than forty years ago an emperor was sovereign by force of cons sent there his Prefect, as the de of Constantinople used to do i early times of the Pontiffs. philosophy of libertines dream beating down the papacy beca was well understood that ther the head and heart of Christi and that if the faith of the G could die, this head and heart be ruined. The blow was a with great dexterity. The was dragged into exile; in ex died. However, another succ the chain of perpetuity is unb in what might be called the days of Catholicity. In the 1 time, philosophy has had its and the boastful destructives sle the past alongside of Luther, taire, the republic, and the en Rome is still to the good, a that centre of Christianity, to the ravages of incredulity and ference, there is a Pope, as was in the times of Nero, Christianity was torn by wild in the Circus. Around this m lous continuity Europe has ch its aspect three times: antiqui been extinguished—the middl died out. Three empires, th Charlemagne, of Charles the of Napoleon, have arisen and peared. Some nations once s to overshadow the earth with

magnificence, and suddenly disappeared. A newly discovered world became the inheritance of the civil power and of the spiritual power; this latter alone has consistently preserved its dominion. Everything has had its day, ideas, peoples, and empires; Rome alone is to the good; its Pontificate alone remains unfaded and unchanged. It remains, mingling its faith with splendid historic associations, surmounting all its trophies with the victorious emblem of the cross, crowning all it has gathered of the good and the beautiful with the immortal tiara, and strengthening every sceptre with the authority of Apostolic blessing. It remains not a myth of feudal etiquette, not a daubed device of heraldic barbarism. It remains a vast development of that title of its life wonderfully though briefly expressed by the King of kings, saying, "Confirm thy brethren."

And whilst "confirming the brethren" we find it the source, the medium, the completion of religion and civilization. While its main errand has been to bring men more safely to another world, it has scattered ten thousand blessings even upon the affairs of the present life. It has placed the crown upon the brow of kings, and girded on the sword to emperors, ordering them earnestly to wield it for the sake of suffering humanity. It taught the jurist where lay hidden the principles of law, and blessed him with a smile as he gathered into codes the just decrees for the government of society. It has held aloft the torch of science in every university of fame, while in ten thousand schools of learning the aspirants to knowledge have been conducted on paths of wisdom towards the eternal throne of truth. We are necessarily obliged thus to condense, as it were, in a glance the vast scenery stretching throughout the whole universe of religion and civilization, thus to epitomize the history

of a great fact which was present at the cradle and survives the demise of every renowned dynasty. This estimate of the Roman Pontificate is not derived from abstract eulogy, it is the substantial result of facts. The charity, the heroic courage, the saintly influence of the popes of the first three centuries are facts which the monuments of antiquity unanimously attest. The genius, the talents, the laborious and paternal vigilance of those of the fourth and fifth centuries are incontestable. The assiduous care and splendid efforts of those of the sixth and seventh centuries, in order to lessen and repair the damages of barbarism, to save the wrecks of sciences, laws, and morality, cannot be called in question. In times of transition and of perplexing confusion, and of frenzied anarchy, the hand of Roman jurisdiction held the balance between prerogative and right. Its commanding voice restrained the tyrant's cruelty, no less frequently than with gentle accents it restrained the madness of the people. What the popes did in the eighth and ninth centuries in order to civilize through the medium of religion, gives to the history of the human family one of its brightest pages. We feel peculiar gratification in being able to substantiate all we thus assert by the testimony of writers, otherwise inimical to the Holy See. "*Almost all the popes* (says Roscoe) *were very superior to the age in which they lived, and were the protectors of science, of letters, and of arts.*" I will not mar the value of Protestant testimony by my own observations whilst there is question about those ages and circumstances that might engender contrariety of opinion. Let us then listen to men speaking from the convictions of learning and standing aloof from the darkness of sectarian spite and bias. Ancillon, a Prussian Protestant minister, and of course no very particular friend of Rome, writes: "*In ages when there was no social order it was the influ-*

ence and power of the popes that alone saved Europe from a state of barbarism. They kept up the relations between distant nations. They were the common centre and rallying-point of all the isolated states. They formed a supreme tribunal, erected in the midst of universal anarchy, and their decrees were as respectable as they were respected. It was their power that prevented and stayed the despotism of the emperors, that replaced the want of equilibrium and diminished the inconveniences of the feudal system." Let us hear another Protestant minister of our own day, M. Coquerel, at present living in Paris, of high respectability in the literature of the current time: "*The papal power, by disposing of crowns, hindered despotism from becoming atrocious; thus it happened that in times of darkness we do not meet with any example of tyranny like that of Domitian in ancient Rome. A Tiberius was impossible, the Pope would have crushed him. Great despotisms occur when kings persuade themselves that there is nothing above them; then the intoxication of unlimited power produces the most atrocious aggressions.*" I am sure I will not fatigue attention by producing a lengthened testimony given by Southey, late Poet Laureate of England, who, notwithstanding his spiteful Protestantism, was obliged, by force of truthful history, to make the following concessions: "*If the papal power had not been adapted to the condition of Europe, it could not have subsisted. It was the remedy for some of the greatest evils! We have but to look at the Abyssinians and Oriental Christians to see what Europe would have become without the papacy. It was morally and intellectually the conservative power of Christendom. Politically, it was the Saviour of Europe. For, in all probability, the West, like the East, must have been overrun by Mohammedism and sunk in irremediable degradation if, in that great crisis of the world, the Roman Church had not roused the nations to a united and*

prodigious effort commensurate with the danger. In the frightful state of society which sometimes prevailed, the Church everywhere exerted a controlling and remedial influence." Those gentlemen have spoken, not under the impulse of knavery, laboring with the swinish multitude for sordid purposes to misrepresent the jurisdiction of Rome under the most disgusting deformity. They have spoken out of the fulness of the conviction arising in the mind of every honest man reading the pages of history, which exhibit, in the Roman Pontificate, the rise and progress of all that has been good and great in Christendom, and testify that, by the services it has rendered to civilization, to liberty, and to order, it deserves the title of benefactor of all the arts and sciences which serve the interests of man. Knowing, as I do, how widespread is the poison scattered by the fetid breathings of malignant slanderers against this sublime institution, and how many there are who, even when all the upper region glows in the bright beauty of the sunlit day, obscure their vision by riveting their sight upon the dark ravines shaded by the murky clouds of earth, I will ask a hearing for the erudite Scotch-Presbyterian Robertson, quoted by another Protestant minister, De Joux: "*The pontifical monarchy taught the nations and kings to regard themselves mutually as compatriots, as being both equally subjected to the divine sceptre of religion; and this centre of religious unity has been throughout many ages a real benefit for the human race.*" Hear the bitter Protestant Sismondi of Geneva: "*In the midst of the conflicts of jurisdictions, the pope alone proved to be the defender of the people, the only pacificator of great disturbances. The conduct of the pontiffs inspired respect, as their beneficence merited gratitude.*" Let us hear the learned Protestant historian, John Muller: "*Without the popes Rome could not exist; Gregory, Alexander, Innocent, opposed a*

dike to the torrent which threatened the whole earth; their paternal hands elevated the hierarchy, and alongside of it the liberty of every state." I cannot withdraw from the mine of testimony opened for our instruction by Protestant learning and candor until I produce Leibnitz, the greatest genius that ever appeared in the ranks of Protestantism. He says: "*If all would become Catholics and believe in the infallibility of the pope, there would not be required any other empire than that of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. If the popes resumed the authority which they had in the time of Nicholas the First or Gregory the Seventh, it would be the means of obtaining perpetual peace, and conducting us back to the golden age.*"

If those who were not of the household of faith could see so much when looking out from the narrow loopholes of their prejudice, no wonder that we who dwell in the wide field of the great Pastor should behold such scenes as can elicit eulogies exhausting language, and every eulogy is demanded by corresponding brilliant facts. By the admirable aid of friends in learning, just now cited, we have given a satisfactory account of the Roman Pontificate in a long stretch of ages. Since the sixteenth century we defy calumny itself to blacken the character of a single pontiff. All have been distinguished for piety, learning, and apostolic zeal; their action has been in conformity with their mission, until we come to Pius the Seventh, whose name shines on the page of history with a vivid brilliancy never to be eclipsed. "When Europe was trembling to its centre, and every power of its Continent had alternately surrendered to fear and corruption, that holy pontiff stood unmoved. No threats could awe him! no promise could tempt! no suffering could appal him! 'Mid the damps of the dungeon he dashed away the cup in which the pearl of his liberty and religion was to be dissolved. With

apostolic spirit he exchanged his sceptre for a reed, and his jewelled crown for a thorny garland. All around him the darkness was lowering, the tempest was roaring, but he towered sublime like the last mountain of the deluge, immutable amidst change, magnificent amid ruin, the last remnant of earth's beauty, and the last resting-place of heaven's light. He appeared truly what he was—one commissioned by heaven 'to confirm the brethren;' to prove to those whose faith was failing, whose fears were increasing, that religion was still strong enough to support its friends, and to confound if it could not reclaim its enemies." (Philips.) When I come to the events of our own days, within view of that which my readers have heard of, and most of which I have seen with my own eyes, I cannot help descending from the magnificent fact of the universal glory of the Roman Pontificate, to cast an admiring glance upon the persons who have recently adorned the chair of Peter. To Pius the Seventh succeeded Leo the Twelfth. He wore the tiara for five short years; but that which was done in the sanctuary, in the hospital, in the academy, in every department where religion could sanctify and science instruct, under his mildly prevailing influence, exceeded in real worth all the turbulent glories of the age of King Louis the Fourteenth. For a few months Pius the Eighth expended in prayer the last breathings of a holy life. His most fervent prayer for the good of the Church was undoubtedly heard, for then Gregory the Sixteenth received the tiara, which in the jewelled and golden beauty of its triple coronet was an emblem of the threefold glory of his reign. He had the martyr courage of the earliest times; the unbending justice of the middle age; the unsullied zeal of the modern days of Rome. He appeared in figure, in every act and word, like one who could have humbled Frederic Barba-

rossa, or cherished St. Vincent de Paul; who would have been an agreeable companion for St. Philip Neri, and would have confronted Attila. Indeed, to use a familiar American expression, there is no mistake about it. He confronted the man who was sometimes called the modern Attila—Nicholas, late Emperor of Russia. An able English writer (*West. Rev.*, Jan., 1854), after describing the treacherous, dastardly, knavish foreign policy of England, and the haughty barbarism of Russian domination during thirty years of the present century, says: "Nicholas went to Rome, and there the aged Pope Gregory the Sixteenth plucked up spirit to tell him some truths which he should have heard from younger and more vigorous powers long before." It was during that Pontificate that Macaulay wrote his brilliant sketch of the Papacy. It was in view of the great influence then so beneficially exercised by the Roman See that he penned the famous statement: "The Papacy remains not in decay, nor a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor." If testimony could be required to make manifest how gloriously the idea, the dogma, the fact of the Roman Pontificate, has been maintained unto the present day, recourse may be made to Catholics and Protestants indiscriminately—to men respectable in character as they are renowned for learning—to Guizot, Hurter, Schlegel, Thiers, Macaulay, Allison, Montalembert, Donoso Cortes, Secchi, Ozanam, Pugin, Newman, Wilberforce, Ripon, etc.; to men versed in every department of literature and science. And such authorities will assure you that the Roman Pontificate still flourishes as it has ever flourished—the friend of all the earth, help of the weak, guide of the strong, censor of the proud, consoler of the poor, ever pursuing the heavenly mission of "confirming the brethren." No circumstance of life is hidden from its eye; no estate exempt from its

invigorating influence; no emergency can baffle its wisdom or defy its strength. All the honors of the tiara shine with undiminished splendor since it crowned the head of the present Pontiff, Pius the Ninth. This American republic once echoed with plaudits to his name, which were suddenly changed to ungenerous murmurs, and why? Because he would not sanction with his benediction the murderous gang of so-called revolutionists led on to the ruin of everything holy and decent by the missionaries of anarchy and the apostles of atheism. That he was right all Europe has since avowed, when the hands that sought to trifle with the tiara were found at every man's throat—in every man's pocket; and when the obscurities of past ages, as they called the deep-marked lines of social order, were about to be washed out in blood drawn from the breast of humanity by red republicans.

Fanatics may prophecy; modern Goths and Vandals may wreck and desolate; the temporal sovereignty of Rome may be destroyed, and Rome itself undergo the fate of Carthage, and be known only in history; the Pope's head may be rolled in the dust beneath the scaffold; and the Turkish Soliman's threat that he would feed his horse with oats on St. Peter's altar may be carried into execution; but the spiritual succession of lawful pastors, with whom Christ promised to be to the end of time, cannot be destroyed by all the powers of earth. Should one pope be beheaded another with the same power, with the same title to the chair of unity, will be elected either on the brink of a lake where Peter received the commission to feed Christ's flock; or, as in times of persecution, in some subterranean vault, as well as in the magnificent palace of the Vatican. The facts of the past are a guarantee for the contingencies of the future. Onward through trials and tribulations the

Roman Pontificate will pursue its mission of "confirming the brethren in every age and nation," a spectacle to men and angels of the glorious vicegerency of Jesus Christ in the kingdom of God on earth.

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

It is an early spring day in the year 1797. All Vienna is out of doors—some to enjoy the first really mild weather after a long and hard winter; but the majority to assemble in knots at the corners of the streets and discuss the all-absorbing topics of the approach of the French army, the loss of another great battle, and the rumored flight of the Emperor from the capital. Some people said the whole Imperial family had left the palace in the night; others that it was impossible, that the Emperor would never show such cowardice as to desert his people in the hour of danger. As people went aimlessly hither and thither inquiring for news, many of them passed an unpretending little house in the Gumpendorfer suburb of Vienna, which, surrounded by its pretty garden and shady trees, seemed to be quite out of the noise and turmoil of the world. Few passed this house without stopping a moment to gaze at it, and, in case a view of the occupants could be obtained, to make a respectful bow, for in that house lived Joseph Haydn, the great musician, the pride of the Viennese, for was he not one of themselves, and had he not resisted all the munificent offers of the King of England, in order to come back and end his days in peace in his own country?

Absorbed in his art, Haydn was little aware of the disastrous state of things in his own country, or that the dreaded and hated Bonaparte

was rapidly marching towards it, with a victorious army. On the day of which we speak, he was seated in his own room at an open harpsichord, writing the thoughts that occurred to him, his fine eyes turned upwards from time to time as if to seek inspiration from above. His long white hair, and the stoop in his figure showed him to be an old man; but his fresh complexion and brilliant eyes told that his youthful enthusiasm had not been quenched by the march of time, and that in heart and mind he was still a young man.

He was employed at that moment in the composition of the *Creation*, the words of which had been sent him from England. After reading them over several times, he had got out paper and ink and was just beginning to jot down the musical thoughts that suggested themselves, when a sudden impulse made him rise and hasten into the next room. "No," he exclaimed, half aloud, "such a divine subject as this is not to be treated, except with the greatest solemnity both of manner and dress, and so I shall put on my Sunday clothes." So saying, he threw off his dressing-gown and began to attire himself in a suit of clothes which was placed in readiness in his wardrobe, and which consisted of a long satin waistcoat edged with silver and a brown coat with mother-o'-pearl buttons; then he tied carefully round his neck a cravat trimmed with lace, and finally took out of an *étui* a costly

diamond ring, which had been presented to him by Frederick the Great, and put it on his finger, and then he stood before the glass, and he inspected his figure with some satisfaction. "Yes, that will do," he said with a smile. "Only one thing is wanting." Then going to a drawer, he took carefully out of a paper a broad blue ribbon,* and soldered in silver characters, and fastened it to his watch. "I said I should only put it on on grand occasions," he exclaimed, "and what can be a grander one than when I am to have the honor of writing the praises of my God and my King?"

Then going back into his study he fell on his knees and lifted his eyes to heaven, exclaiming, "O my Lord God, give I beseech Thee thy blessing, that I may have wisdom to execute rightly this work, which treats of Thee and of the glorious wonders of Thy Creation!"

Then he sat down at his desk and began his composition, going from time to time to his instrument to play the airs as they arose in his mind and to try the combinations of chords. Like lightning flew his pen over the paper, and a crowd of beautiful melodies seemed to fill his soul for a time, and then he stopped. He read again the words of the poem, but not an appropriate or adequate expression in music could he find: he put his hand to his head sadly, and let the pen glide from the paper. Suddenly jumping up he went over to a little prie-dieu in the corner, and taking up a rosary which lay on it, he passed it rapidly through his fingers, saying

softly the prayers of which it was to remind him as he walked up and down. At the end, a bright gleam passed over his expressive features, fresh melodies arose in his mind, and returning to his desk he exclaimed, "I thank Thee, O my God, for hearing my prayers, as Thou hast always done!"

He went on writing for some time with a happy expression on his features, not a sound breaking the stillness of his room, but that of the movement of his pen over the paper, when suddenly his attention was arrested by an unusual tumult below, a strange thing in his quiet household. His good wife, her old maid Katharine, her still older cat, usually sat or moved about noiselessly the whole morning, for that was the time the Master chose for composing, and any discordant sound annoyed and ruffled him. He laid down his pen with a troubled expression of countenance as the noise waxed louder and louder, until it reached the door of his room, which was opened, and his wife, followed by the maid and man, rushed in, pale and breathless.

For a moment she could not speak, and Haydn exclaimed in some alarm, "For heaven's sake tell me what is the matter, wife!"

"Oh, dear husband," she cried, seizing his hand, "the French are coming, they are quite near. In the last day and night they have been marching nearer and nearer, so Conrad says, and he has just been out and heard all the news; and everybody is packing up and going away, and we must go too. Do let me begin and put up all your music while there is time, for that dreadful Bonaparte seizes everything wherever he goes."

When the poor old lady had finished this, for her, long speech, she

* Haydn lived and died a believing and pious Catholic. "I never," he said himself, "felt so deeply the truth of Christianity as when I was composing the *Creation*. Whenever I was at a loss for a musical thought, I took my rosary, walked up and down the room several times with it, saying my prayers, and always found myself helped to the ideas I wished."

* The history of this blue ribbon was a curious one. When Haydn was in England he was made a lion of, everywhere he went. At one house where he was invited, that of a Mr Shaw, every one of the ladies had a blue ribbon in her hair with the name *Haydn*, embroidered in silver on it, and the host had the same name worked in fine pearls in the collar of his coat, which made it appear quite like livery. The hostess, before he took his leave, asked him for a souvenir, and he gave her a little old snuff-box he had carried for some time, and then he asked her to return it by giving him some trifle as a memorial of his visit. She immediately took the blue ribbon from her hair and handed it to him, telling him to wear it on every great occasion, which Haydn assured her with a bow, that he would do so to the end of his life.

sank quite exhausted with the effort on a chair.

Her husband looked at her compassionately, and said, taking her hand, "But, my dear wife, do be reasonable. You don't suppose, even if the French are likely to enter Vienna, which God forbid, that they will trouble themselves to take my poor valuables, such as they are, when there are all the gold and precious stones in the treasury?"

"Ah, sir, that is just it that mistress was going to tell you," broke in Conrad, the servant. "We have just seen eight baggage-wagons pass, laden with the royal treasures, crown jewels and all, and folks say they are gone to Presburg for safe keeping. And the streets are swarming with people, who are all screaming and swearing, and some have gone swarming round the Minister Thugut's palace, and have declared that peace must be made with the French, to prevent their entering Vienna."

"Bad news, bad news," exclaimed the old man, as he walked up and down the room. "But, wife," he said, stopping and looking at her, "what is that you said about running away? I, for one, will not leave my native town. We have God and the Emperor to protect us, and what can we want more?"

"Ah, don't count upon the Emperor," said poor Madame Haydn, wiping her eyes; "that is the worst thing of all I have to tell you, for they say he left Vienna last night secretly, accompanied by the Empress and the children."

This piece of news acted like a clap of thunder upon Haydn. He looked for a moment as if he could not believe it; then, sinking on a chair, he cried, lifting up his hands as if in despair, "Poor Vienna! Poor Austria! And so your Emperor abandons you!" Then he sank his head on his breast, and deep sighs escaped from his lips.

"Well, and do you not now see that I am right?" said his wife, rising

and taking his hand, "and that we, too, have no time to lose before we fly to a more secure spot than this is?"

"*I fly!*" exclaimed Haydn, rising with a lofty expression of countenance; "*never*. Let one man at least stand by his town and his country, and teach it to have faith in God. He assuredly has not left us; he will not abandon those who put their trust in him. What are the people crying and lamenting about? They should use their voices in praying to God for their Emperor, and I will teach them how to do it."

So saying he walked over to the harpsichord, preluded with a few simple chords, and then began a choral melody which seemed to rise from the depths of his soul. Over and over again he played it till it was quite perfect, and then, as if by a sudden inspiration, suitable words to it flowed to his lips, and he sang, to the great astonishment and admiration of his hearers, the great Austrian hymn now so inseparably connected with his name, and which is half a prayer and half a victorious ode—

Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz;
Lange lebe Franz der Kaiser
In des Glückes hellem Glanz!
Ihm erblühn Lorbeerreiser
Wo er geht zum Ehrenkranz.
Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,
Unsern guten Kaiser Franz.

There was a deep silence in the room while Haydn sang, and for some minutes after, and when he turned round he saw that his wife and his two pious excellent servants had sunk on their knees and were lifting up their hands to heaven. "Come, sing with me, all of you," he exclaimed; "it is very easy." Then he began the melody again, and first one and then another joined in until they made the stirring song echo through the old house and reach even as far as the street, so as to arrest for a moment the attention of the passers-by.

"Ah! that will do," cried Haydn, delighted with the success of his work.

"Now I will write the hymn down, and then, Conrad, you must take it directly to my friend Dr. Von Swieten, and ask him to add a verse or two, and have it immediately printed. If it is circulated among the Viennese and sung at the corners of the streets, it may do something to arouse their patriotism. I mean to sing it myself every morning of my life in addition to my other prayers."*

Eight years have passed, peace with France has been made and broken, and Haydn, the venerable old man, has lived to see his hymn the great battle-song of his country. Once again the French are in Austria, for it is the eve of the battle of Austerlitz—the great battle of the three Emperors, as the Germans call it—and all Vienna is in a wild state of commotion. The great, the absorbing idea, is that at last the Emperor of France, the as yet invincible general, must succumb to the united armies of Russia and Austria, and the people are rejoicing in the thought of bringing down the pride of their arrogant oppressor.

For three days the distant thunder of battle is as music to their ears, it only betokens to them the downfall and humiliation of their enemy; they have no suspicion of the true state of the case.

Another day passes and no tidings arrive, but they are contented to wait; the roads are bad, the dispatches must have been delayed. Crowds surround the Foreign Office, eager for the least scrap of news. Crowds less respectful surround the French Embassy, and with clenched fists utter not very measured invectives against Talleyrand, the then Minister of France, and his Government. Others pour out in a stream on the highroad to Möhringen, where the first tidings of the battle must be heard. They strain their eyes into

the far distance; what do they see? There is a speck on the horizon; it grows larger and larger; it takes the form of advancing troops. Yes, its regiments must be their victorious army coming home. They advance nearer and nearer. The people rush along in a compact mass to meet them, their eyes glowing with enthusiasm, their mouths open for a loud hurrah, when, as they approach nearer, the whole expression of their faces changes to one of horror! These are not Austrian uniforms! No! nor are they Russian! It is the hated colors of the French that meet their fascinated gaze!

And the long-looked for dispatches too? Yes, there they are, hastening on with their news, but they are not Austrian. The tri-colored sash is round their waist, and as they approach Vienna, they cry "Victory! Victory! Vive l'Empereur Napoleon!"

The people stand mute in astonishment and dismay, as the conquering army winds its way past them, and marched into the town to the joyous notes of the *Marseillaise*, and their other famous song, *Marlbrooks' en va-t-en guerre*; they think they must be dreaming, so great is the contrast; but no, it is too real, too dreadfully true, for there are the unhappy prisoners the French have taken marching along with them in triumph, their hands are tied and their eyes cast down, and as they drag their weary limbs along, the people observe that they wear the Russian uniform. It is well that it is not the Austrian; they are spared that humiliation.

On they go through the main streets of the town, until all of a sudden the order is given to halt, and the music suddenly stops. Then an officer steps forward to the colonel of a regiment, and at a word from him four soldiers come forward and walk up to the small house surrounded by its peaceful garden which lies on the other side of the road.

* Haydn kept his word, and sang or played his hymn every day till his death. On May 30, in the year 1809, he played it over three times, when, overcome with weakness, he was carried to his bed, from which he never rose, but died on the 31st, five days later.

Every man, woman, and child in Vienna knew this house; it was the home of Joseph Haydn.

When the people saw this a cry of rage escaped from them. "Joseph Haydn, Father Haydn," they cried as with one voice, "they will take him prisoner."

But no! the soldiers shouldered arms and placed themselves as a guard of honor before the door.

And the musicians of the troops stopped too before the house, and broke out suddenly with an air familiar to all the people of Vienna, the great air in the *Creation*, "With verdure clad."

Like bitter irony sounded the music in the ears of the people. What! the French dared to play the music of their great master as if it was their own! and tears of mortification flowed down the cheeks of many of them at what they considered a fresh insult.

At that moment a window in the upper story of the house was opened, and a venerable head appeared at it. Every one uncovered involuntary and bowed. It was a tribute paid by the French to his genius; but Haydn as he stood before them at that moment, hale, and with his eyes flashing with anger, would not acknowledge it. He felt indignant at their presuming to play his music, as a sort of triumphant song of victory over his countrymen. He was not now Haydn

the composer, but Haydn the patriot. Sternly he gazed at them for a moment, then turning to the side where the Viennese were massed together, silent spectators to the scene, he cried in a loud sonorous voice, stretching out his arms as if to embrace them, "Ah, my children, you can give them a better song still than that," and then he began himself the first line of *Gott erhalte Franz der Kaiser*. Like an electric shock the notes ran through the people, and as one man they sang the grand old hymn with him, and continued singing it as if in defiance of the French, as the troops marched away silently from the house and to their quarters at the other end of the town.

The moral influence of the great old man was too much for them, and they could not swagger or boast in the presence of such a spirit.

Joseph Haydn stood still at his window for some time listening to the voices of the people as they died away in the distance; his hands were folded as if in prayer, prayer for his beloved country in her hour of peril. He did not, indeed, live to see it answered in its full sense, for the peace of Presburg, as it was called, and which was signed in 1806, involved the loss of important provinces and great humiliation for the Austrian Empire—but his fine hymn became, as is well known, the National Anthem of his country.

A GLEAM OF LIGHT FROM THE "DARK AGES.

It is the constant charge of Protestantism that the Catholic Church is old-fogyish; that she has, like Rip Van Winkle, been sleeping while the world has moved on and all things changed around her; that she has awakened at length, as most people do from a prolonged afternoon nap, in a comatose and irritable condition, to find the sun of her own glory setting in the horizon of her dying power. In the dim twilight she sees but indistinctly and with half-opened eyes, while her irritability displays itself in railing and snappishly complaining at the new state of things about her. Her children and all those of her household partake, to a certain extent, of the maternal failing, consequently her self-dubbed friends profess to be doing a benefit to the world at large by binding her over to keep the peace, and tell her, with the most delicate humor, that she is most foolish not to see that an indefinite term in the state prison, or house of correction, will be to her own advantage by recalling her to her senses, and giving, through means of solitary confinement and spare diet, regularity to her pulse and a consequently happier frame of mind. Indeed, there are some like the gay Lotharios of the Victor Emmanuel type; some public policy agents like Mr. Bismarck or Lord John Russell; some grim warriors of the Lord like "General" Garibaldi, or some Amin-adab Sleeks like the members of the

Universal Peace Association; some mighty intellects, professedly ardent admirers of the ancient scientist, who is constantly represented as resenting this antiquated and virago-like spirit of the Church by rubbing his knees and exclaiming, in fine French, *"pur si muove,"* which is the late "We are moving."

all of whom express as their *voce* opinion that there need be peace or advancement till the tress of Rome has been put in a charnel-house. Now will good readers of THE RECC be with surprise when we tell them notwithstanding the constancy of the Church to the old being opposed to progress, we fully agree with the above parties in declaring all their notions correct. She is opposed to a *system of progress*; there need be any peace *for them* while she is; and yet she alone is the only real progressionist, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Thomas Paine lights to represent her as standing on the railroad track trying to stop a down-bearing train. We tell Dickens has somewhere a "bushel of wheat" is the only light by which men of purely material tendencies and tastes count and the importance of all things material and spiritual; so the locomotive is the great exemplar of everything grand in the eyes of men; things by the light of a bull's head, an engine, rather than by the light of faith. Now we frankly admit that there is, on the other hand, a large class of persons in the world who may fitly take as their motto in contradistinction to the above, the lumbering stage-coach of bygone days. These people are *fearfully* slow; anything like progress of any sort, anything which is in the slightest degree from the track of morals, politics, or religion makes them thrill all over with nervous fears. Borrowers of truth they who, viewing people and things through the lens of their narrow-mindedness, naturally find all the problems of the rule of the stupid, which is the natural

expect to see this sacred institution without sinful members, would be to require that the work of redemption should cease, that time should discontinue its course, and that the final judgment should arrive. The Church is holy in its origin, in its principles, in its object, and in its means of sanctification ; but the application of these means is not always holy in its effects. "God alone is perfect, and the Son of God alone is perfect ; all the rest of us are but half perfect." Optat. Mil. Should we be told of the vices of some of the chiefs of the Church, we shall at once think of Judas, and still remember that the grace and truth of Christ are necessarily independent of the personal character of those who dispense them, because they are the grace and truth of the Lord, and have been given for the good of mankind, and because the grace by which we are sanctified is not the gift of man, but the gift of God, who dispenses it to us through men. That sinners who are in the Church do not destroy its sanctity, and that the unholy lives of those who dispense the sacraments do not affect their validity and power, has been acknowledged by heretics whenever they paused in their labor of vituperation.

The adversaries of the spouse of Christ endeavor to disguise their unholy condition, by diverting attention from sanctity as an essential mark of the Church. Hence it is stated in the nineteenth article of Elizabethan establishment, called "The Church of England, by law established :—" "The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same." Those who make the marks of the Church to be the true preaching of the word of God, and the true administration of the sacraments, **make that, which is in itself unknown,**

to be the sign of that which is known. Now it is evident that the sign, the mark of a thing, must be something more clear than the thing signed to which it belongs, and which it is to make known to us. This is an inversion of the natural order of things, for, the Church was instituted for this very purpose, that we might be instructed in the true doctrine of Christ, and be made partakers of the true sacraments, and that we might be certain that we were being instructed in the true doctrine, and that we partook of the true sacraments. Through the visible Christ we come to the word ; we seek a man by his body, not by his soul, for we know that where that is, this must be. We discover the interior, and that which is beyond our senses, by the exterior, and by that which is within reach of our senses. That amongst the marks of the Church, unity and catholicity, as they are more comprehensible than sanctity, possess a higher respective dignity, as marks by which the Church is made known, will be readily granted. But on the other hand, the absence of a holy perfection of life, and the entire renunciation of the higher degrees of perfection—the Evangelical counsels, of virginity and voluntary poverty—by which a more severe adherence to Christ is made known ; further, the declaration of principles which teach that free will is nothing, and that all so-called good works are evil, is a sufficient condemnation of many establishments that claim divine institution.

Therefore, that institution, the origin of which is in the highest antiquity, which has been preserved in a continuity of succession, from the earliest ages down to the present day, namely, the Catholic Church is the true Church ; for it has all the qualities, all the marks which have been developed in the evidences of religion ; for as it has always continued in a state of coherence, it is, its development, only a continuance

always have been, and always will be, abuses of civil and social power under every form of government. So, too, there are periods when the power of faith is less perceptible, but not on that account less effective. Sometimes it preaches from the housetops, and sometimes in "the still small voice." Will any one say that faith is not as strong in our age, has not as many champions as in the more brilliant eras of her demonstrated splendor? Then again the spirit of the age, or of a particular nation, may be opposed to outward displays of ecclesiastical or religious enthusiasm, but it does not follow that, therefore, that spirit is detrimental to the interests of a God, who, in the language of Father Faber, "is worshipped in so many ways and is content." True it is that when love dries out faith grows cold, and that the outward exhibition of faith is not nowadays what it was in the middle ages may be true, but we are disposed to think that if the good people who lived in those favored times had had as many and as great social, moral and religious heresies to deal with as we have, they might not have exhibited the same unparalleled unity of faith as we now apparent, and perhaps many of the glorious monuments of their zeal and piety would not be standing now as true proof of encouragement to us. Let us not be misunderstood. From the very souls we loathe the soulless, so-called "liberals," but we equally despise the self-concentrated champions of their own notions of virtue and means, right and wrong, who sit like night-ravens over the stricken forms of ancient wisdom and seek their dreadful "Nevermore." Our age is bad, very bad, but instead of always comparing it with its predecessors, would it not be better

built throne of immutable countenance refulgent with and majesty of celestial wisdom sees the procession of the before her; the long generations, with their views and hopes and ambitions, pro actions, are clearly within of vision. Some of their voted servants, kneel as they fore her, and present the mediation the gifts of the or their hands, to her divine Lord and Master, ask turn his benediction on them. There bend in humble sublime theologians, grave philosophers, enlightened statesmen, found scientists, sweet-singing skilful musicians, inspire dexterous artisans, represent every art, science, trade, all seeking to turn the price "Thou shalt earn thy bread sweat of thy brow," into for their fellow-men; a sanctification for their own and an act of choicest homage him who made and redeems. Carefully and with a divinity she contemplates as in detail their several gifts heavenly test she possesses alienable right as the spouse a test which never fails her vine inspiration of FAITH she examines and estimates ories and creations of men like God at the primal creation that they are good, good bodies and souls of men: time and for eternity: good advancement in temporal power, or wealth, without to their eternal welfare, is the gifts, and bids God send governors, who go on their way. If, on the contrary, she that the offerings are pernicious as theories which contain hidden dangerous views latent or as works which are in the majesty, or invasions of served rights of the Supreme

"To be up and doing,
With a heart for any task,
Skill achieving, will pursuing,
Keen to labor and to work."

**How between these two conflict-
that does
such-**

she gently warns the donor; counselling either their immediate and complete destruction, or such judicious changes as may render them acceptable in the sight of God, and beneficial to men. If the giver prove obstinate, she reproves, entreats, or commands, until she has converted, or failing conversion, permits him to depart indignantly from her footstool, with the echoes of her anathema thundering in his ears, the flash of her indignant eyes playing like lambent lightning around his path, as warnings of God's revengeful anger, as he throws himself into the midst of her enemies. If, on the contrary, he be a true and sincere worker in the vineyard of the Lord, and a submissive disciple of his meek and lowly Saviour, he will, like the saintly Bishop of Cambray, no sooner catch the first token of her disapprobation than he will publicly retract, or modify his theory, or destroy his work. And no holier or sweeter sacrifice was ever offered at the throne of the Immortal than that betokened in the almost imperceptible quiver of the lip, that gentle gleam of the tear-bedewed eye, whose complete repression has, perhaps, in the order of Providence been unsuccessful, that men might know thereby of the heroic soul-struggle, the conquest of proud human nature.

On the other hand pass before her a wild and motley throng of self-conceited beings, who either heed her not, or heed her but to scoff at her. Men impatient of all restraint, either of the passions or the intellect; men who arrogate to themselves the dignity of being gods, and whose leader is that spirit of darkness, who first raised the banner of revolt with the well-known legend, "*Non Serviam*." These have become foolish in their own conceits. They are first and foremost the dispensers of the baneful soul-poison of free religious thought. Whatever maddening schemes of a purely material nature are reduced to practice by the modern

progressionists, are secondary to the pernicious efforts of this section of the army of false progress, because as all other things it undertakes affect but the bodies of men, or their temporal concerns, they are of secondary importance to the all-prevailing question, What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? But this particular cohort is composed of the cunning hypocrites of whom our divine Lord prophesied when he said, There shall arise false prophets, sheep in wolves' clothing. Men who would tickle the itching ears of those who, in his strongly expressive language, would *heap* teachers unto themselves, because they liked comfortable doctrine; because they liked forms of religion which, by preaching the fearful doctrine of the all-sufficiency of "faith" in Christ, would allow full play to their natural passions, so that they would become inferior, in point of spiritual sensibility, to the very devils who believe and tremble. Men of whom our divine Lord warned us, that when they would say, Lo, here is Christ, and, there, lo, he is in the closets; lo, he is in the deserts. We should neither open the closet, nor go out into the desert, for neither would he be found in the secret inspirations of the closet of our hearts, nor in the vast wilderness of modern religion, the sole production of which is the sand of deception, which blows into and blinds the eyes of the dupes who travel in those wastes which never blossom with the rose, although poetical Protestant preachers are constantly informing us in their prayers and sermons that they will do so in some undesignated futurity.

Closely allied to the modern sensational theologians and preachers are the modern sensational "philosophers," who bring forth such startling theories concerning the heavens above, the earth beneath, and even the air above the heavens, and the waters under the earth, so ethereal

and at the same time so deep are their flights. We know that when people soar too high they get out of the region of vital fluids, and are subjected first to an excessive bleeding of the nasal organ, and finally to dissolution; so also when they get into too deep waters, their mental plummet ceases to measure, while its own weight too often pulls them down beyond their depth. Such is the fate of these modern "philosophers," who toy with the plaything of modern thought, the Tyndalls and Darwins, Huxleys and companions, whose lucubrations, like chain-lightning, only serve to stun and kill; to rend the heavens, and tear violently through the bowels of the earth; and whose "purifying" propensities have no play save when the storm-clouds of ignorance are gathered together, and the bellowing bombast of idiots accompanies them with the noise of harmless thunder. How beautifully above them sits the circling arch of the rainbow of divine truth spanning the gateway of the heavens, showing to the world, in letters of prismatic fire, the eternal promise of God, that he will never destroy the world again by water; no, not even by the multiplied floods of the iniquities of these desperate men. How gloriously, like the sunburst struggling with the storm, do the rays of divine revelation shoot through the blackness of the night of heresy, and rejoice those humble souls whose feet are gilded by treading its beaming path, and whose brows are encircled as with an aureola by its glitter.

Now, the great error of all these vicious creatures is, that man's will being free, his thoughts, his actions, and his speech are also free. There could be no more fearful doctrine than this. Man is, indeed, endowed with free will, but in the language of the poet laureate of England:

"Our wills are ours, our wills are ours,
To make them thine, O Lord."

If they were not, wherefore the commandments? What becomes of

the divine mandate to *think evil*? If man may not blaspheme if every idle word of his must, in language of Scripture, be accounted for; if his deeds are amenable to the divine justice, why should he meditate evil in his heart? And more, why should he be allowed to lead others into his errors? If the modern progressionists thought, has man no right to theorize? Certainly he has, when theories are in accord with faith, not when they depend solely on fit and weak human reasoning—the reason of which La Bruyere has said

"La raison sans cesse raison,
Et jamais n'a guerie personne."

Almost identically united with "philosophers" are the modern "statesmen" of the Cavour school whose favorite doctrine is "A church in a free state," which phrase, properly arranged according to the grammar of facts and common sense, means, the Church enslaved by a libertine form of government, whether that government be autocratic, monarchical, or republican. The Church being by her divinely birthright essentially *free* from above all authority, save that of her founder; nay, more, she is by the very principle of her existence the heaven-appointed ruler of governments, inasmuch as it behooves her province to interfere in temporalities, and the state being subject, the folly of this unnatural inversion is as clear as the sun at noonday. We may shift and distort this question as we may, but this is the broad truth of it, and we might just as appropriately say, in arguing the contrary, that God was subject to his creatures, the parent to the child. It only does common sense dictate as a law, but the conduct of these statesmen, when they get into power, proves that however *free* the state may be to rob and plunder, the freedom of the church consists only in the right to submit to being principal victim.

These men, too, are desperately fond of prating about the exactions of the Church, when all men recognize her rule; but they carefully hush up any insinuations about the extortions of the state when the satellites of the star of roguery are in the ascendant. They carefully conceal the fact that the Church gave adequate returns for all the tithes which were exacted under the ecclesiastico-political regime, while they steal the public substance under pleas of a public good, which is so *spirituelle* that it assumes the aspect of a mere moral benefit in the shape of the heavenly reward to which the public patience and longanimity look forward confidently in the world to come. They carefully, and sedulously, and minutely prate to the people about "The Terrors of the Inquisition," "The Massacre of St. Bartholomew," and similar titbits of history, the paucity and rarity of which are supplied for by the highly wrought language in which they are described, without however doing the least towards explaining how the Church was made responsible for these affairs, when she was really innocent, or allowing a moment's attention to be directed towards the explanations of her historians. Nor do these self-dubbed statesmen tell us anything about the confiscations, imprisonment, torturings, and wholesale slaughters which the *gallant*, if not chivalrous, Henry the Eighth and his *pure-minded* and virginal daughter Elizabeth, *gentle* Oliver Cromwell, and noble William of Orange, together with all their after-types of the French republics and Italian revolutions, the whole line being closed by that glorious son of "Blood and Iron," Prince Bismarck, have from time to time inflicted in the name of a free state upon their defenceless Catholic subjects. But before we part with them we would ask them to solve this one great political problem—what sort of a free church or free state either is that wherein

one man becomes both church and state? These statesmen, we know, fling back the retort that papal infallibility is just this very kind of one man power under the sanction of divine right. They *pretend* at least to think so, for they very well *know* the difference between infallibility in the solution of theological doctrines, to which alone the Pope lays claim, and infallibility in political and even all temporal things, to which they lay claim. We do not mean to say or even infer that the Church was specially intended to usurp the place of the civil power, or has ever attempted to do so; we only claim, what is abundantly provable, that she has a right, and when she *has the power* must interfere to prevent the infraction of her own ecclesiastical rights or general moral principles by the civil power, for this is her mission from him whose kingdom indeed is not of this world, in a political sense, but to whom in the moral order all princes must bow, and who hath crushed kings in the day of his wrath.

With this brief allusion to the wickedness of modern thinkers, let us see what has been the work of modern progressionists in the arts and sciences. Would any sane person compare purely modern architecture to that of the Classic ages or even of the Gothic periods? If so, why all this anxious and seemingly fruitless attempt at repopularizing the antique—these ludicrous efforts of the pigmies of the *Renaissance* to reproduce the gigantic Egyptian pillars, the graceful Grecian arches, or the glorious voids and pointed spires of the Gothic age? Think of modern civilization going back to learn architecture from the *barbarian* Goths; and the result of all these labors are mongrel combinations in stone and brick, ridiculous-looking churches in the so-called *Italian* style, quasi Chinese pagodas, masses of blue and gold tinsel, nicknamed Gothic. Public buildings in the so-called Renais-

sance, which means a jumble of anything under the sun which the feeble mind of modern architects can pitch together in lieu of the grand specimens which they are unable to conceive, to say nothing of the crushed and top-heavy-looking private residences which are struggling under the awe-inspiring load of a "French roof." Oh these *French* evidences of modern progress! Alas, poor France! what artistic and æsthetic iniquities are committed in thy name by the nineteenth century progressionists! What deformed offspring of illegitimate and impure conception are billeted on thy protecting charity by those disciples of the fine arts who, unenlightened by the inspirations of a pure and refined taste, endeavor to supply its place and win popularity by pandering to the impure passions of humanity! Such are the Swinburnes of modern poetry, the Feuilletes of the modern drama, the Dumas of modern literature, the Offenbachs of modern music, the artists of the modern "French" school of statuary and painting, with all their harpy tribe of inferior imitators of the Italian, English, and American order. Where in modern times is the echo of Hesiod's, Homer's, or Virgil's superlative strains? Where even is "the linked sweetness long drawn out" of the

Songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sydney's silver lays,
That softly melt the ages through?

Where in art will we find a reproduction of the Michael Angelos, the Raphaels, the Da Vincis, or the Rubens of mediæval times? If they are around and about, why so much running to Europe? Why so many "residences" in Rome to copy the antique models? Some indeed of our moderns, with more than even the usual allowance of that debased wisdom which has been pronounced by the lips of infallible truth as the special inheritance of the children of the world, profess to spurn the study of ancient models as unworthy the improved enlightenment generated

by modern progress, and the of their "glorious privilege of independent" runs in the same cle with the products of those indeed do copy after the antique a very remote distance.

But the great *dernier ressort* of progressionists, when defeated other points, is to fall back on *scientific* progress of the age, developed in the railroad and telegraph. We might, if we chose, escape argument by informing them the ideal and beautiful, as expressed in the fine arts, is so interwoven with the order of the divine providence with regard to man as to have come almost, if not quite, indispensably necessary to his general welfare; whereas, for nineteen centuries men have lived, moved, and their being, been happy on earth and saved their souls for heaven without having ever even conceived the notion of the propelling power of steam, or the practicable way to which the electric current might be reduced. But this would only be an argument against their absolute necessity, and against the theoretical acknowledged utility, we neither the desire nor reason to generally, while as Catholics would most truthfully exclaim, "Heaven forefend that the welfare of the Church should depend upon the abolition of the existence of a stage-coach or telegraph wire!" We simply mean to say that the fact that the nineteenth century has developed wonderful results in these scientific branches does not, by any means, disprove the assertion that the principles from which they were evolved were born and known to exist in remoter periods. The mathematical knowledge necessary to their development was taught by the mathematicians centuries ago. Aye, and even question whether any of the scientific results of the present will be counted as displaying marvellous ingenuity than such plays of skill as that of Archimedes.

who destroyed the entire fleets of the enemies of his country by firing them through the means of reflecting glasses, while our modern engineers can produce but few if any evidences of their professional skill superior to the old Roman bridges and aqueducts. Of course many grave mistakes were made in old times concerning the form of the earth, the movements of the heavenly bodies, and similar questions, yet not greater or more silly than those made by modern free thought. Neither is the boasted increase of commercial importance in our days proportionably greater than was requisite for the population of the old world before the discovery of the new. Indeed, taking all things into consideration, we feel that we can safely say that the science of surgery alone, of all the offspring of wisdom, can be called a debtor to modern thought for any new revelations of wonder or power; and if we should require any authority for our effort at a general upsetting of modern conceit, we will summon to the witness-stand one whose testimony will certainly not be impugned through prejudice, either on his own part or that of his auditors—the champion of "the lost arts"—Mr. Wendell Phillips.

Let us now look at the social aspects of this question. Do we furnish our houses or deck our bodies more richly, more rarely or more extravagantly than did the ancients? Do our most luxurious and extravagantly devised banquets in the slightest degree approach to those of the classic feasts or mediæval pageants? But, above all, are our morals any better, or, considering our greater spiritual enlightenment, half as good as those of the heathen and barbarian?

And this, after all, is the real test of true progress; for what are material things and temporal triumphs in comparison with the graces of the mind and the refinement and welfare of the soul? What but instruments

are they towards that end, and what if they fail of their mission? True it is, indeed, that men do not ride around at the present day in martial guise of armor and casque, hewing down defenceless women and children, and pillaging and sacking their homes; neither are men dragged from their hearthstones to chains and death without the intervention of law—though sometimes they might be better off without it. The spirit of the age is adverse, *not to these results, but to that method of attaining them.* It ruins homes, and hearts, and reputations; it destroys families, but it uses different weapons. The malicious libel of a free press will poison as surely as the Borgia's cup. The skilfully laid scheme of "business" swindling will cleave the brain as surely as the well-poised axe of a marauding baron. The secret shafts of social malice will pierce the heart as keenly as the well-pointed rapier of a vagrant knight-errant. The overreaching tact of our modern *public-spirited citizens* will rob a man of his lands and pull down his domestic castle as completely as a hostile band of mountain robbers. "Special legislation" and "snake bills" will pillage, and burn, and utterly ruin as effectually as a royal decree of a Nero or an Eighth Henry. And modern divorce laws will far more surely ruin the family circle than any incursion of robber soldiers.

We had conceived these sentiments when our eyes lighted on the following passage in a little work, entitled *Cloister Legends*, by a gifted English lady, Miss Elizabeth M. Stuart. They are so much in point that we venture, even at the risk of being tautological, to repeat them:

"The noble knights, and ladies of the old time who inhabited those magnificent castles, the ruins of which remain to this day the marvel of architectural grandeur, did not, as it pleases the coarse and atheistical utilitarians of the present era to as-

sert, want for common necessities of furniture in their spacious halls and stately chambers. The frivolous sources of modern expenditure were of course unknown to them, and the wealth they amassed, fairly or unfairly, was lavished on objects of solid worth and magnificence."

Common sense and the slightest reflection indeed might show that the people who could build such fine houses would surely know how to live in them; that those who luxuriated in carving, and gilding, and painted windows, and tessellated pavements, would be able to procure tables and chairs, and would not want for blankets and sheets to beds which had coverlets of satin and velvet embroidered with silver and gold.

In those days, as, alas! also in these, existed the terrible contrast between rich and poor, but if the vassal in the country and the humble craftsmen in the towns had wooden cups and pallets of straw, when the nobles and gentry drank from silver and gold and slept upon "trice-driven down," are the conditions of life more equal now?

Gold jewels, costly furniture, delicate viands, glittering equipages, are there not thousands who revel in these while thousands more are destitute of blankets and bedding, fire and food?

No person of tolerable information or common sense, indeed, can doubt that the condition of the humbler classes was one of much greater comfort in the days of the Plantagenets than in these. But those were Catholic days, and the Calvinist and the unbeliever are at perfect unity in misrepresentation here. Those were the *dark ages*, the ages of superstition, of ignorance, of barbarism, of discomfort, of starvation. They were *Catholic ages*, and all for these gentry is summed up in these two words. How could people who submitted to the teaching of the

be other than wretched and

The people were starving, the nobles in their castles had not the common necessities of furniture. Common sense, as we have already observed, might refute these stupid falsehoods, but we have the undeniable evidence of a host of learned antiquarians, from which we gather that in the grand baronial dwellings gorgeous luxury was not unaccompanied with comfort.

* * * * *

The thirteenth century was not more wicked than the nineteenth. The fashion of iniquity has changed, that is all. Men do not ride out with a troop of armed followers, and harry their neighbors' estates, and drive away their cattle, and seize their plate and jewels, and burn down their houses, but they gamble in the stocks and speculate in mines and railroads, and in ways too numerous to mention manage to transfer other people's money to their own coffers, and slay the poor victim, not with lance and battle-axe, but with shattered fortunes and broken hearts.

In the thirteenth century, too, as in the nineteenth, the hour of reckoning to the ill-doer would come; that dreadful hour, which alike awaits the lofty and the lowly, the rich and the poor, the sinner and the saint; that hour which ravishes from the ill-doer the fruits of his ill-doing — *the hour of death*.

Ah! what matters in that supreme hour the manner of the sinner's sin? The fierce rude baron on his deathbed could no more shut his eyes to his own iniquity than can the usurer before whose dying eyes flit the pale forms of the widows and orphans whom he has wronged.

But the criminalities of the present day are without this redeeming feature, that of old when the Church held sway over the world, men who did these things had some straws of faith and repentance at which to grasp in their dying mo-

ments. Free thought has robbed them even of that by luring their souls to eternal perdition with her siren songs "Faith on Christ" and "the inutility of good works towards salvation," and when they are dead she hoodwinks the surviving mourners with verbose resolutions of the various societies of which the deceased were members, containing stereotyped phrases about "bowing to the decrees of an all-wise Providence" when he removes such "public benefactors," "genial associates," and "citizens of rare business tact." The wisdom of this providential dispensation is doubtless apparent to their victimized survivors, who are, however, deprived of the poor consolation which the Church gave in mediæval times, of proclaiming with regard to the doers of iniquity in those days, in language more candid, if not more kind, that their damnation was as good as sure.

Furthermore, men under the promptings of a faith which, where it has once existed can never be entirely crushed, did in old times sincerely repent of their misdeeds, while history's pages are resplendent with the narratives of the practical evidences of their penitential satisfaction.

Let us quote but one example of the workings of this spirit of faith, one of the aptest instances of history. Robert Bruce had murdered the Red Comyn within the consecrated precincts of the Gray Friars' church at Dumfries. Not even the justifying laws of warfare, not the rash hastiness of the deed, not his kingly power or well-earned love of the whole Scottish nation could save him from the anathemas of the insulted Church, or win for him the excuses of his outraged followers. Long and fiercely did he, with the persistence of a proud spirit, hold out against the command of the Church to seek reconciliation with an offended God. Victory deserted his standard, trials and troubles flocked around him, but could not

break his indomitable pride. But faith was in his heart, and that heart was naturally too noble to resist long the inspirations of grace speaking through the still, small voice of conscience. We need scarcely refer our readers to the beautiful scene sketched by the graphic pen of Walter Scott in his second canto of "The Lord of the Isles," wherein the Bruce, with a noble outburst of manly repentance, acknowledges his fault and is blessed by the Abbot, who came to ban him, nor need we tell how, in his subsequent career of glory, he never forgot the grace thus vouchsafed to him, but, with his dying breath, sent his dead heart, by the hands of "Douglas, tender and true," to rest near the holy sepulchre. But God was contented with the will of the penitent, as he was with Abraham's prompt obedience, and by a particular dispensation of his providence arranged that the kingly heart should rest amid the ruined cloisters of Melrose Abbey, among the people whom it had loved and saved.

But to resolve all these comparisons into a focus, we would simply say that there is no real struggle between antiquity, or what is styled by the enemies of the Church mediævalism, and modern progress. Progress as progress is simply nothing more than the natural development of the world, arranged by the divine economy to keep pace with the growth and wants of the world of men. Progress is neither sectarian nor denominational in its nature or character. God does not visit the sins and rebellion of men against his laws by depriving them as a general rule either of their natural powers of thinking and doing, or the fruitful results of their labor, inasmuch, however, as they do so rebel, their works, by a legitimate consequence, partake of and display the debasing consequences of their crimes. So Protestantism, or any other offspring of free thought, can no more lay claim, by a sort of natural right, to the development of

the world's greatness in any respect than it can to the creation of the heavens. One thing alone can it claim as its birthright,—the mess of pottage, the conglomeration of debasing influences which its licentious spirit of freedom has made to keep pace with and adulterate all that in the natural order it has produced or vainly endeavored to improve. For its creations are, by its own confession, far inferior to those of the heathen and the barbarian. The Church, on the other hand, claims, and rightfully claims as her divinely borrowed gifts to men, everything which they have of good. All that was ennobling in the ancient heathen was the workings of the heavenborn inspiration in the soul of man; in so much she respected them as the works of her heavenly spouse, in so much she blessed and fostered their development, so likewise does she act with the fruits of modern improvement, but the glorious creation of her triumphant eras of undisputed sway over humanity are not second in their refulgence to the borrowed lustre she derives from her patronage of those produced in less favored periods. The only charge that can be brought against her is that in her solicitude for men's souls she scrutinizes with jealous care the products of their finite wisdom ere she gives them her benediction. In this she has never used any more than the ordinary policy of even her enemies in worldly wisdom, nor with no more odious delays and devices. She may thereby have been far more slow than the champions of modern progress, but she was surely, as their own vagaries

prove, ten thousand times more certain. No work of any age, bearing her blessing, has ever failed to stand the test of adverse criticism. Can our modern progressionists say as much of theirs? She, by the providence of God, is the teacher of the world, her crown is surmounted by the inspiring dove, and she has from the beginning, and will until the end, teach ALL TRUTH. Slanderers may revile her, impious men may contradict her, conceited fools may blaspheme her and drown her voice, just as the politicians of the free-thought school have robbed her, but so surely as their machinations and the false doctrines of heretics have in every age been brought to naught, so surely will her wisdom, always and everywhere, reign supreme, the correctness of her judgment prove itself.

Oh beautiful, all-sufficient, and ever-enduring providence of God! which has given us the Church for our teacher, and the lamp of divine faith whereby to read her teachings, while with overflowing hearts we thank thee, with tremulous lips we pray thee keep us humble in our knowledge of thy truth, and steadfast in our loyalty thereto, amid the darkness of doubt and the glamour of glittering error. Teach us so to use even thy temporal blessings as to convert them into potent instruments of eternal life, and may thy Holy Spirit's refulgent inspirations so win the hearts and enlighten the minds of all the sons of men, that we may kneel on earth before thee in the unity of truth, and praise thy incarnate wisdom with one voice forever in heaven.

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

FIFTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: In my last letter I dwelt at considerable length on the principal foundation-stone of "the Church of England *by law established*," namely, the act of supremacy; I will now proceed to the structure which was erected upon it.

SALMON.—"Soon after the rising of Parliament a proclamation was published prohibiting the Bishop of Rome to be called Pope, and requiring the name to be erased out of all the instruments and records where it was mentioned." (Mod. Hist.)

COLLIER.—"In November following, Cranmer ordered an alteration in the archiepiscopal style, struck out 'Legate of the Apostolic See,' and put in 'metropolitan' instead of it." (Hist.)

The actions of this individual ought, I think, to be carefully observed, for he has been highly extolled, and elevated to the rank of the most eminent saint in the parliamentary establishment.

BURNET.—"Cranmer was so extraordinary a person that it was, perhaps, fit there should be some ingredients in his temper to *lessen the veneration* which his great worth might have raised *too high* if it had not been for those *feeblenesses* which, upon *some occasions*, appeared in him." (Hist.)

If the word of Burnet can be depended upon we shall, without doubt, behold much in the conduct of Cranmer that will edify, and make his blemishes appear as a few dark spots judiciously disposed to set off to greater effect the more brilliant and pleasing traits of his character.

COLLIER.—"He was obliged, be-

fore his consecration, to take the customary oath to the Pope. But, by an expedient of a secret protestation, he tried to save his liberty and renounce every clause in the oath which barred him doing his duty to God, the king, and his country."

This gentleman means there were some strains of art and deceitful practice in this transaction, and I am altogether of his mind. For this protest was not made at Rome to the Pope; Cranmer's proxies had no such instructions as appears by the instrument. Had this reserve been insisted on in the consistory, it is certain the Bulls for consecration never would have been granted. We cannot conceive the Pope would have agreed to this latitude, so that it is plain the oath was not taken in the sense of the imposer. Surely Cranmer was an adept at *lessening veneration* for his worth, since one of the *feeblenesses* of his nature is to commit *perjury*!

LORD HERBERT.—"The supremacy being invested in the king by the approbation of his Parliament . . . neither the example of others which subscribed, nor the terror of the statute, could hinder divers religious persons to continue in their former opinions, insomuch that they openly spoke against the king's supremacy. Which being made known, caused him to advise with his council concerning punishment. Some, indeed, thought that imprisonment, banishment, or the like, was chastisement enough for those who, confessing the king's supreme authority in all temporal matters, did, out of scrupulosity rather than malice, impugn the rest.

supremacy, the jury, out of regard for the character of three priors, who were men eminent for their piety and their virtues, could not be brought to give a verdict against them the first day. When Cromwell, the king's vicar-general, demanded what they meant by this conduct, the jury answered, they could not find those Fathers guilty as malefactors, whereupon Cromwell threatened they should suffer death as malefactors themselves if they did not bring in the prisoners guilty; and in a manner compelled the jury to convict them. Whereupon sentence was passed, and they were executed as traitors at Tyburn." (Mod. Hist.)

CUNNINGHAM. — "Cromwell was the son of a blacksmith at Putney, in Surrey. At his native place young Cromwell received an imperfect education; he left the country for the Continent. At Antwerp he found employment in the English factory. He afterwards served under the Duke of Bourbon, and is said to have been present at the sack of Rome in 1528. This connection may have had some influence in leading him to those *Protestant sentiments* which he afterwards professed. On returning to England Cromwell became a confidential servant to Cardinal Wolsey. . . . On Wolsey's death he devoted himself to the service of the king. . . . Shortly after giving a bold specimen of his political skill, and of his disposition, it may be, to gratify his master by drawing from the clergy, with royal authority, the sum of £118,840, on the allegation that the oath of allegiance to the Pope, taken by the bishops at their consecration, was illegal, he received the honor of knighthood, and was admitted to the privy council. . . . In 1534 Henry, on being invested with ecclesiastical supremacy in England, appointed Cromwell his Vicar-General and Vicegerent, in virtue of which the king's supremacy was in a great degree committed to the minister." (Life of Cromwell.)

COLLIER. — "Cromwell had authority to visit all the bishops and archbishops in the kingdom. . . . About this time an order for regulating the pulpits, with reference to preaching and bidding of prayers, was set forth by the king and council.

"ITEM. It is ordained that every preacher shall preach once, in his greatest audience, against the usurped power of the bishop of Rome, and so after at his liberty; and that no man shall be suffered to defend or maintain the aforesaid usurped power. Farthermore, to keep unity and quietness in the realm, it is ordained no preachers shall contend openly in pulpit one against another, nor uncharitably deprave one another in open audience; but if any of them be grieved, one with another, let them complain to the king's Highness, or to the archbishop, etc. They must also declare Henry's marriage with Anne Boleyn neither doubtful nor disputable, but to be a thing of mere verity, and so to be allowed in all men's opinions." (Hist.)

LORD HERBERT. — "Our king finding thus that businesses were safe on his part, proceeded more confidently in his intentions of suppressing, together with the Pope's authority, all those who supported it. And because he thought monasteries did furnish more able men to contest with him on this point than any part else, he advised how to proceed with them." (Life of Henry.)

BURNET. — "There were also two other motives that inclined the king to this counsel. The one was, that he apprehended a war from the emperor, who was the only prince in the world that had any considerable force at sea. Therefore the king judged it necessary to fortify his ports, and seeing the great advantages of trade which began to rise much, was resolved to encourage it. For this end he intended to build many havens and harbors. This

was a matter of great charge, and as his own revenue could not defray it, so he had no mind to increase the taxes, therefore the suppression of the monasteries was thought the easiest method of raising money." (Hist. Ref.)

(NOTE.—No havens or harbors were built.)

COLLIER.—"Cromwell being authorized by the king's letters-patent, under the broad seal, to constitute deputies for a visitation, made choice of Richard Layton, Thomas Legh, William Petre, Doctors of the Law, etc., for this purpose. . . . About this time Cranmer made his visitation. He did not venture upon this branch of jurisdiction without the king's license; for now the bishops could do little without an authority from the *crown*. . . . And now the time for the other visitation drawing on, the king issued out letters of inhibition to the Archbishop of Canterbury, charging him and his suffragans not to visit the clergy or religious, till the regal visitation was over; meaning that which was to be managed under the Vicar-General Cromwell. And thus all Episcopal jurisdiction was laid asleep, and almost struck dead by the regale during the king's pleasure. The next month Layton, etc., began their general visitation under Cromwell. They were furnished, at least some of those first named, with a plenitude of power to visit archbishops, bishops, and the rest of the superior clergy, and to correct and reform, and exercise all manner of discipline which belonged to ecclesiastical jurisdiction. They had likewise an authority to confirm or null the elections of prelates; to order instalments; to give institutions and inductions; to sequester the fruits of livings; to deprive or suspend archbishops, bishops, etc.; to convene synods, and preside in them; and to make such reformatations and orders as they should deem expedient. They had likewise an authority for trying

all ecclesiastical causes, and executing censures upon those who either refuse to appear or abide by the sentence. And as to monasteries they had, as it were, an unlimited authority, and were empowered to allow pensions to such as were disposed to quit that way of living." (Eccles. Hist.)

SALMON.—"The visitors, who were far from being friends to the monks, gave them to understand that the king was so exasperated at the conduct of some of their brethren that they must expect the utmost rigor of the law if they were found obnoxious, insinuating at the same time that their wisest course would be to surrender the houses into the king's hands, and not hazard the involving themselves in the same ruin with those monastics whose obstinacy had proved fatal to them; whereupon the monks of several convents thought fit to surrender their houses to the crown." (Mod. Hist.)

HERBERT.—"Upon these and other injunctions, joined to the inquisition aforesaid, the commissioners found means to make divers monasteries obnoxious, for upon the petition of divers monks who were *wearry* of their habits, . . . the king seizing on the house, commanded that they who were professed under twenty-four should be set at liberty, as being thought too young to make a vow as they ought, or, indeed, to keep it; that they who were above twenty-four when they made their vow might have leave to depart, if they would. At which time the men, if in orders, should have a priest's habit given them, and forty shillings in money; the nuns should have only a gown, such as secular women wear, and liberty to go where they would. The condition yet of some being better, who for surrendering their houses to the king (to which by threats and fair words they were induced), got small pensions during their lives. Others, by pay-

ing great sums to the king and Cromwell, redeemed their monasteries from the present calamity; yet so, as even from these also, divers jewels and church ornaments were taken away to the king's use." (*Life of Henry.*)

HUME.—"But as all these expedients did not fully answer the king's purpose, he had recourse to his usual instrument of power, the Parliament, and in order to prepare men for the innovations projected, the report of the visitors was published, and a general horror was endeavored to be excited in the nation against institutions which to their ancestors had been objects of the most profound veneration. . . . As it was known that the king's intention in this visitation was to find *pretence* for abolishing monasteries, we may naturally conclude that the reports of the commissioners are very little to be relied on. Friars were encouraged to bring in informations against their brethren; the slightest evidence was credited, and even calumnies, spread abroad by the friends of the Reformation, were regarded as grounds of truth." (*Hist. Eng.*)

COLLIER.—"It is proper to defend the memory of the monks against certain imputations laid upon them. When the monks were settled in the reign of King Edgar, they promoted a general improvement. They were very industrious in restoring learning, and retrieving the country from the remarkable ignorance of those times. Their labors were answered with success; the face of things was so changed by the endeavors of Dunstan and his master, Ethelwold, that in a short time learning was generally restored and began to flourish. From this period (10th century) the monasteries were the schools and seminaries of the whole people. For the universities, if we had more than one, were then very slender societies, and the muses were confined, as it were, to the cloister. . . . The monks bred their

novices to letters, and to this purpose every great monastery had a peculiar college in each of the universities. And even to the time of their dissolution they maintained great numbers of children at school for the service of the Church. From hence it appears the monks deserved a fairer character than is sometimes given them." (*Eccles. Hist.*)

HIGGINS.—"Monasteries were first founded, by the piety of our ancestors, with a charitable design, to give a retreat to such persons as had a mind to detach themselves from the affairs of the world and dedicate their lives to the service of God in a state of quiet and devotion; by these people were the hungry fed, the naked clothed, and the dead buried, with all other acts of charity which seem essential to the spirit of Christianity." (*View of Eng. Hist.*)

HALLAM. — "The monasteries were subjected to strict rules of discipline, and held out, at the worst, more opportunities for study than the secular clergy possessed. In the original principles of the monastic orders, and the rules by which they were governed, there was a spirit of meekness, self-denial, and charity that could not wholly be effaced. These virtues were inculcated by the religious ethics of the middle ages, and in the relief of indigence it may, upon the whole, be asserted that the monks did not fall short of their profession. . . . The virtues of the monks assumed a still higher character when they stood forward as protectors of the oppressed. By an established law, founded on very ancient religious rules, the precincts of a church afforded sanctuary to accused persons. Under a due administration of justice, this privilege would have been simply and constantly mischievous, as we properly consider it in those countries where it still subsists. But in the rapine and tumult of the middle ages, the right of sanctuary was a

House of Commons for that purpose."

COLLIER.—"Whilst the religious houses were standing, there were no provisions of Parliament to relieve the poor; no assessment upon the parish for that purpose. But now (1714) this charge upon the kingdom amounts, at a moderate computation to £800,000 yearly." (Eccl. Hist.)

I will now proceed to other performances which characterize the establishment raised by Henry instead of the Catholic Church in England. This leads me to notice Cromwell's fall, which I must prelude with a few more of Henry's matrimonial difficulties.

BURNET.—"On the 12th of October, 1537, Queen Jane bore him a son, which was christened Edward. But the joy for this young prince was qualified by the queen's death, two days after, which affected the king very much." (Hist. Reformation.)

COLLIER.—"Cromwell observed the king was much swayed by his queens as long as his fancy continued. He thought, therefore, the most effectual expedient to preserve himself and friends, was to bring on an alliance with some of the princesses of Germany. The overtures made in France and Germany came to nothing. This made the king hearken to Cromwell's suggestion, and think of engaging with Ann of Cleve. The lady's picture was drawn by Hans Holbein, and sent over hither. But this famous painter was too ceremonious, and very much exceeded the life. The king being pleased with the portrait and the alliance, concluded the match, and soon after the lady was sent over with a splendid equipage." (Eccl. Hist.)

BURNET.—"The king, being impatient to see her, went down in disguise to Rochester. But when he had a sight of her, finding none of those charms which he was made to believe were in her, he was extremely surprised, that he not only did not like her, but took an aversion to her

which he could never after overcome. He swore they had brought over a Flanders mare to him, and was very sorry he had gone so far, but glad it had proceeded no farther. His affairs, however, were not then in such a condition, that he could safely put an affront on the Dukes of Saxony and Cleves, which the sending back of the lady would have done. So seeing there was no remedy, and being much pressed both by the ministers of Cleve and by Cromwell, he married her, on the 6th of January, 1540." (Telling Cromwell at the same time that he must of necessity put his neck into the yoke.)

LORD HERBERT.—"That beauty and attractiveness which should take the king's eye in Ann of Cleves not appearing, nor that conversation which should please his ear (for she spoke only Dutch), he did more willingly think of a divorce; and although all scruples seemed the more considerable, in that so many doubts had been already cast concerning the king's former marriages, yet the king determined, at what price soever, to separate himself from Anne of Cleves, and to ruin Cromwell. Having gotten sufficient proof against him, he caused him to be arrested at the council table by the Duke of Norfolk, when he least expected it. To which Cromwell obeyed, though judging his perdition more certain, that the duke was uncle to the Lady Catherine Howard, whom the king began now to affect. . . . It cannot be denied that the crimes whereof he was attainted in Parliament are in general terms great and enormous, and such as deserved the most capital punishment. He was accused of being a heretic, and favoring them; but then that the head of the Church's *vicegerent in spiritual affairs* should be a heretic and a favorer of them to some seemed strange, to others gave occasion of merriment." (Life of Henry.)

BURNET.—"Cromwell's fall was the first step towards the king's di-

being without a competitrix for her title, thought herself secure. But prosperity is a dangerous estate to those that use it not reverently." (Life of Henry.)

COLLIER.—"And thus relying too much on the establishment of her greatness, managed with less caution and reserve than was required to preserve her in the king's esteem. But this, it may be, was not the entire cause of her ruin, for it is certain the king had already removed his affection to Jane Seymour, daughter of Sir John Seymour. . . . The queen, though she always defended her honor, and denied the height of the charge" (which was one of a most disreputable nature), "yet she confessed enough to prove she had been airy to indiscretion, taken improper freedoms, and conversed out of guard." (Eccles. Hist.)

SALMON.—"The queen was suffered to live but four days after her trial, so much in haste was the king to possess his new mistress; and yet in this short interval did he oblige her to confess she was contracted to the Earl of Northumberland before she married the king; and upon this confession he was divorced from her by Cranmer, though Northumberland made oath there never was any such contract." (Mod. Hist.)

We have heard Cranmer, the Apostle of the Reformation in England, pronounce, under the guidance (as he blasphemously termed it) of the

Holy Spirit, a divorce between Henry and his Queen Catharine. Immediately after, we behold him marry Henry, in a solemn manner, to Anne Boleyn. He now stands before us the agent in the business of another divorce. He comes forward to declare that the marriage which he had publicly celebrated between his favorite, Anne Boleyn (for a poet says, in allusion to her favoring the Reformation,

"And gospel light first beamed from Bullen's eyes,")

and the voluptuous Henry, "was never good nor consonant to the laws, but utterly void and of none effect; and that the Lady Elizabeth, daughter to Anne, was illegitimate, and disabled from inheriting the crown." The day after Anne Boleyn's execution, which was the 19th of May, 1536, Cranmer, notwithstanding his pretended sorrow for the fate of Anne, is ready to oblige the lustful monarch by joining him in unholy wedlock to a more pleasing and a more beautiful wife. And he submits to all this disgraceful baseness under the mask of promoting godly religion! Shame upon the miscreant that can thus truckle to the brutal passions of a lascivious and murderous tyrant! The blood boils in one's veins at the mere thought that such a mean and wretched slave to the pleasures of his master, should be held up to the respect and veneration of the people of England!

A FLATTERING REMINISCENCE.

I.

"A BEAUTY! an heiress! an eccentric guardian, whose invitation includes any friend you like to take with you for a few days' shooting. Why, my dear Fred, you have bound me to you forever by your selection of myself. I feel quite a new man already; for I must confess that, when you came in just now, I was suffering from an unusually desperate fit of the blues."

"Consequent, in a remote degree, on last night's supper," suggested Fred Clayton, "and a good deal also on the way you remain cooped up in these dismal quarters."

Fred glanced contemptuously round my dingy chambers as he spoke—a survey scarcely necessary, considering their intimate resemblance to his own adjoining rooms. However, I forbore any remark; indeed the delightful prospect just presented to me absorbed all my attention, and I grasped my friend's hand in a fever of gratitude.

"Tell me all about it," I said, "and how you came to think of me."

"There is nothing to tell," replied Fred, seating himself on the corner of the table and swinging his legs backwards and forwards lazily. "This morning I got a letter from an old fellow in the country, reminding me—as if I could remember it—that he and my father had been friends thirty years ago, and asking me down to his place for a few days' shooting, with permission to bring a friend if I liked."

"And his niece that you told me of—the heiress?" said I.

"Oh, of course he did not mention her," said Fred; "and I merely tell you because, if you choose to put yourself under my guidance, I may be the means of helping you to a good thing. You know," he added

more deliberately, "how distressed my assistance can be after a little confidences we exchange at night."

"True," said I, charmed with recollection,—“the pretty Miss—the secret engagement—”

"Yes," interrupted Fred; "I know all about it; and we are more about each other than most fellows; so it was natural I should think of you as companion for a holiday, and I'm right glad you are inclined for the trip."

So saying, and silencing my renewed protestations of pleasure, he left me, appointing a rendezvous for the first train leaving for our nation, some two or three days later.

Fred Clayton and I had been schoolfellows in our early days; many of his vacations were spent at my father's house. Of late years, however, he had lived exclusively in the city; like me, a young aspirant to the uncertain honors of the turf, but, unlike me, possessing a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, and never without a superabundance of invitations to dinners, balls, and concerts; for Fred was said to be very popular, especially in the sporting society.

Except in the mere fact that we were both younger sons without expectations, there was but a slight resemblance between Fred Clayton and Jack Harris. My residence in the town only dated back a few months, and already the great city possessed no charm for me; I pined for the country, for freedom, and for an active life of home. I might, in the assistance of Clayton through letters of introduction from members of my own family, have procured fashionable invitations; but I received partial toleration in society, but the prospect of a crush, had

rooms, and strange faces, was a thought of terror to my timid nature, especially with the underlying chance of presentation to a young lady, and the unhappy knowledge that my deficiencies in the art of small talk would make such a chance a perspective martyrdom. No; I confessed in my own heart that society was not my forte; other talents I certainly had—deeper, more intrinsic merits than those that passed for genuine in a ball-room—but they were merits to develop in an atmosphere of peacefulness and repose; qualities to expand in the quiet of a domestic hearth; and a thrill of joy shot through me as, cramming every available article of clothing into a small portmanteau, I took leave of my comfortless chambers, and allowed my fancy to dwell on a brilliant possibility, that Clayton's words had evoked. An heiress, and a beauty—a country beauty of course; blushes and simplicity, and rich—how rich? Rich enough to live on a grand estate; to keep a large stud; to dispense princely hospitality? I must ask Fred. This, however, was secondary. I would not of course acknowledge myself to be mercenary. Love must come first; love independent of fortune—

"Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought."

So I assured myself; but then, in all candor, I did not anticipate any very great difficulty on this score, for I had ever been painfully susceptible of the tender passion. Finally, for success, I must trust somewhat to my own individual attractions (and here a nervous tremor seized me), and not a little to the co-operation of my friend, for whose pre-engagement I was more gratified than I liked to acknowledge to myself.

II.

"FIFTY thousand pounds," said Clayton, in answer to my inquiries, when we had secured a *coupé* to ourselves, and were preparing it for the

comfort of all future travellers by lighting our cigars; "fifty thousand, my boy, and the estate, if you consent to take her name."

"Her name! What is her name?" I asked.

"Effing,—Miss Effing," he replied. "And now, if you think the attempt worth making, I will let you know how the land lies, and give you a sketch of your campaign. The time is short, and of course I cannot insure you a second invitation if all is not concluded during our present trip. Now then, old fellow, *pro or con?*"

My reply was given with a fervor quite warranted by the occasion.

Fred Clayton threw himself back in his seat, and after arriving, by much perseverance, at a sufficiently comfortable position, he began his instructions, interrupted only by an occasional puff at his cigar, which momentary pause rendered his words all the more impressive; at least I fancied so.

"Our great difficulty," said he, "is the uncle, Mr. Merrick—his name is Merrick. I told you before he was eccentric; but that is not the word,—'exacting' describes him better. He is awfully exacting, and possesses immense influence over his niece; an influence so great that his choice would be hers, even were she not still under age, which I believe she is. My dear fellow, all depends upon the impression you make in that quarter. I cannot exaggerate the importance of devoting yourself from the very first to Merrick,—studying his tastes, sharing his pleasures, and attaching him firmly to your interests. The old fellow is so selfish in insisting on these attentions that I don't think, were I even free, I could stand enough of his society to insure success. But there's no knowing; the prize is well worth winning, and perfectly attainable through him, and through him alone."

"And about Miss Effing?" I inquired.

"Miss Effing is a charming girl," said Fred; "quite young, and ready to believe anything bad of a lover her uncle condemns. Being an heiress and a beauty, she has already received several proposals, but all have been rejected in consequence of the suitors having had the egregious folly to pay more attention to the niece than to the uncle."

So then the uncle was the only real difficulty; not a very grave one, I thought. At all events, forewarned was forearmed, and I inwardly vowed to tax my patience to the utmost for so great a stake. At the moment it never occurred to me how remarkably well-informed Clayton appeared on all that concerned our future hosts. I was only too glad to find him so well able to advise me, and perhaps a little relieved that the great result did not involve much courtship or attendance on a young lady.

We were not long in arriving at the station, where a carriage was in waiting to receive us; and after a rather cold drive of a couple of miles we reached our destination.

Mr. Merrick's, or Miss Effing's house,—for I did not know to whom it actually belonged,—was a large, handsome building, situated in a fine park, with undulating lawn and well-planted trees; so much was I able to perceive in the growing darkness.

Our arrival had been heralded by a handsome pointer that we found reposing on the terrace; and on alighting, we were met by Mr. Merrick, who treated me to a long and most unequivocal stare, and after greetings and introductions, hurried us off to our several apartments to prepare for dinner.

I shall never forget that dressing. I had heard so much of first impressions, I believed in them so implicitly, that my anxiety to produce the proper effect almost amounted to frenzy, and I could have strangled Fred Clayton for his coolness and equanimity, when he good-naturedly came into my room to accompany

me down through the ordeal of a first appearance in the drawing-room.

Miss Effing was there, and the moment I saw her, I understood the failure of all former suitors; I realized the almost superhuman effort that would be necessary voluntarily to resign such companionship for that of the superannuated uncle, and resolved to steel myself by the constant recollection of my predecessors' fates. Graceful, witty, and lively to a degree, no wonder the old man dreaded to lose the sunlight of her presence, and the affectionate charm of her manner towards himself.

With exemplary fortitude I dashed at my task, and before the evening was over found myself, to my great surprise, established as the chosen companion of Mr. Merrick. I listened with admirably-got-up-interest to long, dreary anecdotes of his past experiences, comprising minute details of the dates and even the hours at which people, long since dead, had been born—the memories of these old people are always prodigious!—and submitted to an account of his present devotion to the collecting of minerals, which now occupied all his time, except during the shooting season, for the old gentleman was very proud of still being able to carry a gun.

Of course I immediately professed myself an enthusiast on the subject of mineralogy, and was forthwith carried off in triumph to a large cavernous den, to admire what he called his specimens.

The examination of these hideous little bits of tin and stone lasted, what appeared to me about two hours; and when, ultimately, we returned to the drawing-room, human nature asserted its rights, and unconsciously I stole over to the piano, where Miss Effing's fairy fingers were wandering listlessly over the keys, while Fred Clayton stood beside her looking through some music. Immediately a wandering glance from Fred recalled me to a

sense of danger, and turning in the direction of Mr. Merrick I perceived an unmistakable scowl upon his face, as he watched the party. Hastening to his side, I succeeded partially in removing it, by the proposal of a game of chess, which absorbed all his faculties, and agonized all mine, till the general move was made for retiring.

As I approached Miss Effing to wish her good-night, I overheard the old tyrant remark, condescendingly, to Fred, "Your friend is an intelligent fellow; we sympathize, and I like him; rather superficial in mineralogy, but we must try and remedy that by making the most of our time, as your stay will not extend beyond a few days. In fact the young man quite interests me: I wish you had his tastes, Frederick."

So virtue was rewarded, and I had made a good impression.

III.

THE next morning we started early, intent on the wholesale slaughter of partridges; and on this occasion Fred hurt his hand so severely as to incapacitate him from joining our future expeditions; in fact, every possible combination of circumstances favorable to my advancement in the good graces of Mr. Merrick seemed to surround me. To say what an effort it required to submit cheerfully to his perpetual presence would be impossible. He appeared, after a little, to regard my continual companionship as a matter of course; and so well had I acted my part, that the man actually believed I enjoyed his society. Presuming, therefore, on my established popularity, I ventured casually, on an occasion that appeared favorable, to introduce the subject of his niece into one of our conversations.

"Ah," said he, and his face grew hard instantly, "Bella requires to be watched closely. She is so honest and noble-minded herself, that she cannot understand the mercenary

designs of the butterflies that flutter about her. But I never lose sight of her; I am always there to ward off artful attentions, and keep would-be suitors at bay. I am always there, and I shall be always there; but," he added, changing his tone, which had been growing excited, "it is well we are free from such intruders at present. I have never seen so little of my niece as during your visit. You have made me forget myself and her; but then it is only once in a lifetime that one may meet so congenial a spirit as yours; and, as for Frederick, Bella knows—and he would not dare *now*,"—he stopped with a growl.

Mr. Merrick was then aware of Clayton's secret engagement. This accounted for what had already somewhat puzzled me,—his apparent indifference to the young and fascinating lawyer's constant *tête-à-tête* with his niece; but his marked emphasis on the word *now* solved the incongruity, and also betrayed what would have been his tactics, had he not felt secure; and yet such knowledge argued a more intimate association with Fred's affairs than I should have expected from a man whose present hospitality was founded on a thirty-years-ago acquaintanceship with his father; but, on reflection, I detected in it an act of generosity on the part of my friend, who had evidently taken the old man into his confidence, to set his mind at ease, and leave him perfectly free to be won over by me.

So time wore on, and, as the day fixed for our departure approached, I began to feel a trifle qualmish, in spite of the undeniable favor shown me by Mr. Merrick. It was all very well to have secured the uncle,—if I had secured him; but was I certain of securing the niece? I had scarcely exchanged half a dozen words with her. Old Merrick had remorselessly absorbed every second of my time,—the covers all day, mineralogy and chess all the evening, till the very

sight of a chess-board generated a nausea that I have never since got rid of; and the suspicion that the lady had been too much overlooked in our calculations, suddenly struck me with an uncomfortable sensation of doubt.

I determined to speak to Fred, and seized the opportunity that evening, when Miss Effing had retired, to propose a cigar on the terrace,—a proposition to which Fred readily consented. The case was speedily represented, and Fred's answer, as usual, concise.

"You have been admirable," he asserted, "and deserve, I must admit, immense credit for so fully carrying out our plans; and I feel that I cannot congratulate myself or you too heartily. Now, perceive the result: the old fellow swears by you, and I have drawn Miss Effing's attention to the high opinion entertained of you by her uncle. Of course, to alter your line of conduct now, would be to destroy everything. You would be accused of a *ruse*, suspected of intentions, and summarily ejected. Consistency, my dear fellow, believe me, unvarying consistency, is your only course,—unremitting devotion to the ogre; delicate diffidence towards the niece; and on the morning of our departure, when the near prospect of losing his congenial spirit, as he calls you, has unnerved our friend, a solemn interview in the library, a formal proposal, and you return to town an engaged man! Is it not as clear as daylight?—straightforward and inevitable in every point, because so simple. You retain your pedestal, remain consistent, and the result comes about quite naturally, through and in consequence of that very consistency."

I looked at Fred with admiration: everything appeared so feasible when detailed by him in a few simple words; his very tones of semi-indifference had a wondrous power of conviction; and, moreover, my own sense responded to the as-

sertion that a change of manner would be fatal. I saw my way now straight before me, plain and easy as an ordinary transaction of life, and the horizon grew bright with hope.

Warmly thanking my friend for the invaluable benefit of his shrewd sense and convincing advice, I withdrew to my room, my mind filled with more sanguine projects, more tangible hopes, than I had yet indulged in since the beginning of my adventure.

IV.

At length the momentous morning dawned. We had prolonged our few days' stay to a week, and our host had evidently determined not to renew his invitation, spite of the manifest pleasure my company gave him; so, almost before I could realize it, the eventful day arrived.

I passed a sleepless and disturbed night, several times starting from a confused, dreamy rehearsal of the interview I intended demanding in the morning, to fancy I heard whispering voices and confused sounds about the house, quite impossible at that late hour. Visions floated before me of the already approaching future; the events of the last few days seemed to spread back over half my life, so great was the importance attached to their issue; and now the culminating point was reached, I felt already the foreshadowing of my victory; for, had I not fulfilled every condition?—had I not accomplished the task in which every other competitor had failed? And the question of the young lady's possible opposition was merely doubtful enough to give excitement to the *dénouement*. Did not all young ladies first oppose, and ultimately yield, with very little persuasion, to all parents and guardians? How much more so then in the present case, where the circumstances were so exceptionally strong in my favor!

I had not been long awake, and was debating in my own mind whe-

ther or not to start on an early walk, and by a dose of fresh air to brace up my shattered nerves and stimulate them for the coming scene, when I was startled from my cogitation by a tap at the door, and almost immediately Mr. Merrick's servant stood before me. This was a most unprecedented occurrence; hitherto a servant had never entered my room without being summoned, and this man seldom even then.

A vague presentiment of evil seized me, and I turned uneasily to look at him. One glance sufficed; he was ghastly pale, and seemed half insane with alarm. Utterly unable to conjecture the cause, but certain that something terrible must have happened, I gasped, "What is it?"

"Oh, sir! don't you know?" said he—"are you sure you don't know? They're gone, sir—bolted—Mr. Fred and Miss Bella—the two of them, and the new maid—off in a post-chaise three good hours ago; and who's to tell the governor I don't know; I daren't."

The man might have gone on speaking forever—in fact he did go on; but beyond those few first words not a syllable was intelligible to me. My first impulse was to bound up and strangle him then and there, but the effort was a miserable failure, and I fell back powerless, paralyzed.

No suspicion of a possible mistake; no crumb of comfort in a momentary feeling of incredulity, sustained me; the man's manner bore the stamp of truth; his terror was too real, his statement too concise to leave room for a doubt. It was by no process of reasoning, by no mental review, by no recapitulation of events that the light broke in on me, but suddenly, in an instant, with the violence of a galvanic shock, I realized how completely I had been sold, utilized, taken in!

At last, a movement on the part of the servant attracted my attention; he was handing me a letter, and had probably been describing

how it came into his possession, but of this I had not heard a word. My sensations can be neither imagined nor described when, on looking at it, I recognized the writing of my traitorous friend. Had the viper left his sting there? I hesitated to touch the dishonored paper. At that moment a violent ringing of bells announced Mr. Merrick's *levee*; and throwing the note on the table, the distracted valet rushed from the room, muttering, "I cannot tell it—I cannot; Thomas must go to him."

Alone with my enemy, I screwed up my courage and broke the seal. The note was short, and ran as follows:

DEAR JACK: Pray accept my best thanks. But for your efficient aid we could never have successfully hoodwinked old Argus. You are an apt pupil, and I sincerely wish you equal success in all your future undertakings.

Yours, by all the bonds of gratitude,

FRED CLAYTON.

P. S.—Bella insists on apologizing; so I inclose.

There was then another epistle! I looked about: it had fallen on the floor. I opened it mechanically, and read:

DEAR MR. HARRIS: I hope you will forgive Fred. What he did was for my happiness. We have long been attached, and secretly engaged; but my uncle was so obdurate and so vigilant, that an elopement was our only refuge, and, but for your assistance, could not have been effected. Trusting soon to receive from your own lips pardon for a harmless stratagem, believe me, yours (by the time you receive this),

BELLA "CLAYTON" EFFING.

"Please, sir, Mr. Merrick wishes to speak to you."

The door of my room was wide open, and on its threshold stood the old butler, grave and severe of aspect. I followed him silently, too full of bitterness for words, but solacing myself with the reflection that in my host I should find a thorough sympathizer in my overwhelming anger and indignation.

I was ushered into a small sitting-room, where Mr. Merrick, in a flaming red dressing-gown, and absolutely purple with fury, was pacing up and down like a wild beast in a cage. Before I could open my lips he turned sharply round on me, and roared out, "So, sir, do you know I have sent for the police? Do you know you can be taken up for this conspiracy? I see it all now—the infamous plot, and the part you were brought here to play. Fool that I was!" "But, Mr. Merrick—" I began.

"Silence!" he exclaimed. "Do you dare to taunt me? Have I not forbid Frederick Clayton this house scores of times? and, in letting Bella ask him here for a few days, could I refuse her first request on coming of age? Could I turn a guest, though uninvited, out of a house that was not my own? A guest, indeed!—a swindler, a blackguard, probably paid to amuse the uncle, and keep him off the scent."

His voice rose higher and higher as he proceeded; at the end he actually shrieked. But this was unbearable. My own temper had been severely tried, and endure more I could not.

"Mr. Merrick," I said, hotly, "such language, even under the circumstances—"

"Can't you leave off acting even now?" he burst in. "Confound your gaping look of innocence! Do you see this?" he cried, exhibiting a crushed letter, which he kept clenched in his hand. "They are married by this time, and your villany has so far succeeded; but the triumph shall not last long. I will hunt the scoun-

drel and his contemptible accomplice—yes, you—through every law court in Europe; I will publish his infamy in every newspaper, and proclaim it throughout the civilized world! You shall not escape me—you shall not!"

The madman shook his fist in my face, and glared at me like a tiger; but, staggered as I was by such revelations and accusations, I nevertheless made one more attempt at a protest. "Your nephew—" I began.

"My nephew!" he yelled, "do you think that reptile is my nephew? No, my fine keeper, I am no longer your dupe; I can see now through your shallow shamming, and I order you to leave my house. Do you hear? leave it instantly, or I will bid my servants kick you out," he cried, pointing to the door as he spoke.

I hesitated; Fate seemed too cruel. I felt that the smallest justification or explanation would lessen my misery; but before a sound could pass my lips, he had raised his hand with the savage menace, "One word more and I give the order."

There was nothing for me but to retreat; and retreat I accordingly did from the room and from the house, leaving instructions with the servants to send my belongings to the railway station—that station from which I had driven only a few days before with such pleasurable emotions and ambitious hopes.

Mr. Merrick's unexpected reading of the case had indeed brought my wrongs to a climax. It was not enough to have been the tool, the dupe, the catspaw of one I believed my best friend; I was also to be stigmatized as the confederate, the paid agent of a plot of which I was the principal victim. Truly I had reached the summit of human wretchedness.

The whole of the scheme which Miss (or Mrs.) Bella so obligingly called a "harmless stratagem," unfolded itself by degrees to my mind's eye; and, struggle as I would, I

could not banish the thought of how the designing pair must have chuckled over my credulity, and watched with malicious amusement my unremitting devotion to the avuncular conquest. The last drop of bitterness had been poured into my cup; a lifetime of experience had been crowded into the space of a few days, and swallowing my humiliation as best I could, I returned to

my chamber—a wiser, if not a better man.

It is scarcely necessary to add that long before the return of the bride and bridegroom, Mr. Merrick had resigned himself to submit peaceably to the inevitable; and nothing more was heard of the terrible vengeance destined to overtake Fred Clayton and his guilty accomplice.

TO THE SAD HOUR OF YESTERDAY.

DEAR hour, sweet hour, come back again, e'en though you bring once more

That great, wild grief that sadly touched the heart so tried before,
E'en though you make me coldly turn from those I hold most dear,
And say, "All, all I leave; farewell—there's naught to rest on *here*."

And e'en though many a shadow dark you bring, I call you still,
For but the memory of your stay sends through my heart a thrill
Such as I feel when voices gone come back to me in thought,
Or when I seem to find lost forms in some deserted spot.

Such! nay, as naught appears *that* thrill, when o'er me, sacred hour,
Comes the remembrance of thy *blow*, which had so great a power
To loose earth's fetters from my heart. Ah! freed, it swiftly soared
Up to God's feet, and resting there, its sufferings forth it poured.

No; naught, indeed, to its hushed thrill, when toward it meekly bent
The hand that Calvary's nail had crushed, and softly closed the rent
Which thou, O world's deceit! hadst made, and then, in that torn palm
With loving care each shed tear held, as though 'twere precious balm.

Greater its joy when whispering low, a god's voice sweetly said,
"Poor earth—worn heart, because to me thou comest these tears to shed,
And to no worldly friend or hope thou turnedst in thy grief,
But at my feet, and from my hand, thou hopedst to find relief,

"Lo! each wrung tear of thine I take to heal my wounded hand,
And for each pang of thine I clasp closer the holy band
That binds thee to thy heavenly home—see! thou art nearer now
Than when thou didst not dream to meet that sad hour with its blow."

Come back, sad hour, if you but bring such visions once again,
Only sweet gifts earth's trials seem, and all its pleasures vain,
As longing for your coming now, I seem to kneel and rest
So softly at those holy feet, and by that hand be blest!

XAVIER DE MERODE.

A STORM-BEATEN, rugged face, an eye telling too clearly the story of war, a figure not ungainly, but hardly at ease in a prelate's purple—this is our remembrance of the great and loyal man who has gone to his rest. God has taken from his abandoned Vicar the strong of body, the firm of purpose, the prince of noble lineage, and we feel the loss as if it had stricken our homes. The soldier turned priest, the frank, outspoken *sabreur* with a great, kind heart, the undiplomatic mind that went straight to its end without caring to conceal its rugged truth, however distasteful, by conventionalities, or diplomatic refinements, seemed just the man raised up by Providence to protect the Holy See in days of more than Machiavelian snares. There are strange stories of how his blunt outspoken words fell like a bombshell on the advancing courtesy of Imperial ambassadors, completely scattered their fine phrases, and hit right at the insidious proposal they were meant to cover. We do not profess to write a history of a life so full of incident. We merely pretend to put together a few scattered memories, as a sign of sorrow and respect.

In the rising of Belgium against the anti-rational and anti-Catholic rule of Holland, the historical name of Merode was one of the most glorious. Frederick de Merode sealed his love of Fatherland with his blood, falling in the fight in Berchem. His brother, Count Felix, was one of the founders of the new kingdom. Francis Xavier, the son of Felix, was then but a boy.

When he had finished his studies at the College of Namur, he found himself a young man with a splendid fortune, and splendid connections. His mother was a De Grammont. His brother, the Count Werner de

Merode, was owner of large property in France. One of his sisters married Montalembert. His cousin Count Charles, was head of his house, and Charles's eldest sister became by marriage the Princess della Cisterna, mother of the great Piedmontese heiress, now wife to Prince Albert of Savoy. Francis Xavier had never claimed the right to spend his life as he liked; but he was not idle for idleness, and he entered the Sardinian army in 1841, as a simple lieutenant in a regiment of the line, working at his profession as conscientiously as if his livelihood depended on it. A truly Christian young man, he practiced his religion faithfully without regarding the opinion of his comrades. After a year or two, he passed into a crack cavalry regiment; but he could not bear the monotony of barrack life, and threw himself into the perilous hardships of the war in Algiers, winning brilliant distinction on the staff of Marshal Bugeaud during 1844 and 1845. He attracted the attention of Lamoriciere, and won the title of Isly, that wonderful raid in the desert, the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

The campaign over, he hung up his sword, and followed with his soldier's promptitude the call of duty to the ecclesiastical state. This decision was no doubt the fruit of the prayers of his holy mother, who longed to see him a priest, and who deeply regretted his choice of a military life. He went to the Pontifical of Christendom in 1847 to pursue his theological studies. The Vatican of Rome had filled its hospitals with wounded; in their service he had performed his sacred duties, and his devotion drew upon him the attentions of Pius the Ninth. He was then twenty-eight; and he only quitted his apostolate among the soldiers

he loved to retire into the obscurity of a seminary.

He was summoned to the Vatican, and with Hohenlohe, Talbot, Pacca, and Borromeo, became one of the chamberlains of His Holiness. The varied nationality of the Pope's attendants made each of them an unofficial representative of the country to which they belonged, or of those who spoke the same language as their own.

Merode was, like his great comrade in arms, Lamoriciere, a man of no half-measures. His loyalty to Pius the Ninth was stanch as a soldier's, but affectionate as that of a child. Its very earnestness made him the undisguised adversary of every foe open or concealed of the master whom he loved and served. By birth and family traditions he was a lover of true Christian liberty, and a strong opponent to the Liberalism of Napoleon the Third. He, like so many others, could not forgive the Catholic journalists who lauded the successful hero of the *coup d'état*, and was one of those who saw, in the self-constituted defender of the Church, the old conspirator against its liberty. In Rome, where the Napoleonic idea was a reminder of irreligion and oppression, people were not deluded by the flattering words of the candidate for Imperial honors. They understood the Italian mind too well to be misled by Corsican eloquence. Besides which, the Princess Borghese and Baciocchi had lived amongst them, and early memories of Louis Bonaparte were not forgotten, nor his more recent letters to Edgar Ney. With none of the suppleness of diplomatic life, Merode was the irconcilable foe and opponent of the court of the Tuileries. His ruthless sayings passed from mouth to mouth, and they only became more trenchant as the insidious policy of the Emperor became more transparent. Still French ambassadors courted his acquaintance, and M. de Sartiges frequently invited him to his table.

General Guyon, who, while commander of the French army of occupation at Rome, assumed rather the airs of a general of Prætorians, is said to have complained that some words of Mgr. de Merode had been to him a "moral slap in the face."

His name will ever be connected with the heroic *gesta* of the little Pontifical army. He was the man who brought Lamoriciere to Rome, to put his splendid administrative talents and his military experience at the disposal of Pius the Ninth. An authority placed in the hand of a foreigner, and which overshadowed the statesmen of the Papal court, naturally excited jealousy, and Merode, who was named Minister of War, had to share the odium of the reforms which the General so courageously and firmly carried out. Lamoriciere was determined at all costs to break down abuses which justly irritated the population, or at least gave excuses to the paid agitators to foster discontent against the Papal government. And Merode had to share too the disgrace and the bitterness which followed Castel Fidardo, which, in the eyes of those who had condemned the scheme of armed resistance, seemed to justify all their previous opposition. Lamoriciere left his work to be carried on by Merode, and though the Minister of War was at last obliged to yield up his place and submit to what seemed like a condemnation of his previous efforts, the work he had begun found its reward in the creation of the army which saved the Papal States in 1867, and fell in glory in 1870.

Like Pius the Ninth and Lamoriciere, he felt that arms were not the true protection of a sovereign against his subjects; and while the flagrant violation of non-intervention, which allowed a hostile neighbor to foment rebellion in the Papal States, and to threaten by its regular and irregular troops their very existence, forced the Pontiff to maintain an army, he strove to destroy all well-grounded

reasons of complaint, so eagerly laid hold of and often created by the emissaries of the Revolution. He was anxious to give to Rome the benefits of modern improvements, and his ample fortune enabled him to spend largely and generously in the carrying out of his schemes. The street in part completed from the railway station to the Piazza Santi Apostoli, a work which he loved to direct in person, and the barracks at the Prætorian Camp, were signs of still greater changes to which the Piedmontese invasion put a stop. If not as great as the alterations which have been since effected, they were at least not so reckless, and the fury for building which has laden Rome with a crushing debt, threatened the sacred places of the Holy City, and turned a whole quarter of the town into a waste of trenches and unfinished foundations, stands reprovèd by the sagacious plans of the old soldier of Algiers. The only real work done, except the stables of the Quirinal, is the street, now called the Via Nazionale, which Merode had almost completed.

Merode's private life reflected nothing of the splendor of his great birth or high position. It was austere as that of a religious. When Minister of War he ate the bread given out to the soldiers. When he vacated that post he ate the coarse bread of the Trappists. His bed, his room were poor. His money was spent on others, or for the good of the Church. His excavations at the Tor Marancia, his discovery of the catacomb of St. Petronilla and of the ruins of the ancient Basilica, where he, the grandson of Lafayette, welcomed, as his last public act, the American pilgrims, are fresh in our recollection.

To such a man the post of almoner of the Pope seemed to belong by right, and the crowd of orphans, and poor, the boys of the Vigna Pia, the many charitable

institutions he had founded or supported, all of whom pressed around his bier, showed how wisely Pius the Ninth had made his choice.

If his energy of character and uncontrollable truthfulness made him enemies, no one could know him without loving and admiring him. His acts of charity had an impress of his dash, his energy, and thoroughness; no haggling about a pound more or a pound less, no fine-drawn line between prudence and generosity, no long study of ways or means was to be found in him, but a sort of chivalrous determination to carry through his purpose when once he felt its necessity and had resolved on its execution.

The heat of this exceptionally warm summer struck him down. That cruel Roman fever in three short days ended his noble life. He had retired to rest earlier than usual on the 6th of July, in his little cell over his chapel. It was about the size of a ship's cabin, the light coming in by a small dormer window above. His couch was that of a soldier. He got up betimes next morning, but the death-shaft was deep in his breast. A bed was got ready in the vestibule to his chapel, and he lay down never to rise again. He bore the pain, which was intense, without a murmur. And so through the whole next day the agony grew greater. Over and over again, calmly and gravely, all through his illness, he said, in the language he had made his own, *Accetto, accetto di morire, Dio mio, perche lo volete, e lo voglio io, in (sic) causa dei miei peccati*—"I accept death, my God, because Thou wishest it, and I too wish it, because of my sins." His fervent acts of contrition, his expressions of humility brought tears to the eyes of all. He asked earnestly for the prayers of the dying, as the acute disease seemed to prophesy a speedy death. Those around him urged him to wait, there was time enough for them. "The prayers for the agonizing are good

at all times," was his reply; "my ideas are getting confused, I need those pious words to calm them. Read, read!"

Prayers were going up in every part of Rome for so precious a life. At seven o'clock in the evening, our Holy Father, who had been full of anxiety for his faithful servant, came to visit him. Thereupon Merode's face lit up with gratitude, and almost forgetting his sufferings, he congratulated the Pope on his looking so young and strong, and assured him that he willingly offered his own life that God might preserve that of His Vicar. Pius the Ninth took a seat at his bedside and for a half hour remained alone with the sick prelate. He left him with eyes brimming over with tears, and after he had with his august hands given him the Papal benediction. The Archbishop's old fire broke out once that day. Prostrate and weak though he was, he ordered certain sums of money to be given to the poor, and asked for his check-book to draw the money from the bank. When those around hesitated, he threatened to get up and do it himself if they would not help him. The next day, Wednesday, he was slightly better, and he profited by the slight reprieve to give himself all the more ardently to acts of compunction. After Holy Communion, which he had received the previous day, he saw a number of people, who were astonished at the gayety and courage with which he was going out to meet death.

Towards evening Madame Montalembert, his sister, arrived, and she spent the rest of the time by his bedside. He was reminded that he ought by his last will to provide for the numberless orphans he had protected in life. Only three-quarters of an hour before his end, he destroyed one of an earlier date, and then with perfect clearness and calm dictated to his sister his wishes with regard to his property. He made

his brother Werner the trustee for the poor children. That was on Thursday. Holy Communion had again been given to him, and the crowd of friends and the many prelates of the palace in the room were struck by the marked way he answered to the prayers for a departing soul. During the day he had his servants round his bed, and bade them each good-by, assuring them that he had provided for them. As the night drew on he redoubled his prayers — only interrupted by his making his will. Then, up till close on twelve, he renewed his devotions. Suddenly his speech and sight failed him. In another five minutes he was gone.

The great transept of St. Peter's was crowded at his funeral. Among his mourners were the boys and girls who became orphans a second time by his death. There is a spot beneath the shadow of the dome, where, if one has much choice as to his place of burial, he would certainly wish to repose. It is a green quadrangle, out of which rise some venerable cypresses. Constantine laid there soil from the Holy Land. *Teutones in pace* is on its gates, and Merode's remains were to lie with those of the Germans, whose cemetery it is. And over its wall of inclosure you see the Basilica rising up, so near at hand, that the dust of those who sleep there might almost be said to mix with that of the Apostle's, the Pope's, and Saints, who are shrined within St. Peter's. A side door leads to it from the church, which, since the fatal 20th September, 1870, has never been opened. The Piedmontese guard would fain have stayed the funeral cortege, as, bearing the body of the Archbishop, they went out to the hallowed graveyard. The people round about forced a way through them. The old priest-soldier was victorious even in death. *Requiescat in pace.*

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Fitch-Sherman wedding at Washington was quite an event. All honor to the Catholic spirit shown in it, which eclipsed even its worldly dignity.

On no less high authority than that of the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, we announce the startling news, that General Sherman has committed political suicide, and that Ulysses S. Grant is the last President of the United States. The days of the American Republic are numbered. This is how it all has come to pass. General Sherman himself is a Protestant, but by permitting his wife and children to be "Romanists," and allowing "popish" ceremonials at his daughter's wedding, he has killed all his chances for ever becoming General Grant's successor in the White House chair.

As all religious bodies are on an equal footing in the United States, this will give Catholics a right to object to any candidate who shall exhibit a tendency towards any branch of Protestantism, or any other "ism," even nothingarianism. So amid the war of Church and sects we shall not, hereafter, be able to have any chief magistrate at all. It is a happy fact, however, that the present Presidential incumbent's term extends beyond 1876. We shall consequently be still able to celebrate the Centennial before the reign of universal chaos begins.

The anti-Catholic papers are far in advance of the Catholic in their presages as to the speedy destruction of Protestantism. Statistics show that until recently the Jesuits, whom anti-Catholics regard as their most formidable foes, were the smallest of all the religious societies of the Church; now, however, every real Catholic is a Jesuit, the London *World* and New York *Times* being authority for this. All converts to Rome become immediately, by the very fact of their conversion, according to the same high authority, members of "the only secret society the Catholic Church permits to exist within her pale." Large numbers of "popishly" inclined Protestants have privately joined it. Mr. Gladstone, the late Premier of England, has long been upon its roll of members. He continues professedly a Protestant, but only in order the more effectually to serve "papistical" purposes. His bitter slanders of "Rome," in his article on Ritualism, were written at the dictation of the superiors of the same secret order of Jesuits, and designed simply to hoodwink the people of England. The Marquis of Eglar, too, has simply changed

mason's triangle for the cabalistic Jesuitism, "A. M. D. G.," having been a member of the society of the Jesuits whilst he was a Mason, but only now to leave the Masons and become a Catholic.

We don't wonder, under these stances, that Protestants are becoming, and begin to talk of reviving measures of Knox, and the gentle lord of Henry and Elizabeth.

The *Contemporary Review* has Mr. Gladstone's widely announced Ritualism. In view of the pains herald its forthcoming, and the in attached to it, antecedent to its appearance, the small impression it has made upon sentiment, forcibly reminds us of well-known lines, "*Montes parturitus mus proropsit.*" Judging from the comments of those representing almost every conceivable shade of opinion, the feeling produced by the article is different. Mr. Gladstone has written of Ritualism with all the elegance of wealth of diction which are his well-known characteristics, yet we look in vain through his polished paragraphs for a definition of the word. It really is a definition of any point of view. "Ritualism, we are told, is a disposition to Ritual." But what is and what is not, Lord Gladstone omits to state. This charge of evasion, if not evasion, by Mr. Gladstone, on points of controversy between the Ritualists and their opposers, is made in all the papers of England, and is repeated in every country. The only subject on which Mr. Gladstone clearly expressed himself, is one which he went out of his way to speak of,—his opposition towards the Catholic Church. In this there is not the slightest room for doubt. In a few pithy sentences compressed the stale slanders of the Ritualists of the present, and utters the emphasis which leaves no doubt of the intense bitterness of his hatred.

In Germany, the movement towards military autocracy is steadily progressing. A measure has been submitted to the Reichstag of the German Empire, which would place into the shade all that has yet been done in the way of preparation for future war, and will render resistance to foreign aggression utterly futile. As presented by Bismarck provides the Emperor may summon the whole of the "Reichstag" of his own authority, in case of necessity. It is placed under the

code, and individual members may be drafted from it into active military life, wherever their services are required. The "Landsturm" means the whole able-bodied male population of the country. The Emperor is himself, by this bill, the judge of the necessity of calling it out, or drafting individuals from it into actual military service. Consequently the bill makes every able-bodied male in the empire subject at a moment's warning to active military duty. This is the first time in the present century, that preparations have been made for organizing the Landsturm in time of peace. The step now taken shows that Bismarck and the German Emperor are preparing, not only for another war, which is designed to place all Europe at the feet of Germany, but also, to render impossible any opposition on the part of Germans themselves, to a despotism that is fast becoming more absolute than that of the Cæsars of Pagan Rome.

Bismarck's difficulties in carrying out his policy of "blood and iron" in Germany, are rapidly increasing. The imprisonment of Count Von Arnim was a measure of desperation. Count Arnim has some of Bismarck's letters. Bismarck fears their publication, and has imprisoned Count Arnim because he will not give them up. There have been many conjectures as to what these letters would reveal. A clue to this can probably be found in the fact, that when Count Arnim was severely taken to task for his severe criticism of the Chancellor's course in his letter to Dollinger, he said that he had papers still more damaging to Bismarck, that it might become necessary to publish. It is also altogether probable that the letters, which it is attempted to force from Count Arnim, contain evidence of the conspiracy antecedent to and during the Vatican Council, to persuade and cajole, if possible, or if not, then to force the Catholic Prelates of Germany into rebellion against the Sovereign Pontiff, and of the manner in which the quarrel of the German government with Catholics was to be gotten up. It is quite possible, too, that they contain statements in regard to Bismarck's proposed course towards France in the future, that would be very awkward to have known. Hence Bismarck's extreme anxiety and fears.

The *Chicago Tribune* lately gave some statistics, showing the number of persons entitled to vote who omit to exercise their right. In Massachusetts, according to the *Tribune's* statement, 120,000 voters absented themselves from the polls at the Gubernatorial election, 1872; in Maine, 26,000; in New York, 152,000; in Pennsylvania, 104,000; in Ohio, 72,000; in Illinois, 113,000; and in Michigan, 57,000.

After citing these and other facts gathered from statistical tables, the *Tribune* raises the question: "Do those who vote really and fairly represent those who do not vote, or, in other words, Would the result be changed if the whole of those entitled to vote actually did vote?"

It would be very difficult, if not impossible, to say whether the result would be changed politically or not. But it is not at all difficult to arrive at the conclusion that there would be a very material change of results morally. The *Tribune* says that the effect of not voting, especially in large cities, is that the election of candidates is left to those who follow that business for a living, and whose interests are best promoted by the election of corrupt officials, local as well as general.

This is true. But the evil would not be remedied simply by all citizens voting who are entitled to vote. As matters are now managed, the choice between opposing candidates, notwithstanding all the eloquent appeals to free and independent citizens to rally for the salvation of their country, involves no real issues of greater magnitude than whether Jones or Smith shall get a fat office, and his friends be "taken care of" at the people's expense.

The remedy must go deeper. Some other way of nominating candidates must be adopted, so that respectable, substantial citizens, and not those who make a trade of politics, may have a potential voice in the selection of those who are to be voted for at the elections. Until this is done the number of non-voters is likely to increase rather than decrease.

The eyes of at least some German Protestants are opening to the real character of the notorious Falk Laws. The London *Morning Post* has published a long and able review of those laws from the pen of a German Evangelical Divine of the highest distinction, whose name is concealed for the "best of reasons," viz., that he may escape the imprisonment and confiscation that otherwise would be his certain doom. The general scope of the article may be given in a few sentences.

The recent legislation has been, as regards Protestant organizations as well as the Catholic Church, nothing else than "the abrogation of the Habeas Corpus Acts of German Christianity." The German Government has practically "enacted that Scriptural Christianity and Rationalism have identical rights in the Protestant Church." "A broad door has been opened to infidels for admission to ecclesiastical office." "By the imposition of compulsory civil marriage a wide-reaching step has been taken towards the breaking up of the entire Christian Church." "The government is preparing the propagation of heathenism in the midst of Chris-

tianity." "The Falck Laws have established a secularist Papacy in the grossest form."

The Episcopal Convention has perpetrated what may justly be considered the "best joke of the season." Immediately after enacting a "canon" looking to stamping out Ritualism, condemning the use of incense, of the cross, of genuflections and prostrations, and of everything that might be construed as symbolical of belief of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, they gravely pass a resolution expressive of a hope of "reaching a union in sympathy (whatever that may mean) between the Russo-Greek and this (the American Episcopal) Church, hoping for further intercommunion between both churches, and tendering thanks to the Secretary of the Russo-Greek Committee, for his arduous labors in the matters with which he was intrusted."

We are not informed that those arduous labors have resulted in anything in the way of bringing about an intercommunion between these two "churches," nor is there the slightest probability that they will amount to more than talk; but it strikes us as rather strange that the Episcopalians, after their action against Ritualism, should be anxious to "commune" with those whose ritual embodiments all that in their new "canon" they have expressly condemned.

Among the most encouraging things in favor of the Centennial celebration is the extraordinary success which crowned the Franklin Institute Exhibition. With a cry of "no money" ringing its changes in our ear from every side, hundreds, even thousands, and tens of these, crowded the spacious avenues of the *Depot* to examine the wonders that met the eye at every step. And this extraordinary success, as little expected as it was fully deserved, affords another illustration that real merit need never fear ultimate recognition. At the same time, this Exhibition affords another lesson. The achievements of genius, so fully shown in the *Institute*, teaches a lesson of perseverance and industry to our mechanics and our artisans. The most intricate mechanisms are the result of the mental labor of modest but constant effort. What others have done may be improved upon, and we look forward to the Centennial in the honest conviction that those who have secured most honor at the Franklin Institute, will be among those whose work will show the greatest further improvement between this and the Nation's Centenary.

The Triennial Episcopal Convention, now in session in New York City, is earnestly endeavoring to find a basis of compromise, which will prevent recalcitrants from

breaking into open rebellion. There is a plain contradiction in the positions of the "Low Churchmen," and the High Churchmen and Ritualists. The former profess to stand on the ground of broad liberality and tolerance of every form of doctrine, and yet endeavor to gag the High Churchmen, and tie the hands of the Ritualists. The High Churchmen profess to believe in the duty to obey ecclesiastical authority, and yet bid defiance to their so-called Bishops. The Ritualists professedly believe in the real presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, but are willing to commune with those who deny it. And yet, with these contradictions amongst themselves, our Episcopalian friends talk of having one faith, and being members of the one Holy Catholic Church!

Archbishop Bayley's address to the temperance delegates is a model of good, sound, common sense.

With reason he warns the members not to be led by public display to forget their individual interests. It might not be amiss, from time to time, for an investigating board to see how the accounts are kept.

Next to this, was the equally important allusion to the keeping out of politics "as societies."

The number of excellent associations destroyed by wandering from their original design is not small; and, in some sections of the country, organizations, with immense resources for good, have lost their hold on public confidence by going aside from their professed objects to secure a warm *place* for some of their members.

Some German author has said that the best way to secure success is to succeed. The world is ever ready to pat the successful candidate, and is equally ready to trample upon him whose efforts prove futile.

Till the Centennial celebration became a fixed fact in the eyes of our neighbors, through the practical evidence of "brick and mortar," the greater part of the people shrugged their shoulders in sympathetic doubt. Now, the whole face of matters is changed, and the most incredulous of yesterday are among the most enthusiastic believers of to-day.

The situation—as between France, Spain, and Germany—is very grave. It has, for some time, been clearly obvious that Bismarck is determined, if possible, to force France into war with Spain, and thus into renewed hostilities with Germany. In addition to the wish to crush France before she has time to recuperate, the Chancellor has now another reason for desiring renewed war. His power is evidently waning in Germany, but he knows perfectly well that conflict with

France would turn attention away from his misdeeds and misgovernment, and bury once more in "blood and iron" the opposition that is steadily increasing amongst all parties. One of two things must come, and that very shortly, either renewed war, or the fall of the monster who has fattened on the blood of millions.

Prior to the election, the Rev. Father Dausch, of St. Vincent's Church, of Baltimore, gave his people some sound, practical advice as to their political duties. He told them that every citizen should vote, and vote intelligently for capable and honest officers. Voting for improper men, he said, is a crime. If good and honest citizens would exercise their right to vote, much of the demoralization and fraud existing in the country would be checked. As a body Catholics should keep aloof from politics, but as individuals they should strive to serve their country at the polls, as well as in every other proper way.

Reviewing of books is a work which requires more time than we think the greater number of critics bestow upon the work.

We notice several criticisms, or rather eulogies, on books, that are far from what the publications deserve. No Catholic reviewer should unqualifiedly indorse or recommend a book which he has not carefully read; and he should cry down the least attempt at sneering

against our Church or any of her people. There has been *brogue* enough in books issued from non-Catholic houses, without Catholic publishers taking it up.

There is an excellent opportunity now presented for a full, free, and fair discussion of the questions involved in the existence of so-called Catholic national societies. Let the discussion be kept free from personalities, close to the point, and carried on in the interest of truth, and a desire to pursue charity, and it shall be well. The trouble in all such discussions is that the weaker invariably end by calling names, and saying hard things, which the writers foolishly imagine to be arguments. A good cause is never the loser by having gentlemen employed in its defence; a bad one can never be long bolstered up by abusing its opponents.

The issue of good Catholic books has been limited in this country within the last year. Lacordaire's "Conferences on Life," Alzog's "Ecclesiastical History," and "Notes on the Decisions of the Plenary Council of Baltimore," are among the more remarkable.

With so many Catholic institutions, already well established, such books should have a good sale. Next to hearing the Word of God expounded, the most effectual way of doing good, in diffusing the truth, is to send it forth in the form of good books.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A MANUAL OF UNIVERSAL CHURCH HISTORY. By Dr. John Alzog, Professor at the University of Friedburg. Translated, with additions, from the ninth and last German edition, by F. J. Babische, Doctor of Theology, of Canon and Civil Law, President of the Provincial Seminary of Mount St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati, Ohio; and by Rev. Thomas S. Byrne, Professor at Mount St. Mary's Seminary. In three volumes; with three Chronological Tables and three Ecclesiastico-Geographical Maps. Vol. I. Cincinnati, Ohio: Robert Clarke & Co. 1874.

This work supplies a want which has long been felt. The Catholic histories of the Church, hitherto available to English readers, have their several merits, but are also very defective in one respect or another. Those which aim at fulness of detail are too voluminous and too expensive for the ma-

jority of lay readers; and those which are professedly merely compendiums, are too dry and too destitute of particularity to be read with any satisfaction, and when read they furnish no idea of the real significance of the events mentioned. Alzog's history strikes a happy medium between a dry skeleton of dates and facts and a full historical narrative. The estimation in which it is held in Europe may be inferred from the fact that it has passed through nine editions in Germany and four in France. It is also used as a text-book in twenty universities, in almost all the Catholic seminaries, and in many other institutions of learning in Europe and in this country where German or French is understood.

The English translation has the *imprimatur* of the Most Rev. J. B. Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati; and also of the Most Rev. J. Roosevelt Bayley, Archbishop of Baltimore.

The Very Rev. James A. Corcoran, D.D., Professor of Dogma, etc., in the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, of the Diocese of Philadelphia, whose distinguished reputation for accurate and profound scholarship is not confined to this country, but extends throughout all Europe, speaks of the work in the following terms: "It is a satisfaction to know that at last we are to have a good text-book of ecclesiastical history, that will answer for schools, as well as for private reading. It would give me great pleasure to see your translations adopted in all seminaries."

Dr. Alzog has brought to the preparation of his history the vast literary attainments and profound scholarship for which he is so highly distinguished, together with the most conscientious care in the arrangement and statement of the results of his researches, extending over a period of thirty years. His well-known character, and the fact that he was called to Rome to assist in the preparatory work for the Vatican Council, guarantee the correctness and soundness of his views.

He has evidently acquainted himself thoroughly with the original sources of history, and also with the labors of modern historians, not only Catholic, but also non-Catholic.

The introduction to his history, which makes up a portion of the first volume, is itself a valuable contribution to Catholic literature. It comprises a definition of Church history, a statement of its object, and the proper method of writing it, of its divisions according to time, its divisions according to subject-matter, of the sources of Church history, its value and utility. It concludes with a chapter replete with rare information and discriminating criticisms upon the writers of Church history, both of ancient and modern times.

This introduction is followed by a historical introduction of great value, discussing the "Relations of the Ancient World to Christianity, for which it was a Preparation."

After these two introductions, the first volume is taken up with the first of three periods into which Dr. Alzog divides Church history. This period extends to the end of the seventh century. The second and third volumes will comprise the other two periods.

The work is intended not only for theological students, but also for general readers. It is entirely free from technicalities, and should be in the possession of every intelligent layman.

GRAPES AND THORNS. By T. A. D. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1874.

Another novel by the authoress of *The House of Yorke*. Need we say more? A

novel redolent with the flowers of a pure and refined literary taste and culture distilled through its pages. A gem among the mass of romantic literature, the end and aim of which is to defile with its putrid exhalations all that comes within the tainted circle of its influence. A Catholic novel in every sense of the word; a book which, during its perusal, takes us so far out of the world around us that in the idea of the authoress, when describing the plaza of St. Peter's on Easter-day—one of those good old Easter-days, before the subalpine occupation—we bask in a perpetual Italian springtime, and hear naught but the *sitti, sitti*, of poesy's fountains.

CONFERENCES ON LIFE. Delivered at Toulouse by Pere Lacordaire. Translated, with the author's permission, by Henry D. Langdon. New York: P. O'Shea. 1874.

Those who are acquainted with Father Lacordaire's polished and classical style, through the medium of his former Conferences on God and man, will be happy to hear of another volume of the posthumous publications of the great Dominican. We are disposed to think that the present series of addresses will be more acceptable to the general reader than the preceding ones, inasmuch as it treats of a subject within the compass of the most ordinary comprehension. The life that is within, with its various phases and characteristics, is certainly within the scope of our experience, if not of our physical and mental comprehension. Father Lacordaire treats it under the following heads: I. Life in General; II. The Life of the Passions; III. The Moral Life; IV. The Influence of the Moral Life in leading Man to his end; V. The Supernatural Life; VI. The Influence of the Supernatural Life upon Personal and Public. The translation leaves nothing to be desired, and the English version reads with the originality and graceful beauty of classical vernacular.

THE FORMS OF ORDINATION OF A PRIEST. P. Fox, St. Louis. 1874.

Mr. Fox deserves our warm thanks for the publication of this most useful little work, which in these days of frequent ordinations is likely to be much in demand by the laity. The ceremony is taken entirely from the Ritual, is neatly bound, and printed on fine red-bordered tinted paper, and though the print is by no means in small type, yet the whole is so compact as to be carried together with an ordinary prayer-book, when occasion requires it, without the slightest inconvenience to the bearer.

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DOES PAPAL INFALLIBILITY INVOLVE CIVIL DISLOYALTY?

PROTESTANTISM, with the weakness ever arising from the consciousness of fundamental instability, and the restlessness ever generated by the self-created tortures of a guilty conscience, is constantly engaged with the zeal of a fury in seeking to turn attention from itself, and to lull its weakened votaries to mental rest by keeping them busily occupied with matters and things very foreign from its legitimate spheres of thought or action. Indeed, the only legitimate sphere of either the theoretical or practical, which is properly its own, is the business of repentance; in the theoretical order by meditation on the enormity of its sins, which would, if stretched out in a straight line, cover the space of many centuries; and in the practical order by letting its meditations bear good fruit in acts of sincere conversion to the truth which it has abandoned. Like all vicious people it is, however, too busy meddling with its neighbors' affairs; too preoccupied with picking flaws in other people's characters to seriously attend to keeping its own doors clean, and so, after the fashion of *maliciousness*, what harm it fails to discover, or

what mischief it can legitimately fail to do to others, it supplies for by blackmailing or backbiting; and, when these means fail, it invokes the intervention of the sword or the law, and cries out "Police!" with as much vigor and as little reason as a common scold revenges herself on the tormenting urchins, who would never have troubled her if she had not first made herself particularly obnoxious. Serpent-tressed virago, with viperous tongue, and a heart that from its earliest throb acknowledged the complete domination of Satan, it goes about foaming with rage as, shaking its sceptral firebrand of command, it summons about it all its tributary spirits, black, blue, and gray, and bids them go forth to the destruction of the household of what it hypocritically calls its neighbor, its sister in the unity of a common Christendom,—the Catholic Church.

Never did the legendary witches of Macbeth's vision throw more curious ingredients into their mystic cauldron, and then "double and double with toil and trouble," than these ministers of evil dance around their seething cauldron of religious fo-

mentation and bloody persecution. "Eye of newt and toe of frog" were not a circumstance to the envious slanders against truth which form the staple compounds of their poisonous mess, they "do and do and do," in their wonderful liberality to dispense the venomous concoction; and when their stupid victims refuse to partake readily, they, like old Meg Merrilies, though with not a shadow of the innocent and mirth-provoking mischief with which the gipsy queen gorged the frightened Dominie Sampson, exclaim vociferously, "Gape sinners and swallow, or I'll pour it down you, scalding hot as it is, and whether ye will or no."

Now, before we go further, we must distinctly premise that by Protestantism we do not mean the offspring of those "reformers" who sprang up so late as the sixteenth century. The purposes of our present article require a more comprehensive definition; and we therefore include in the one term Protestantism all the various *isms*, *schisms*, which, from the very creation of the world, have *protested* by word or deed against the rights of God directly, or through His Church indirectly. The ways and means which have from time to time been adopted to further its schemes would puzzle even that "peculiar" brain, the dark ways and vain tricks of which were concealed beneath a long queue, and "a smile that was childlike and bland." Not to examine into these too closely, we will, to return to our former simile, state briefly that the first and principal ingredient by which Protestant witchcraft keeps the pot of deceit and animosity briskly boiling, is a perverted interpretation of the doctrines of THE CHURCH, and particularly of that one which causes the smoke and steam to bubble up beneath its incantations before the admiring gaze of the civil power, when it reads the fortunes of such weak and wicked rulers as the Pharaohs, Antiochuses, and Herods, of Scriptural

days; Neros, Domitians, and Caligulas, of pagan times; the Macbeths of mediæval ages, or the Bismarcks and Cavours of our *advanced* and *progressive* century, who enter its sibylline caves of darkness to learn the wisdom of the devil in a doctrine which always greeted the despots who came to consult the priests and priestesses of Baal. "Our oracles are dumb, our aruspices refuse to smoke while the sign of the Nazarene casts its refulgent rays upon our mystic darkness. Destroy the cross, or your sceptres will fall powerless from your grasp." And such has ever been the echo of their votaries and descendants, as expressed in the infamous deduction, that loyalty to God and the king, the Church and the state, are incompatible.

God the creator and supreme ruler of the universe was the establisher of order, celestial and terrestrial, civil and social, and in that primal rule of order, and by His supreme wisdom and blessed providence, "extending from end to end, with might and sweetness disposing all things," He ordained that neither in heaven nor on earth should equality exist. He regulated the varying order of the angelic choirs, and He regulated the beautiful diversity of the things of men. When He created Eve as the companion of Adam, He, by His own words, declared the establishment of SOCIETY. As that society increased, He regulated, through the law of nature implanted in the breast of man, the civil and social distinctions which have ever been obeyed, save by fools and idiots. Here, then, we have first the direct creation of society, and through the inspired act of man, the indirect creation of THE STATE. Need we now ask who was the author of society or the state? If we did, would any one dare to deny their origin to God? But he who creates a power, unquestionably has the right to reserve so much of it as he pleases to himself. To man as a social being He gave the right of regulating his

purely social actions; to man as the representative of the civil power He gave the sword of the magistrate; but to Himself He reserved the administration of the moral and spiritual phases of power. This power He at first exercised directly from Himself. His commands were given directly to the patriarchs who "walked with God" and conversed familiarly with Him. Hence we find Him instructing Adam in the garden before the fall. We hear Him thundering out the terrible "*Ubi est frater tuus?*" in the ears of guilty Cain, who receives his sentence of punishment directly from God. As mankind increased, His conduct changed, and the power which He had reserved to himself, He deposited with His priesthood. Hence arose the manifestation of the third great power which now rules the earth,—THE CHURCH. Inasmuch as the power delegated to it was incomparably greater than that belonging to society or the state, so was the dignity of the Church incomparably superior; its authority incomparably more exalted. It was not the design of God, in reserving the moral power to Himself, to trench therewith upon the deputed authority which He had conferred on man, save as a weapon of instruction when men's ignorance should need enlightenment, a corrector when their fallible judgment should mislead them into error, or the weakness of what He foresaw would be their fallen nature should require the arm of divine punishment. Now this power delegated by degrees to the ancient priesthood of the old law, was conferred in its plenitude upon THE CHURCH of the new law. "ALL POWER IS GIVEN TO ME IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH. GO YE THEREFORE AND TEACH ALL NATIONS, . . . TEACHING THEM TO OBSERVE ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER I HAVE COMMANDED YOU; AND LO I AM WITH YOU ALL DAYS, EVEN TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE WORLD."

Who is it that here gives the

charge? Jesus Christ, Son of the living God. To whom does He give it? To the apostles and their successors, HIS CHURCH. For whose benefit? ALL NATIONS. What does the charge involve? ALL TRUTH, civil, political, and social, as well as moral and religious. Now, be it remembered, that the deposit of civil power in the magistrate, or the social rights of society generally, not having been withdrawn, are not compromised by the moral and spiritual power given to the Church, because such an interference would imply a contradiction in God, which is an impossibility in infallible truth. It implies, moreover, an insult to the omniscience and providence of God, who understands all things, and disposes them with an order which is characterized by sweetness as well as might; therefore, the only just conclusion which any sensible being can form is, that all power comes from God, regulated by his own wisdom, through the dictates of His Church. But the Church, by the promise of God, is infallible. Society and the state are nowhere endowed with any such prerogative, since they are, subjectively considered, human institutions, and represent only a limited phase of the divine omnipotence. The Church is divine in all its attributes, and not merely represents, but morally is the plenitude of omnipotence, else God is falsehood. Moreover, that men might not cavil at the superior authority of the Church, on the ground that being on the earth it was of it earthy and fallible, He adds the promise which, while it confirms their confidence, renders more absolute their obedience to it, "LO I AM WITH YOU ALL DAYS;" that is, not intermittingly, but constantly; not for a determined period of time, but until time shall cease, "*even to the consummation of the world.*"

Here, then, in brief, we have SOCIETY framing its own minor laws and customs; THE STATE ruling society in its temporal concerns; and

THE CHURCH, like a watchful guardian, ruling both, instructing and correcting when necessary by the right involved in the charge of guiding all nations in the right path to heaven. We might multiply, *ad infinitum*, examples from ancient Scripture and history where this right of the divine order is laid down by God and acknowledged by men. We might point out on every page of the New Testament, and the patristic writings, where this doctrine is taught; but this truth is so apparent, that it seems like an insult to common sense to dictate it, much less to prove it. The very nature of man revolts at the idea that society or the state is superior to the Church; and this alone is the proof of proofs against so infamous a doctrine.

This beautiful order of Providence was first broken in heaven by the rebel Lucifer and his cohorts, when they as subjects refused to obey God, and cried *non serviam*. Against whom? Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God, who was to be the high priest of the order of redemption; thus, singularly enough, anticipating all future rebellions against the Church. How was Lucifer punished? Just as all subsequent rebellions against God have been repaid. Their instigators were hurled to hell, while the Church flourished on triumphantly, exemplifying the indestructible power of Him, the archangel leader of whose hosts proclaimed in that first great battle the war-cry of heaven, "WHO IS LIKE TO GOD?"

From that dread moment there was ceaseless war between Satan and the Church, Satan, for the trial and glory of the church militant, being allowed the power of persecuting the spouse of Christ, and one of the most potent weapons given to him was the sword of the civil tyrant. He began his work by prompting the rebellion of our first parents against God, represented by the Church,

noteworthy fact that

induce the primal fall is the same which has ever since brought forward as a reason subsequent rebellions against the Church, namely, the subject man's moral and intellect required by the laws and of His Church. When and intellectual freedom Adam and Eve and all their nations have had the sad example of six thousand years to cleave and comprehend, and one of the saddest evidences has been a the usurpations of the civil upon the supremacy of the and spiritual, as involved in ecclesiastical. For it is a sad fact that when the devil persecuted the saints individually the Church generally, his and best burnished blade charge of high treason against the State. In the old law, when chosen people of God were in chains and captivity, the apology of their idolatrous was that they, by refusing to mislead their consciences in accordance with the laws of Jehovah, were disobedient to the Gentile kings. When Joseph refused to listen to the criminal temptations of Potiphar's wife, she with revenged herself by action from which even the true nobility of his character could shield him,—high treason. Misrach, Shadrach, and Achan refused to fall down and adore a golden statue of King Nabuchadnezzar, the fiery furnace was to be the punishment of their treason. When in the fulness of time Jesus Christ himself had come to the earth, the great charge against His enemies, from Herod, the rulers of the Innocents, down to the Pharisees, the Scribes, and priests, was that He was no friend to Caesar, because He proclaimed the supremacy of the kingdom of God, though He carefully and on all occasions, even when the socratic Sadducees sought

Him up on this very point, drew the distinction between giving to Cæsar the tribute that was Cæsar's, and to God the fealty that was God's, yet they never desisted from this vile lie until they had hounded the Lord of truth to a bloody cross. The disciple is not greater than the Master. So as all the martyrs of the Old Testament history suffered by anticipation with their crucified Lord, so all the martyrs of the new law, including the very apostles, shared a similar fate on the similar charge, disloyalty to the civil authority. St. Paul himself, the great preacher and exponent of the Church's law of obedience to the civil power, was crucified *as a traitor*. The same trite accusation lit the fires, forged the chains, screwed the racks, and let loose the wild beasts against the early Christians. The same stale platitudes lit the Smithfield fires, barred the gates of Tyburn, whetted the headsman's axe, and knotted the hangman's cord against the martyrs of Henry the Eighth's and Elizabeth's days. The same senseless slander splits the quills and covers the parchments with conscription acts against the heroic champions of the Church, reviled by a Bismarck, a Cavour, or a Gladstone, and if some of these men do not do worse than write conscription acts, it is not because the will is wanting, but because the power is defective.

The origin and animus of the charge of disloyalty against Catholics is precisely and simply that which generates all the other vile slanders against them,—sheer malice on the part of those who are unwilling to acknowledge any power superior to their own wills. The reason that a corrupt state hates the Church is the same that causes vice always to hate virtue, because it puts it to the blush, and counteracts against its aggressions. The reason again why the state corrupted hates the Church is not because it fears that the Church will usurp its legitimate

power, but because it wishes to usurp the Church's power, because when the state has squandered in riotousness the ill-gotten gains which it has wrung, under cover of law and necessity, from its overburdened subjects, and dare not further exhaust their means and their patience, it turns its bleared eyes with covetous glances upon the legitimate possessions of the Church, which, rightfully acquired and lawfully kept, were, by the piety, gratitude, and devotion of true-hearted Christians, in the ages of faith, exempted from even the necessitous appeals of the state, though never refused when right required them. No better argument could be adduced to prove the claim of the Church's supremacy does not interfere with the civil authority, than the fact that the state thus regards the Church as a victim which it can bleed when all others have become bloodless, because it knows that the Church is powerless to defend herself, and has proved herself over and over again too deeply imbued with her divine Founder's spirit of charity and unworldliness to even attempt rebellion. Her arms are but spiritual, and are used but for the correction of men, not for their punishment or her vengeance. Legions of angels are to her far more powerful than one sword wielded by the human hand of even the prince pontiff of the Church.

On the other hand the Church has over and over again come to the relief of the state in its direst necessities. How many instances in history where even the sacred vessels have been freely given for the relief of the state? How often does she not relieve the burden of taxation by herself supplying all the institutions of charity and mercy which would otherwise fall upon the state? Does she not even claim this as her special mission?

Moreover, let us look at the example of loyalty given by the faith-

TWO PICTURES, MERELY SUGGESTIVE.

THEY were both set in the lights and shadows of a New Year's Day, and Care and Time have worn from the memory that recalls them now much that was bright and dear, as well as much that was dark and unloved; but they, standing out from the experiences of a life in unchanging relief, defy the touch of either. Nay, they find as fadeless an existence in the young hearts for whose discovery of their suggestion they are here reproduced, by the effort of a hand almost ready to lay down its life-task, in this good year of Our Lord, eighteen hundred and seventy-five.

THE FIRST.

It was the inside of a gorgeous mansion, where society loved to congregate. For there were velvet floors, and pictured walls, and luxurious seats, and costly mirrors. There wine was served in golden goblets, and the wine had won the red light in its glowing heart by lying hidden from all light of earth in costly vaults, whereof the key was wealth alone. There King Alcohol donned golden robes, and borrowed the aspect of a very angel; and there the spirit that "steals men's brains" pursued his work, applauded by society, and received into its heart's core as a welcome and indispensable guest. There viands were served on chased and jewelled dishes, which were only his slaves to aid him in his work; and there old men with silver hair gave the first unconsidered lesson which brought many a young and shining head to ruin and disgrace. More; there, alas! fair hands, too fair you would think for aught of earthly work but beckoning souls to heaven, presented the gilded winecup to lips that would have taken it from no other; and faces,

that should have been as those of angels in the place, smiled from over its costly edge in bright invitation to the hesitating to "do likewise." So there, quite as effectually as in the real "gin palace," did the spirit find his work, and find servants more accomplished than any this could command to finish most completely his tasks. Yet the place, in which society on that fair New Year's Day loved to congregate, was a home, wherein peace and hope and love nestled, and whereof the master was a man old in years, and, in the sight of his fellow-men, wearing a crown of honor for their record. And the mistress—ah, happy mistress! with the glory of youth about her, and the *clat* of wealth her own, and the pearl of love laid at her feet by many hearts. Society held in its charmed circle that happy day many fair, and many with gentle, true souls, dwelling beneath the fairness; but the queen of these, to all intents and purposes, was undoubtedly the blooming mistress of this gorgeous mansion. The old men worshipped her, the young men were her slaves, and the ladies made her their criterion in feminine thoughts, words, actions, and garments, unwilling, but, from them, real homage.

"Thank you, Miss Tudor, I take no wine."

"Nonsense, Everson, it is New Year's Day;" this from the white-haired host.

"Command him!" this from one of the group of gentlemen forming an adoring circle around her. "He has outraged hospitality twenty times to-day. We have not once seen him drink the health of host or hostess. Teach him his obligation, as only you can teach."

Then my picture stood out fair and fadeless, as she stepped forward

history proves that they were the most trusted of their cohorts. Yet with a true soldierly spirit of heroism, they invariably refused to compromise their consciences by offering sacrifice to the false gods or to the *genius of the empire*. Threats and blandishments were alike unavailing to move them, just as even the interests of the state were forgotten when the malice and pride of their tyrannical rulers were wounded by their persistence to the truth, and rather than bear the smart they were willing to lose the services of the flower of their armies by sending them to heaven *by the way of the lions*.

St. Maurice and his Theban legion were the bravest of Diocletian's army. Yet the interests of the state and the gratitude of the emperor were alike ignored when these soldiers chose and received death rather than bend the knee to idols. So heaven has been peopled century after century by hundreds of soldiers whose position on this question has made them more conspicuous than less public classes of Christians. And in our day the German government emulates the example of the heathen emperors. The Catholic soldiers of Protestant Germany fought by the thousand against the Catholic soldiers of Catholic France, and the most zealous Catholic, aye, even the Pope himself, never even insinuated or thought that they did wrong in thus serving their civil rulers, even when they were forging the chains for their Catholic compatriots of Alsace and Lorraine. And herein lies a nut large enough, after it is cracked, to choke those timid creatures who jump at their own shadows, and, like little children, are constantly proposing for our solution all sorts of far-fetched problems of political silliness, such as what might happen if the Catholic Church ever became possessed of the power to make their "supposings" probable.

Guilty consciences sometimes look very far ahead to spy in the distance the retribution on their guilt.

But to return from our digression. Just as the heathen emperors rewarded their Christian cohorts with martyrdom, so Bismarck rewards the unsurpassed bravery and fidelity of the Catholic landwehr and their co-religionists by conscription and expatriation, because they will not worship *the genius of Bismarck*.

It is, however, a remarkable fact that no tyrant has ever yet dared to punish his Catholic subjects on the ground of sheer disloyalty to the state, and here our opponents are convicted out of their own mouths, for they dared not, as the children of the Church had based their resistance on spiritual grounds, justify their accusations on political grounds, hence they never punished them so much ostensibly on the ground of disloyalty to the state, as to the Church personified in the usurped sacredness of the state. The heathen emperors slew the Christians because they would not adore *false gods*, among whom they had artfully enrolled the state, in order to sanction their tyranny, just as they deified the various vices in order to sanction their moral delinquencies. They tortured them because they would not worship the genius of the emperor, not as civil ruler, but as Pontifex Maximus. Henry the Eighth murdered his Catholic subjects, not because he could prove them disloyal to the state, but because they refused to acknowledge him as *head of the Church*. And it is well known that the first spark that aroused the inflammable disposition of his tow-headed daughter, Elizabeth, was the gentle reminder that some people doubted not merely her legitimate right to the English throne, but also her supremacy over the English Church. The czars, as self-dubbed heads of the Greek Church, crush their Polish subjects on the same score, and Mr. Bis-

marck's grand indictment against both his Lutheran and Catholic subjects is that they will not recognize prayerful old King William as high priest and potentate of the National Church of Germany. And to cover these blasphemous assumptions with a cloak of right, they make the grand hubbub about the terrible consequences of recognizing a foreign power within the limits of their several political divisions. Herein, too, they display a species of liberality which strongly resembles that of Satan when he told our Saviour on the mountain that he would give Him what was not his to give, "all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them," if, falling down, He would adore him. For while these civil rulers are despoiling the Pope of his spiritual prerogatives, they are purposely careful to endow him with far greater civil powers than he ever dreamed of assuming, while they themselves, for purposes of their own chicanery, assume in their own persons that "one-man power" and counterfeit union of Church and state, the genuine and pure forms of which they so deprecate among Catholic princes.

But the enemies of Catholicity bring another objection on this question, namely, that the fact that Catholics have never been disloyal practically, does not prove that they may not become so, or have not always been so, theoretically. We answer, "*Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Can an evil tree bring forth good fruit?*" Could Jesus Christ order tribute to Cæsar, and allow His Church to preach rebellion? Do you measure the weakness of other people's virtue by the standard of your own deceit and viciousness, else why do not eighteen centuries of continued loyalty on the part of Catholics to their civil rulers, satisfy your pretended doubts?"

But pray, let us ask you one question in return, What particular claims

has Protestantism whereby to prove *its* superior loyalty to the state? If we ask, Has it never fostered illegitimate rebellions, history laughs at the simplicity of our interrogatory. And if we ask, How many? echo answers, MANY. One more question: How many robbers of the public treasury, how many traitors against the state, have, even in our own country and our own day, gone unwhipped of justice, because THE MAN-MADE RELIGION, FREEMASONRY, winked at their offences, and with its mystic grip stayed the hand of the law. Oh ye sons of the Father of lies, let him who is without guilt among you cast the first stone at THE CHURCH,—when the Lord of truth and virtue convicts her!

And this brings us to another phase of this question. Our opponents may say, "Oh yes! we acknowledge the supremacy of the Church over the state, but men's minds are divided now as to what is *the* Church." "Very good; then allow us Catholics, if you please, to acknowledge that as the Church which we not only believe, but by the word of the living God KNOW to be *the* Church. You worship as such the queen, the czar, or the emperor, and in their several spheres you practically acknowledge their infallibility or that of the privy council, *at least for the time being*, or else, denying your own Church, you are worse than the heathen. We, by the common consent of eighteen centuries of Christendom, expressed dogmatically in the Vatican decrees, acknowledge the Pope of Rome as the visible head of the Church, the vicar of God." We have dwelt very lightly on this point of our paper, because practically the position of Catholics throughout the world is not in the least changed towards their civil rulers by the decree of Papal Infallibility. That infallibility lodged somewhere in the Church they always believed, and the Pope, as the head and mouthpiece of their Church,

would have been just as readily obeyed by what their enemies call "their blind and degraded submission," had he required them, supposing such a thing possible, to be disloyal to the legitimate laws enacted by their lawful rulers, before the Vatican decrees as since. For example, had the Pope, *ex cathedra*, issued an encyclical to the Catholics of America, before the definition of his infallibility in morals and faith,—in which two points, and when speaking *ex cathedra*, he is alone held to be infallible,—commanding them, under pain of excommunication, not to send their children to public schools, because their faith and morals were thus endangered, how many Catholics, think you, good Protestant friends, would have stopped to question his right to command? The only difference the infallibility dogma makes in their position since its definition is, they would now know for a definite certainty that they had not *the right* of questioning a power which they never presumed to question.

Now herein lies the beauty of the American republic of the United States, that by its fundamental law it acknowledges the supremacy of the Church as represented by the *conscience* of each individual of its subjects, with which it forbids the state in the slightest degree to meddle, for with the social ostracisms and the various political and partisan persecutions to which the Catholic Church has been occasionally subjected in this free land the government *per se* is not responsible. "Oh but," cry out our opponents, "this liberty of conscience which you are now enjoying is not in accord with Catholic doctrine as expressed in the Syllabus of Pius the Ninth, anathematizing among other things 'religious toleration.'" That is a side question, to which an answer is not just here pertinent, but we will merely say that so liberally does our government carry out its principles,

that even Mormonism, Free-love, and worse species of notoriously public crimes can protect themselves with impunity, under the shield of religion, from the righteously poised arm of the civil law. Nay, more: the civil law thus stayed actually sanctions the abrogation of the natural and revealed law. It is this *false* toleration that the Church opposes, not *religious* toleration.

Our readers have doubtless by this time arrived at the very correct conclusion that this article has been called forth particularly by the recent pamphlet of William Ewart Gladstone on *The Vatican Decrees*, which has created such a stir, at least in the newspapers. The *New York Times'* correspondent in London tells us that while Protestants, like good, sensible beings, only laugh at Mr. Gladstone, and try to solve what this his latest eccentricity means, yet the pamphlet "has set the Catholics foaming with rage." Perhaps so. If so, not without reason, since it is exceedingly annoying to behold this "high church" Lucifer, radiant with "popish tendencies," fizzling down into the veriest "evangelical" Satan. Even the Pope is reported to have called, what the world regarded as his friend in disguise, "a viper;" and though His Holiness did not on this occasion speak *ex cathedra*, still we have no doubt that the kind-hearted old gentleman at the Vatican knew what he was talking about, or his anger would not have been so remarkable. Like him, too, we can truly say that our time is more profitably occupied than in reading either Mr. Gladstone's lucubrations, or in trying with his English reviewers to solve the mystery of his sudden animosity. While Archbishop Manning deals with him with the massive weapons of philosophy and logic, our American Metropolitan, Dr. Bayley, has laid him out cold with a slight, but very stinging piece of epistolary birch. We hope that some equally able hands will send Mr. Gladstone's

alter ego, Lord Acton, reeling in similar style; but, in default of a better entry in the list, we may ourselves, ere another month goes round, pay our respects to this disciple of Dollinger, who, if he be as *liberal* in all things as *he is with historical truth*, is the very soul and essence of liberalism. For the present, however, it suffices for Catholics everywhere to draw this one lesson from Mr. Gladstone's conduct, a lesson which their divine Lord taught them centuries ago, even while with the same breath he preached loyalty to Cæsar. "*Place not your trust in princes;*" confide in God rather than man. May it be taken so closely to heart, that our people may henceforth, standing heroically on the foundation of their own principles, display that independence of spirit which, inherited from their martyr ancestors, has, alas! so sadly degenerated in their descendants. May they thus serve to mould the statesmanship of the world, rather than be moulded by it; for it is a shameful confession of a shameful truth that Catholics everywhere are but political clay in the hands of "statesmen" potters.

We have endeavored to show, as clearly and as concisely as lack of space and the late hour of our writing would permit, that the charge that the Church or the Pope claim temporal power is merely a device of the enemy, and, like all other devices, intended to conceal their sinister purposes. We might cover an entire volume of THE RECORD with its refutation; but we would not if we could, for the charge is so senseless, that it is unworthy of reply; and, to quote

the language of Archbishop Bayley, "when a man tells me that my religion requires me to be disloyal to my country, the old Adam within me prompts me more strongly to pull his nose than to answer him politely." It is astonishing, however, to see what opposite tactics the enemies of the Church use to gain the same end,—its destruction. For instance, they created an immense *furor* on the Immaculate Conception, because they said that the latrinal devotion paid by Catholics to our blessed lady robbed God of the hyperdulial worship due to him. Yet this falsehood is only equalled by their zeal in now robbing God of the honor due his Church to give it to man, as representing the state, in order to support their equally malicious slander that the Pope is infallible in temporal matters, or claims jurisdiction in temporal affairs. The veriest fool will admit that there is a limit to the civil authority, and even the *civil* subjection due to it; and this question of the independence of the spiritual over the temporal is just as clearly defined, and is just as clearly understood, as the right of lawful rebellion is acknowledged to be the highest law of patriotism. Both take equal rank as merely metaphysical questions, and both are restricted by the same limits.

Thus we conceive we have briefly expounded the doctrine under discussion; and if latent rebellion be found therein, we can only exclaim, in the language of the Virginian Demosthenes, "*If this be treason, make the most of it.*"

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

THEY in a manger laid thee,
Thou Monarch of the sky;
And men no homage paid thee,
Thou Highest of the High.
While stars proclaimed thy wondrous ways,
While hosts of angels sang thy praise,
Thou camest down to die.

With humblest heart thou tookest
The lot thou hadst made thine:
Heaven's glory thou forsookest
For huts where poor men pine.
Thou wert a slave to make us free:
It was thy gladness, Lord, to see
All share thy grace divine.

Thou, Saviour, wert the meekest,—
Thy words gave peace of soul;
And still thou healing speakest
To all who would be whole.
A hope, a trust, a Father mild,
Thou art to each repentant child
That seeks the grandest goal.

Shamed, tortured, lonely, friendless,
Nailed to the fatal tree,
Thou didst by anguish endless
Gain endless life for me.
Now in thy holy, holy name
Bows every knee—thy triumphs flame
Sublime from sea to sea.

May thy example cheer us,
Strengthen, exalt, inspire;
May thou be ever near us;
A sacred mystic fire.
Dwell in the temple of our breast,
And when we sink to final rest
Be thou our sole desire.

A BRAND SNATCHED FROM THE BURNING.

A LETTER laid upon my desk this Christmas Eve has led me into a retrospection, half sad, half sweet.

Take up your knitting again, my friend. The hail beats fiercely on the windows, and the night will be a wild one; but after I have brightened up the fire a bit between the lights, I will tell you the story over the glowing coals.

In a visit to St. L——, three summers ago (you remember my writing you from the Hotel d'Or), it was my good fortune in my leisure hours to become acquainted with a number of its cloistered and uncloistered convents, its hospitals, orphanages, and homes for the aged poor.

When you asked me at the time, in a letter, if I would confess to a preference for any one of those edifying institutions (which you playfully dubbed my "hydra-headed hobby"), I remember writing back "Yes," but I remember also piquing your curiosity by confining my answer to that simple affirmative. Here in the warm confidence of the winter gloaming, the mystery with which I teased you comes naturally to light.

Deeply interested as I was in all those abodes of charity, my special admiration, nay, reverence, was reserved for one, and that one the sacred retreat where the sheep of Christ that were lost are found and folded securely under the roof of the *Maison du Bon Pasteur*.

A prominent feature in the suburbs of the quaint old town, this house always seemed to me a monument, a thrice blessed monument, erected by the faith and loving zeal of his chosen ones to the patience and many-sided mercy of God.

And the end of its institute was so peculiarly the work of Him who eat and drank with publicans and sinners, and who declared with His own

divine lips that He came not to call the just but sinners to repentance.

Two hundred women rescued from the vilest haunts of a great city, and from lives of crime and boldest vagabondage, could there be seen sitting clothed and in their right mind, submissive to the gentle nuns, angels in human shape, who taught them their long-forgotten, or, perchance, never learned, duty to their Creator, and smoothed the rough path of their difficult conversion.

The specimens of delicate needlework and elaborate embroidery exhibited in the convent parlors and sewing-rooms were really marvels when viewed as the handicraft of women whose fingers had long been folded in criminal sloth, and whose lawless natures mocked at the restraints of persevering labor, and rebelled passionately against them.

"When we can get them to form habits of steady work," said the noble Superioress, Mother Mary of the Divine Pity (in whom I found a courteous cicerone), "we do not despair of their ultimate conversion. But to keep them engaged for a half-hour at a time is the extent of our influence with many of them on their first entrance to the House. Idleness is the root of most of the evil."

Our tour, that July day, through the various departments, ended in the chapel of the Magdalens. Here Mère Marie quitted me for a few moments to speak with a white-robed Sister in the corridor, and I knelt at the grating to pray.

A sensible devotion filled my heart. At His own especial shrine I was worshipping the Good Shepherd who had left the ninety-nine in the desert of the world to abide forever on this little altar; to gather the poor lost sheep to His tender bleeding bosom, to be the consolation

and refreshment of His repenting children.

Everything about me was so peaceful, so clean, so orderly. Surely if one's ears were anointed with the chrism of a living faith, they would hear in this spot a never-ceasing, celestial song. The joy, finding words before the angels of God, over not one but hundreds of sinners doing penance!

Believing myself the sole occupant of the chapel, I prostrated myself with my face hidden in my hands, when a hollow cough close by startled me. I raised my head, and a vision of unearthly loveliness met my gaze.

In one of the oaken stalls to the right of the altar, a young girl was kneeling. She was dazzlingly fair. Her large blue eyes were fixed upon the tabernacle with a look so intent it seemed to pierce the marble door in its search for the hidden Lord. It was what might have been the look of the spouse in the Canticles, when she pleaded, "I conjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my beloved, that you tell him that I languish with love!"

Save for the hectic spot upon her transparent cheeks,

—"the rose whose root is death,"

save for the coral tint of the sensitive mouth, her skin was as white as the sweet-alyssum that filled the altar-vases.

She wore the brown habit of the Magdalens, the cincture knotted loosely around her slender waist. The ethereal beauty of the face was heightened by the shadow of her black veil, and a tiny fringe of hair (golden, as were her lashes and eyebrows) had escaped from under the linen band upon her forehead, and gave a childish grace to the pure brow.

Never can I forget her expression of rapt, adoring love. The rosary lay across her wasted hands, but a glance told that she was making no vocal prayer. Through the portals

of silence she had gone up into the secrecy of her Beloved, and was talking to him, not with the noise of words, but heart to heart, soul to soul, in an ecstasy more eloquent than speech.

The opening of the chapel door by the Superioress let in a gust of song. "The children," as the penitents were tenderly termed, were singing a hymn in an adjoining room, and the words dropped distinctly into the silence:

"Were not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?"

"When bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stored,
She, o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious odors poured,

"And wiped them with that golden hair
Where once the diamond shone,—
Though now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone!"

The sunlight had just struck the stained glass of a window opposite the fair young Magdalen. A shower of prismatic light fell athwart her dark habit and trembled over her quiet face. But her expression had changed. Great tears rolled down her cheeks, the hollow cough shook her slight frame, while pealing through the empty corridor, above all arose the clear melody of the penitents' hymn:

"Were not those sweets so humbly shed,
That hair—those weeping eyes—
And the sunk heart that inly bled
Heaven's noblest sacrifice?"

"Thou that hast slept in error's sleep,
Oh! wouldst thou wake in heaven,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
Love much—and be forgiven!"

Mère Marie put her finger to her lips, and, with a profound reverence to the Blessed Sacrament, led me silently from the chapel into the nuns' garden. It was the hour for the noon recreation. On the rustic settle under the great elm tree she seated herself beside me, and told me this story:

You have just seen the little angel of the House, Sister Magdalen of the Holy Cross. Five years ago she was known in the world as Ursula Des-

mond, lady's maid to the wife of a famous physician in an adjoining city.

Dr. L'Inconnu (I give him a name in lieu of the one charity forbids me to mention) was an aristocrat in high position, the heir of a large fortune, which his own successful practice had doubled and trebled. He stood in the front rank of his profession. Born of a race of physicians, noted among the Huguenots for their skill and personal beauty, this descendant of the French Calvinists, if false to everything else, was true at least to the main tradition of his family. He was known in his day and generation as the handsome doctor who rarely lost a patient. And in person he *was* notably elegant. Face and form were cast in a faultless mould, and travel and culture had added to his natural gifts a most fascinating address.

But his polished education was simply a pagan one. The man was utterly devoid of principle, and with all his boasted pride of birth and intellect, the willing slave of his own degraded passions.

Under the roof of this accomplished profligate, little Ursula found herself, at the age of eighteen, with no other protection for her innocence than that of heaven and her guardian angel.

You see her now, still lovely, despite the ravages of the painful decline that is consuming her life. Then, neither care nor disease had touched her beauty. She was fresh and radiant in her young bloom as yonder moss-rose when it sparkles with the dew in the sunlight of the early morning.

Her attendance on her mistress (who was an Italian, and bitterly jealous of her husband) brought her daily under the evil eye of the doctor. The *naïveté*, the simple refinement of the little maid, astonished him, attracted him, even more than her exquisite blonde beauty. It was

a new and interesting study for him; a fresh sensation in a life grown *blasé*. But he saw clearly that he must do nothing to repel or shock that pure soul.

Ursula was an orphan with no living relative this side the ocean. Her good Irish father and mother, dying of the epidemic the year of a great fever, had left her in lieu of worldly wealth,—which they had never possessed,—that pearl beyond price which had always been their own—the precious and undefiled inheritance of the holy Catholic and Apostolic faith.

They had done more. They had carefully trained the infant mind and heart of their daughter, instilling into both, during the few years they were spared to her, the solid precepts of the fear and love of God.

Such seed sown in such soil never fails of its fruit.

The burning rays of earthly passion may scorch the grain for a season, but the sowers have cast themselves with a mighty faith upon the Lord, and the dew of heavenly grace in the end perfects the harvest.

Skilfully and secretly did this demon of a doctor set himself to sow tares in this fair field. His tenderness to the little orphan was as that of an elder brother. His attentions were so delicate. The pretty gifts he offered her, *sub rosa*, so artfully chosen. Tokens of appreciation, he hinted, from her fond mistress, who considerably took this plan of evading thanks. Could he speak as a friend and father? Could he truthfully assure that fond mistress, who seemed an icy block of *hauteur*, that her little maid was happy—that she did not feel lonely in her new home? (This was in the large garden when Ursula was by herself gathering flowers for the vases; or when he came upon her alone in the corridors, going to or from her lady's room.) And instead of freezing to death upstairs in the dressing-room (this was when he found her sitting

late over the fire, waiting her fond mistress's return from the opera), would not the little maid beguile the weary hours in the warm library without a fear of disturbing the doctor at his books?

Little by little the poor young creature began to waver. It was not in nature to resist that practiced rout; and Ursula Desmond gradually drifted away from the assistance of grace.

First, it was only a shortening of her daily prayers and her spiritual reading. As the weeks rolled by, she came to omit them entirely. Neglect of the morning mass slowly but surely gravitated into missing the holy sacrifice on Sundays and holy days. Her keen perceptions of right and wrong were getting dulled and strangely confused. Love of admiration and a fondness for dress were the natural weaknesses of her girlish character, both hitherto kept in check by the marvellous, compelling power of prayer and the sacraments. Fatalest delusion of the whole! there had now come a time when she gave up (God help her!) her monthly confession and communion; and in that hour of lukewarm misery, every weakness of her nature rose up and ruled her like a giant king.

How could she go to the most holy sacraments with the unholy vision, the fascinating image of another woman's husband between her and her God? She would not commit a sacrilege. She would stay away from confession until she was better prepared. Some of these quiet days in Lent she would feel more devout, more unworldly, freer from this agitation of the heart that unfitted her for prayer, and then she would go to holy communion.

It was as one who says: "I am very, very cold, but I will not go near the fire until I am warm. I am very, very filthy, but I will not go near the water until I am cleansed!"

Here was the *coup de main* of

Satan's strategy, cruel as it was plausible. To love the danger was to perish therein. The poor little maid had thrown away her oars; the rapids were steep and dangerous; and instead of crying out, "Help! Lord, or I perish!" she had shut her eyes that she might not see the whirlpool that was sucking her in, the awful cataract down which her little boat was to plunge at last and dash her into the boiling surges of eternal destruction.

But the demon can only go the length of his chain. The fierce dog may spring and bark at the Master's children, but mighty and resistless is the Hand that drives him to his kennel.

This poor little tempted one had served God faithfully through all the years of her young life. In His own good time He would rescue her, but it must be after she had thoroughly learned the humiliating lesson of her own weakness.

When Mrs. L'Inconnu went up with her servants in the early June to the family country-seat at Walnut Hills, she was astonished at the doctor's proposition to accompany her. He had not done such a thing for years. Not since that one long-gone spring when (after their Italian wedding) he had brought her over the seas, a bride, to Walnut Hills.

It was his custom to spend his summers away from her at some of the fashionable baths, at home or abroad; and he had always averred that he detested the country. Now, however, his valet had orders to send out the thoroughbreds from the city stables. The Doctor's own especial traps followed the horses. The clubhouse knew him no more, and the Doctor, in proper person, prepared to give himself up to the delights of rural life.

It was a renewal of the honeymoon. There were rides; there were walks; there were strolls among the flower-beds and fountains; and sails upon a neighboring lake. But,

to his wife's intense joy (for her love of him amounted to idolatry), Dr. L'Inconnu spent most of his time in her pretty rustic dressing-room.

Ursula grew daily more and more unhappy. The respectful deference of the Doctor's manner in her regard never altered a jot; but whether he rode, or whether he walked, whether he talked, or whether he read, the master never lost sight of the little maid. No cunning spider ever spun his web around a pretty, shining fly with greater subtlety or skill.

Seconding the natural indolence of his wife, he so managed it, that, what with seeing to her mistress's shawls and fans when she rode, holding the parasol over her head when she walked, Ursula was never free from the spell of his evil presence.

Indoors, the poor child could not raise her head from her work without encountering those brilliant eyes. Sometimes the gaze was pensively tender, again sadly beseeching, as if the fatally handsome face would complain in its mute expressiveness: "See how I suffer! If I am miserable it is because of you!"

In the middle of August Mrs. L'Inconnu sent Ursula down to town for a day's shopping.

Some hours after her departure the Doctor came into his lady's boudoir crushing a paper in his hand.

A telegram from Dr. Blank, he said. A patient at West End, a prominent merchant, was sick unto death, and his presence in the city was required at a consultation.

"And there is an end to our nice little dinner, *al fresco* (for, of course, I shall not get back to-night), and our moonlight sail on the lake. To leave this cool, shady castle, for the hot, dusty town—it is a plunge from heaven into the Inferno. Confound the man! If he takes a pleasure in making his last will and testament in such broiling weather as this, he ought to have some mercy on the doctors!"

And with a "Farewell, Paradise!"

that made his wife's dark face glow with pleasure, the arch-deceiver was off for the train.

Ursula was in the town-house, in the deserted dressing-room, arranging her purchases in a little satchel. With her face in repose and the white lids lowered, one could see how thin and careworn the lovely contour had grown. There was a sad droop in the red lips and little anxious lines between her brows.

She started and let slip the delicate lace she was folding, when a voice beside her said softly:

"Little 'Sula!"

There was but *one* who ever thus abbreviated her quaint name. The mellow voice was only too familiar. Her master himself stood there. The blood rushed to her heart. In her painful embarrassment she caught at the dressing-table to save herself from falling. He wilfully misinterpreted her emotion.

"Is the sight of me then so offensive to you?" he said reproachfully.

"I am ill," she stammered, and made an effort to pass him, intending, poor child, to quit the presence that so unnerved her.

But he detained her gently, respectfully.

"You *are* ill," he said. "You need rest, recreation. That is the reason I followed you from Walnut Hills. Mrs. L'Inconnu and I have talked the matter over, marking how pale and thin you have grown of late. You are so dear to her, she has charged me to say you need not hurry yourself to return."

This was all as false as the man's false heart. Ursula wondered while she listened.

"You are to send this" (and he touched the satchel), "back by express; to-morrow morning will do. And then you must cast all care from your mind, relax thoroughly. And we will see if a few days' perfect rest will not restore our little maid's lost roses."

He stood a few paces from her, his arms folded, and his elegant head drooping as with a secret sorrow.

"Darling little 'Sula, why are you unhappy?"

His gaze was so sad, so searching, the poor girl burst into tears.

He began to talk soothingly, in a dreamy voice, as though communing with himself; weaving about her, all the while, one of those devilish sophisms with which the prince of this world is now ensnaring the sons and daughters of men.

"Love is an emotion beyond the control of the will," he said gently. "It was not made to be curbed or trammelled by creed or ceremony. It was not meant, like the genii of the fairy tale, to be the slave of a ring and a cabalistic word. Love is free, broad, limitless as the air we breathe. A marriage without love is a body without life."

Here he grew vehement.

"And I am chained to this corpse! O, Ursula, pity me!"

The girl was sobbing violently.

"Let me go," she pleaded.

"There is no need for you to go," he said with the sad reproach again in his voice; "in a moment I will relieve you of my presence. I am going to the club-house for the night. But it is hard to bear. You refuse to confide in me, your best friend. I see you fading away, like a broken flower, before my eyes, and you will not let me help you. 'Sula! before you drive me from you, despairing and desolate, will you not say one word to cheer the loneliness of my sleepless night?"

"What would you ask of me?" she questioned in a strange, unnatural voice.

His face underwent a curious change. The pupils of his eyes dilated, a faint smile of triumph trembled about his lips.

"Meet me in the East Park to-morrow morning between ten and eleven. I will bring the little *coupé* with me. We can begin your holi-

day with a ride to a pleasant old country inn I know of (a secluded spot, as pretty as a picture); and on the road I will explain to you more fully these beautiful theories which will make both our future lives so much the happier. Will you promise to go?"

"I cannot!" She groaned as if tortured.

He turned a little aside. He leaned his folded arms upon the mantel-shelf, and bowed his handsome head upon them. She could not see his face, but from the tremor of his shoulders she suspected he was weeping.

The last barrier broke down. The tears on her cheeks were like thunder drops.

"I will promise," she cried aloud; and then fled from him, up flight after flight of winding stairs to her own little empty room.

She locked the door and fell upon her knees. There, by her bed, was her own little private shrine with its statue of the Blessed Mother, and its little hoard of pious books. But the dust lay thick upon everything; and she dared not turn her eyes upon the crucifix where her True Lover hung in His agony, the wounds whereby He had ransomed her, open and bloody, in hands and feet and side.

All night long she sobbed and prayed in broken words: "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner! Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" And when the morning star shone in at her window, silver amid the rose-tints of the coming dawn, she remembered dimly the fair Morning Star that preceded the advent of the Sun of Justice, and added to her petition:

"Refuge of sinners! pray for me!"

She did not notice that the church bells rang gladly over the city long after the chimes of the early Angelus had ceased.

Later in the morning, when she tied on her hat and hurried through the sultry streets to the express of-

fice, she was too absorbed to notice the people passing her with prayer-books in their hands. Too absorbed to notice that they glanced from time to time at the sky, which had changed, and was lowering darkly with the promise of a coming storm.

Her purchases expressed to Walnut Hills, she was leaving the office, like one walking in her sleep, when a blinding flash of lightning, followed instantaneously by a terrific thunder-clap, aroused her from her troubled thoughts. She was still many blocks from the East Park, and the rain was descending in torrents.

A church door stood open before her. A crowd of worshippers were hurrying towards it. She followed them mechanically. A sudden recollection made her stop in the vestibule, and cross herself with holy water. A young Sister of Charity, with a sweet peaceful face, was leading in a group of little orphans. Ursula laid her trembling hand upon the Sister's arm.

"What day is this?" she asked in a smothered voice.

"The feast of the Assumption of our Blessed Lady," replied the Sister's tranquil tones.

The unhappy girl slipped past her with a groan; and in an obscure corner of the Church threw herself prostrate on the ground. Her forehead touched the floor. She wept passionately, and made again and again her two broken petitions.

"Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner! Refuge of sinners, pray for me!"

The interior of the church was dim with the summer storm; but the altar lights shone bravely.

Between the bursts of thunder which followed each other in quick succession (as though the celestial city were being bombarded), there swept a solemn wave of harmony flooding the sacred spot. It was the organ softly preluding in the loft overhead.

It might seem in white and gold

came into the sanctuary with his troop of acolytes. The Mass began.

Sweet, well-trained voices sang the pathetic "*Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison!*" which soothed the heart of the agitated girl, like the lullaby of a tender mother hushing a frightened child.

It was, indeed, the pleading voice of the tenderest of mothers, the grand, the venerable, the large-hearted Mother Church, standing between the eternal Father and His erring daughter, and beseeching Him to have mercy and to spare.

Spare, O Lord! spare thy people, and be not angry with us forever!

If Ursula's tears still fell fast and thick, they had ceased to be bitter, burning ones.

It all came back to her like a blessed dream, or rather like a thrice blessed reality, lost in the later troubles of her darkened days.

Her mother on one side of her, her father on the other, and all three kneeling in the little chapel at home, hearing the Mass of our Blessed Lady's feast. Fresh from the holy tribunal of penance, they were making ready their hearts in humble, earnest prayer, for the visit of the Sacramental Guest. The world and its pomps and pleasures, its follies and its crimes, were nothing to them, for heaven was in their pure and simple souls.

As the summer wind blew damp through the open windows, she could almost fancy it heavy with the salt breath of the sea washing, far away, the rocks around the dear old island chapel.

On through the *Gloria* and the *Collects* she wept softly, thinking of her faithful dead. But at the Gospel she grew singularly calm; and the sermon that followed was to her (in God's great mercy), what no other sermon had ever been before.

It was on the text of the day.

"But one thing is necessary. *Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her.*"

Mary, the model of penitents, sitting at the feet of Jesus and hearing His loving defence, His royal acceptance of her silent worship.

If Ursula Desmond had been that day the only occupant of the large church, and the Jesuit, who preached, had read the open book of her heart, even as the searching eye of her Maker was then and there reading it, the sermon could not have been more peculiarly applicable to her alone.

It was as though some great, invincible Hand caught up her poor, trembling, tempted soul, and stripping it of the flesh and of the illusions of the senses, set it face to face with its Creator. The vapors of earthly passion rolled away. The end of her creation, like a bright star, shone full upon her, and her humble, contrite heart was plunged, buried, lost in the sweet, strong, sovereign ocean of the will of God.

When the preacher went down from his pulpit, and laid aside his stole in the sacristy, he said to his brother priest:

"I don't know what came over me just now. I have done this morning what I never did before—prepared one sermon and preached another. Instead of talking, as I meant to do, of the glory of Mary, the queen of angels, my notes all went out of my head, and I could speak of nothing save the mercy of Mary, the refuge of sinners."

But Ursula's guardian angel knew the reason why. The Mass was over, and a soul was saved from perdition. Quitting the church the young girl hailed a passing coach, and shutting herself into it, came straight out to this secluded refuge.

The East Park was on the way, and when she passed it, Ursula saw the *coupé* waiting under the trees, and Dr. L'Inconnu pacing leisurely up and down the wet gravel-path, with a keen eye for every chance pedestrian.

She drew closer her veil, and

shrank back into the coach; while the terror, nay, loathing, that filled her heart, told her the fatal spell of that man's enchantment was broken forever. May the good God be praised for all His mercies!

"Amen," said I; and Mère Marie paused and crossed herself devoutly.

"From the first interview I had with her," she continued, "I felt assured that Ursula Desmond would never leave us more. The ravens might go out, one by one, in their turn, to feed on the decaying carrion; but for this poor little frightened dove there was no home on the wide, troubled waters, no spot on which to rest her foot, save in the blessed ark of religion.

And her conversion was as complete as it was sudden. She went to God with her whole heart. Her gratitude for her miraculous rescue was so profound, so absorbing, she never once looked back to the burning city of destruction from which she had esaped.

For a time her place was in the children's protectory, where she edified us all by her fidelity, her generosity, her wonderful humility. But so marked was her vocation to the Magdalens (which, as you know, is a separate branch of our institute for such of the reformed penitents as feel a call to devote themselves, under a religious rule, to lives of cloistered austerity), so marked, I say, was Ursula's vocation to this life of penance, that the usual period of probation was shortened in her regard, and she entered the novitiate of the Magdalens six months after she came to us.

The day of her reception I was called to the parlor to see a strange visitor. It was a lady of stately and imposing presence. A tall lady, whose face was invisible. She wore her veil down, and it was so thick I could not discern a single feature. The elegance of her dress, her jewels, her velvet mantle, her costly furs, all seemed to indicate wealth; but under the roof of the Good Shepherd

we have learned to attach but little importance to these things. The vanities of dress and fashion, the greed for purple and fine linen, send us, unfortunately, too many of our inmates.

I waited for this veiled lady to speak. When she did so, it was with a strong foreign accent. "You have here a reformatory for women?" she questioned.

"We have here a home for the lost children of the good God," I replied.

She laughed a little scornful laugh. "Lost children of the good God! *Madre di Dio!* what a comedy! Are they not rather the lost children of the good Lucifer, whom their father will not fail to find?" Then with a sudden, abrupt severity: "Tell me, is Ursula Desmond one of these dear lost children?"

It is a rule of ours when a penitent once crosses the threshold of our house, and puts on its uniform, to give to her a new name; so that the old name and the old life may alike be cast off and forgotten together. That day the identity of Ursula Desmond was doubly lost in Sister Magdalen of the Holy Cross. I said therefore to my strange guest, "Ursula Desmond no longer exists."

She brought her hands together with a passionate vehemence. "*Altro!* is she then *dead?*"

"Dead to the world and to herself," I answered. "She has taken to-day the holy habit of religion."

"Ha! she is then still living under this roof?" cried the veiled lady with a fierce sort of joy in her voice.

"Why do you ask?"

A sudden calm came over her. She seemed to grow still and statue-like, even to the very tips of her quick-moving fingers, as she answered in slow, passionless tones: "Because, my good sister, I wish to follow her example."

I was really surprised at the reply. I hastened to assure myself that I was not mistaken. "Do I under-

stand you aright? You wish, madam, to become an inmate of our house?"

"With your permission, my good sister, yes. I wish to reform; is not that the proper word? Ah! yes, reform! I am a sinner—a sinner—a sinner—a lost and deserted woman! I come out of a wicked world to follow—Ursula Desmond!"

The slow even tones in which she began the sentence, ended in a burst of hissing defiance, impossible to describe. It was as though she ground each word bitterly between her teeth, and then spat it, with scorn, in my face. But we are used to the ways of desperate women, and we know what a tumult of despair the devil raises when he sees his prey escaping him.

I led her quietly into the children's wardrobe, and presented her with the uniform.

"You must lay aside the dress you wear," I said to her, "and put this on instead."

She thrust it from her with both hands, and it fell upon the floor. She set her foot upon it proudly.

"Never will I so degrade myself! Am I a convict or a maniac, that I should put on such vile attire? I will wear my own dress and no other."

I reasoned with her, I pleaded with her, for her soul's sake, to submit to this trifling humiliation.

Finally, all gentler arguments failing me, I told her she could not remain in the House unless she wore the uniform.

On the instant she yielded. Her sudden submission amazed me. It was the same singular change from fire to ice that I had witnessed in the parlor.

She quietly picked up the despised dress, and began to loosen the cords of her mantle.

As she dropped the mass of velvet from her shoulders, there came to light so rich a dress of satin, so royal a necklace of diamonds, together with laces that were worth a fortune,

that I did not wonder at her repugnance to a muslin cap and a coarse serge gown.

But she still kept down her veil.

Thinking it a whim, which, like the other, would be mastered in the end, I said nothing, but assisted her in her silent toilette. She deliberately took off her bracelets and her jewels, and laid aside her elegant collar. Then she hesitated, shaking from head to foot, as with an ague. A sudden faintness seemed to seize her, and she fell heavily into a chair.

I tried to take off her veil, but she resisted mutely. To relieve her, to give her air, I began to unfasten the buttons of her bodice, but her strength seemed to come back to her in a second. She thrust me away—she sprang to her feet—she turned her back abruptly upon me. But not before I had caught a glimpse of something that froze the blood in my veins. *It was the jewelled hilt of a dagger hidden in her bosom!*

I walked quietly to the door, and called in the portress. She was the strongest Sister in the house. A Belgian woman, with the muscle of a man, who did not know what fear meant.

I turned the lock on the door, and put the key in my pocket.

"Now," said I to my veiled lady, "be pleased to hand me out that knife!"

It was fearful to see her desperation. She was like a caged and goaded tigress.

First she resisted fiercely, and poured forth a torrent of Italian invective; stormed up and down the room, threatened us, and beat with her hands upon the heavy door.

Finding it secured, in a sudden awful way she took her life into her hands, and, like a maniac, would have stabbed herself on the spot if Sister Portress had not closed with her, and wrenched the weapon from her grasp. And a tough struggle

our good Sister had of it, the woman was so strong.

Striving to free herself, she tore off her veil at last, and stood panting, with white lips, before us. A dark, handsome face, with the large eyes full of a burning despair.

"Look on me," she gasped, "and learn the motive that has driven me hither. Revenge! I am Mrs. L'Inconnu, and I came to murder Ursula Desmond!"

I could not speak for surprise.

"Give me back the knife," she cried, "and let me plunge it in the traitorous breast of the *gettatrice!* She has stolen from me the affections of my husband. She has so wound herself about his heart that he swears he cannot live without her. He neither eats nor sleeps, searching the wide city for her. And to-day his lawyer came to me with a divorce. The husband I worshipped has deserted me forever. I am a despised and broken-hearted woman!"

With a wail of agony pitiful to hear, she fell prone at my feet. And stooping, I gathered her to my bosom, and laid my hand upon the throbbing veins of her suffering head, and spake to her the words with which the good God inspired me.

When she grew suddenly quiet and cold in my arms, the Sister Portress said,

"She has fainted."

And so we carried her across the passage, and put her in the infirmary. Over that threshold living she was to go forth no more. The measure of her years was running out; only ten little days and nights remained to her.

It was a cerebral fever, and the hot delirium never left her till the whiteness of death began to settle on her face.

But oh, my child, how beautiful was that death at last!

Our dear Lord granted her a great grace, and I cannot help thinking it

came to her through Ursula Desmond's prayers.

Night and day the poor young novice knelt before the Tabernacle, begging for this sign of her own forgiveness,—the conversion of her mistress, and the crowning mercy of a holy death.

And when it came to pass that the dying woman (conscious before her agony), craved the last sacraments with humble fervor; when she forgot her broken earthly idol, and turned to her Eternal Love with all the burning desire of her great Italian heart—then at her bedside knelt the happy Ursula, and felt her mistress's cold hand upon her head, and heard the music of those tender words, long prayed for, never to be forgotten,

"May our merciful God forgive *me, poverina*, even as I forgive thee, from the depths of my soul!"

This was the story of Mère Marie, and here you have the postscript of her letter, laid upon my desk this stormy Christmas Eve:

"Of your sweet charity pray for the soul of Sister Magdalen of the Holy Cross, who went to God on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. She received holy communion that day, with the rest, at the early mass, and seemed stronger and brighter than usual. But an hour after, we found her kneeling at the foot of the great crucifix in the cemetery, her head bowed upon its base, and her arm thrown lovingly across the grave of her dead mistress. When we lifted up her face, it was white as the new-fallen snow around it, but it wore a smile of ineffable beauty.

"She was dead."

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MARKS OF THE CHURCH.

THE Church is holy in its origin, which is no other than God, through Jesus Christ; in its object, which is the sanctification of men; in its means of sanctification, which are truth and grace; in its interior life, which is Christ and the Holy Ghost; in its effects in so many of its members, which effects are always in proportion to their participation in the interior life of the Church. The Church is holy, because, although it requires all creatures to be subject to God, it does not deprive them of their own activity, but requires their co-operation with God, according to their powers. It recognizes man as a free agent; exacts holiness of thoughts, the development of these thoughts in life, true love of God and of our neighbor, mortification of our passions, sacrifice of self; and for this end it works in and with man.

When we attribute to the Church the character of holiness, we do not thereby assert the absence or exclusion from it of all that are not holy. Our Lord himself compares his Church to a field, in which good and evil fruit grow together; to a barn-floor, on which there is good grain and straw, which is to be consumed by fire; to a net, which has inclosed good and bad fish; to a marriage feast, of which the unworthy partake with the worthy. In the Church, as described by sacred Scripture, there are good and evil servants; the wise and foolish virgins; sheep and goats. In it the sinner is to remain, and is not to be excluded until after repeated exhortations he show himself obstinate in his opposition to its authority (Matt. 18). Did not our Lord teach his disciples, and the faithful, to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses?" Did he not institute

the sacrament of penance for sinners who are members of his Church? Our Lord never declared that the holy alone formed his Church, and that all sinners were excluded from it. The same may be said of the Apostles. Many exhortations of St. Paul, and of the other Apostles, are addressed to sinners in the Church. In the Church there are vessels of gold and of meaner materials (2 Tim. 11). Ananias and Sapphira were in the Church, as also was the incestuous Corinthian. Are we not, according to St. James, to confess our sins one to another; and is not the sick man, who is anointed by the priests, to obtain pardon of his sins?

That sinners do not cease to be members of the Church is declared generally by the Fathers in agreement with St. Augustine, whose words will be sufficient for our present purpose. "Let the Church remember (says Augustine), that in her very enemies are concealed her future citizens; nor let her think it a fruitless labor to endure their hate until she hear their confession, or she hath also, as long as she is in the pilgrimage of this world, some that are partakers of the same sacraments with her, that shall not be partakers of the saints' glories with her, who are partly known and partly unknown. . . . But we have the less reason to despair of the reformation of some of these, as we have amongst our more open adversaries, those who, unconscious of it, are our predestined friends." "The wine-presses then signify that not only the wine, but husks of grapes, are subjected under feet; not only sheep and oxen, that is the holy souls of the faithful, whether amongst the laity or in the ministry, but moreover beasts of sensuality, and birds of pride, and fishes of curiosity, all of which kinds of sinners we see now commingled in the Church with the good and holy. . . . If we are good in the Church of Christ, we are the wheat; if we are bad in the Church of Christ, we

are the chaff, yet we depart not from the threshing-floor." Civ. Dei, Ps. 8.

The Fathers compare the Church to the ark, in which there were with Noe and his sons many clean and unclean animals; so that men are not to remain out of the Church, much less are they to abandon it, because they may find sinners therein; they are not to charge the Church with the crimes of these wicked members. The Church does not connive at their wickedness by keeping them amongst its children, but wishes only to convert them from their iniquity. But it is a truth that the number and enormity of the sins of the members of the Church have been designedly exaggerated by its enemies, and it is certain that exclusion from the ark of salvation of all who may not be holy, would prove dangerous. "We wished (says St. Augustine), if it were possible, that nothing bad should remain amongst the good; but it was said to us: Allow it to grow until the harvest. Wherefore? Because you are such as may be deceived. Listen still further; lest, perhaps, whilst you wish to root up the cockle, you root up also the wheat with it. What good are you doing? Will you not destroy my harvest by your much laboring? Let the reapers come, and he has made it plain who the reapers are: the angels are the reapers. We are men; the angels are the reapers. We too, indeed, if we shall have perfected our course, shall be equal to God's angels; but now, when we affect indignation against the wicked we are yet men; and it behooveth us now to hear this only: 'Wherefore let him who thinketh to stand, take heed lest he fall.'" Sermon 73.

The Church has to overcome fallen nature in its individual members, and the world, which is even more and more opposed to it. To receive within itself that which is not holy, and to confirm in its principles that which it has received, is the object of the Church through all time. To

expect to see this sacred institution without sinful members, would be to require that the work of redemption should cease, that time should discontinue its course, and that the final judgment should arrive. The Church is holy in its origin, in its principles, in its object, and in its means of sanctification ; but the application of these means is not always holy in its effects. "God alone is perfection, and the Son of God alone is perfect ; all the rest of us are but half perfect." Optat. Mil. Should we be told of the vices of some of the chiefs of the Church, we shall at once think of Judas, and still remember that the grace and truth of Christ are necessarily independent of the personal character of those who dispense them, because they are the grace and truth of the Lord, and have been given for the good of mankind, and because the grace by which we are sanctified is not the gift of man, but the gift of God, who dispenses it to us through men. That sinners who are in the Church do not destroy its sanctity, and that the unholy lives of those who dispense the sacraments do not affect their validity and power, has been acknowledged by heretics whenever they paused in their labor of vituperation.

The adversaries of the spouse of Christ endeavor to disguise their unholy condition, by diverting attention from sanctity as an essential mark of the Church. Hence it is stated in the nineteenth article of Elizabethan establishment, called "The Church of England, by law established :—" "The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same." Those who make the marks of the Church to be the true preaching of the word of God, and the true administration of the sacraments, **make that, which is in itself unknown,**

to be the sign of that which is known. Now it is evident that the sign, the mark of a thing, must be something more clear than the thing signed to which it belongs, and which it is to make known to us. This is an inversion of the natural order of things, for, the Church was instituted for this very purpose, that we might be instructed in the true doctrine of Christ, and be made partakers of the true sacraments, and that we might be certain that we were being instructed in the true doctrine, and that we partook of the true sacraments. Through the visible Christ we come to the word ; we seek a man by his body, not by his soul, for we know that where that is, this must be. We discover the interior, and that which is beyond our senses, by the exterior, and by that which is within reach of our senses. That amongst the marks of the Church, unity and catholicity, as they are more comprehensible than sanctity, possess a higher respective dignity, as marks by which the Church is made known, will be readily granted. But on the other hand, the absence of a holy perfection of life, and the entire renunciation of the higher degrees of perfection—the Evangelical counsels, of virginity and voluntary poverty—by which a more severe adherence to Christ is made known ; further, the declaration of principles which teach that free will is nothing, and that all so-called good works are evil, is a sufficient condemnation of many establishments that claim divine institution.

Therefore, that institution, the origin of which is in the highest antiquity, which has been preserved in a continuity of succession, from the earliest ages down to the present day, namely, the Catholic Church, is the true Church ; for it has all the qualities, all the marks which have been developed in the evidences of religion ; for as it has always continued in a state of coherence, it is, in its development, only a continuance

and progress of one and the same Church; otherwise, the Church of Christ would be without duration, without progress in time, which would destroy its catholicity. It is self-evident that a development of the Church, of Christianity, of the dogmas which it contains, a development from within to without, does not destroy the unity of the Church, but only shows its vitality, that it demonstrates its self-coherence and non-inanimation, its durability and non-rigidity. This is the Church, which, in the times of persecution, possessed such immense numbers of martyrs and confessors, which God has always distinguished by miracles, and in which he still listens in the most extraordinary manner to the prayers of the faithful.

Therefore no modern association is the Church, for these have not the qualities which are found to exist necessarily in the Church of Christ, because they are not in relation of succession and continuity with the

ancient Church; the condition of the preservation and handing down of the properties of the first Church does not exist in them; because, moreover, as they form no union with the first Church, neither do they in and with themselves. In their teaching, they are in constant change, or rather in a constant exhibition and adoption of the negative principle. Amongst them there is no objective, permanent faith, to which all must subject themselves, but each one believes whatever he can, according to his own private understanding and feelings; or whatever he pleases, according to his subjective predilections. That no modern so-called Church will acknowledge its recent origin, we can easily understand; and we can understand still more easily, that an establishment which knows no connection with the foundation of Christ, is a novelty, a mockery, and a silly mimicry in all its claims and pretensions.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF REBOUL.

I.

ABOVE a little cradle leans
An angel full of radiant grace,
And there, as in a crystal stream,
Beholds his own reflected face.

II.

"Oh, come with me, fair child!" he says,
"Sweet babe! so like to me thou art,
The earth unworthy is of thee—
Come share my bliss; with me depart!"

III.

And so the holy angel takes
His flight, with silver pinions spread:
The while he seeks the courts of light,—
Poor mother! see, your child is dead!

TO WHOM WE ARE INDEBTED FOR THE PRESERVATION OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.

THE recent robbing of convents and religious houses, by the Italian government, of the literary treasures which they had accumulated and carefully preserved in their libraries, is only an instance of what has often transpired in past times. To the Church the world owes whatever knowledge it now has, not only of mediæval, but also of ancient literature. It was by her efforts and care, and mainly through her religious orders, that the writings of Roman and Grecian authors that have come down to us, were rescued from destruction. The same remark holds good in regard to the writings of the Christian apologists and doctors of the first ages of the Church and those of the middle ages.

Few persons are aware of the full extent and power of the hostile agencies that, from time to time, actively conspired to destroy the results of human thought.

"Ancient Roman libraries," remarked a learned writer, "fell with the Roman empire itself; the same ruthless barbarians compassed the destruction of both. The fierce Northmen, who overran Europe in the fifth and sixth centuries, destroyed libraries with the temples or churches to which they were attached, and the monasteries in which they were contained. What cared the steel-clad and steel-hearted warrior of the North for the appliances of ancient Roman literature? What use could he find for those rare and precious volumes? Perhaps he fancied the cover of the book, if it were chased in gold or silver, or bedecked with jewels and pearls; but the work itself was for him a sealed treasure. To possess himself of the casket, he recklessly destroyed its precious contents."

The Saracens, and also the Icono-

clasts of the East, conspired with the fierce Northmen of the West for the destruction of ancient books. Every one knows of the famous order of the Caliph Omar in regard to the splendid library of Alexandria. How more than five hundred thousand volumes were sacrificed to the insatiable Moloch of Moham-medanism; and how the baths of Alexandria were warmed for months with the fuel of those books, which contained the accumulated treasures of the past. This one wanton act of fanatical destruction has perhaps wholly deprived the world of hundreds of ancient works of priceless value.

The Iconoclasts of the East in the eighth century, under the pretence of zeal for religion, destroyed vast collections, not only of valuable paintings and sculptures, but also of books. To furnish one instance out of many which might be alleged, that illiterate tyrant, Leo, the Isaurian, ordered fifty thousand books to be destroyed in Constantinople, under the specious pretext that they fostered superstition! A popular insurrection completed the destruction of the large collection of books which the early Greek emperors had accumulated in the imperial city of Constantine.

Thus Goth, Vandal, Iconoclast, and Saracen all conspired for the destruction of ancient libraries, and it was not surely their fault if any vestige of them was suffered to remain. Can we wonder that with all these untoward circumstances combined, together with the universal disorders, which rendered literary pursuits almost impossible, many works of the ancients should have perished? Should we not rather be surprised that any portion of them should have been preserved?

We know of no means by which to account for this preservation, except that of the Christian Church, which grew up amid the ruins of the old Roman empire, and which undertook the guardianship of what still remained of the old Roman and Greek learning. The Church is the only connecting link between ancient and modern literature and civilization. But for her agency—and she was sustained by a divine power, while everything human was crumbling around her—it is not possible to conceive how any vestige of classical learning could have survived to the present day. Learning was on the eve of perishing from the face of the earth; civilization was about to be swallowed up by one universal deluge of barbarism; the Church alone survived the universal wreck, and she alone, by her powerful influences, stemmed the rushing torrent, and prevented the torch of learning from being utterly and hopelessly extinguished. “She gathered up with eager solicitude the miserable remnants of the books which still remained, carefully copied and multiplied them, added to them her own treasures of ecclesiastical writings, and placed the new Christian libraries, for greater safety, under the protection of her own priesthood and the shadow of her sacred temples.”

The art of printing, it must be remembered, was then unknown, and the work of reproducing and multiplying books by copying them in manuscript was tedious and laborious, requiring time and patience, extreme care, and great skill in the use of the pen.

The ancient monasteries did more to remedy this difficulty than all other agencies combined. All of the monastic orders employed some of those who were subject to their rule as copyists. St. Jerome strongly recommended this occupation to the Eastern cenobites—a name given to those who had all things in common.

The monks of St. Martin of Tours had no other manual occupation. In the sixth century St. Ferreol laid down the rule: “Let him paint the page with the hand, who does not cultivate the earth with the plough.” Cassiodorus calls this work of copying “A godlike occupation, multiplying celestial words, speaking to the absent, wounding Satan.”

“The Benedictines were engaged from the very infancy of their order, in the first part of the sixth century, in tilling the soil and in transcribing manuscripts.” Every monastery had a hall (called scriptorium) specially set apart for copying books. The learned Alcuin in the beginning of the ninth century enjoins the strictest silence on the part of those engaged in copying, “in order to avoid dissipation of the mind, which, during so noble an occupation, should be centred on God.” The larger monasteries had at least twelve copyists constantly employed. These monks were not blind copyists. They were often men of great learning, as for example Dunstan, Alcuin, and others. They carefully collated and corrected the manuscripts they transcribed. Thus as early as the sixth century one of the oldest monks of the monasteries of Mesmin, near Orleans, in France, was employed in arranging and collating the books of the monastic library, and the learned Alcuin, to whom reference has already been made, collated the different manuscripts of the Bible, and presented to Charlemagne a complete, corrected copy of the Sacred Scriptures.

The Church also encouraged the establishment of libraries as soon as, by the means above mentioned, books began again to exist.

The Vatican Library was established in the sixth century. Early in the middle ages it acquired the fame which it retains to this day. The literary antiquary, in search of ancient manuscripts and books, must still search its shelves. There were other libraries in Rome at this time.

For St. Gregory the Great wrote about the year 600, in reply to an application for a certain book, "that it was not to be found either in the 'Archium of the Roman Church' (by which name the library was sometimes called) or in the other collections of the city."

It may not be amiss to add, as indicative of the estimation in which books were then held, that a library was frequently called "*armorium*" (armory), signifying that there were carefully kept the weapons with which persons might equip themselves for contending with the enemies of truth. The care which the monks of those ages were required to take of their books, shows the high value placed upon them. Thus at Citeaux, a reader was not allowed to leave the book he was studying one moment alone. He must either replace it in the "*armory*," or else put it under the special charge of some one. St. Isadore enjoined that the books be returned every evening to the library. The rule of the great Chartreuse monastery directs, that "books be most cautiously and diligently kept as the food of our souls."

A copy of the Sacred Scriptures in many monasteries was kept chained to a pillar, just as now, in many counting-rooms, a copy of the "City Directory" is chained to the desk, in order that no one may carry it away, or mislay it, and that all may know where it may be found whenever they desire to use it. This circumstance has given rise to the absurd slander of anti-Catholic writers about the Church "chaining" the Bible to prevent its being read.

The bishops of the middle ages were zealous in the gathering of books, and the establishment of libraries, in connection with all the principal cathedral churches. Their zeal was almost incredible. Wherever an episcopal see was established, there was also established a library and a school. They engaged in negotiations and sent out embassies after

books; and themselves made long and painful journeys to obtain them, and employed large numbers of persons in copying them. "Thus St. Bennet Biscop, after he founded the abbey of Weremouth, in England, A.D. 676, traversed Europe no less than five times, in order to collect books for the library, which he connected with this monastery."

The monks did more perhaps than any other class of men to preserve and multiply books and establish libraries. Their whole lives were often employed in copying books. The amount of literary labor achieved in a single monastery and in the course of a few years was immense. Thus John Wethampstead, Abbot of St. Albans, caused eighty different books to be transcribed; and copies of fifty-eight other works were made under the care of the Abbot of Glastonbury. The English (Protestant) Bishop Tanner, in a work upon "English Monasteries," says: "In every great abbey there was usually a large hall (called the scriptorium), where a number of writers made it their whole business to transcribe books for the use of the library. They sometimes, indeed, wrote the 'Ledger' books of the house, and the 'Missals' and other books used in divine service; *but they were frequently engaged upon other works, the Fathers, Classics, Histories, etc.*"

Mallet, the Protestant historian of Switzerland, makes similar statements as to the monks of that region. The work of multiplying valuable literary works went on without cessation, day by day, and year after year. When one generation passed away, another succeeded to the same labor. The result necessarily was the accumulation of large libraries in all the principal monasteries, and these were scattered over all Europe.

The monks regarded their libraries as their greatest treasure. When their monasteries were in danger of being pillaged or destroyed, their first efforts were to save their books.

Thus in 833 the monastery of Fleury was destroyed, but the monks "succeeded in saving their greatest treasure, their books." When the monastery of Monte Cassino was assailed by the Lombards in 685, the monks, says their abbot, "had, through the favor of God, the preservation of their books vouchsafed to them." So when the monastery of St. Gall was attacked by the Madgars in the tenth century, the monks fled to the mountains, carrying with them nothing but their books. "As showing also the value attached by them to books, it was customary, in making a schedule of the effects of a monastery, to place the books immediately after the gold and silver."

The Abbot Rignier, in the eleventh century, at the end of a catalogue of books, exclaims: "This is the wealth of the cloister—these are the riches of the heavenly life." The favorite maxim of the monks during the middle ages was, "*Ignorance is everywhere the mother of vice.*" Their libraries comprised, as we learn from catalogues still extant, books of all ages and on almost every subject. Thus we find references in the correspondence of the abbot not only to the Church fathers and to the Scriptures, but also to the classic authors of Rome and Greece (showing that not only the Latin but also the Greek authors had to some extent been preserved in Western Europe), to Sallust, Cicero, Horace, Pliny, Quintilian, Virgil, Euclid, Demosthenes, Homer, etc.

Thus Drake says: "The monks of Monte Cassino (in Italy) were distinguished not only for their knowledge of the sciences, but for their attention to polite learning, and their acquaintance with the classics. Their learned abbot, Desiderius, collected the best Greek and Roman authors. The fraternity not only composed learned treatises on music, logic, astronomy, and the Vitruvian architecture, but likewise em-

ployed a portion of their time in transcribing Tacitus, etc., etc. This laudable example was, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, followed with great spirit and emulation by many English monasteries."

Sharon Turner, in his "English History," speaks in a similar manner of the English monasteries. Even Victor Hugo (infidel as he is) admits that the French monasteries sowed and nurtured the seeds of civilization and learning in France. And a writer in the *London Quarterly Review* (the last place where such language would be looked for) speaks thus: "The world has never been so much indebted to any other order of men as to the illustrious order of Benedictine monks. . . . Tinian and Juan Fernandez are not more beautiful spots on the ocean than Malmesbury, Lindisfarne, and Jarrow were in the ages of our heptarchy. A community of pious men devoted to literature, and to the useful arts, as well as to religion, seems like a green oasis amid the desert. Like stars on a moonless night, they shine upon us with a tranquil ray. If ever there was a man who could truly be called *venerable*, it was he to whom the appellation is constantly fixed, Bede, whose life was passed in instructing his own generation, and preparing records for posterity. In those days the Church offered the only asylum from the evils to which every country was exposed—amid continual wars, the Church enjoyed peace—it was regarded as a sacred realm by men, who, though they hated one another, believed in and feared the same God. . . . The wise, as well as the timid and gentle, fled to the *Goshen* of God, which enjoyed its own light and calm amid darkness and storms."

The great Liebnitz bears similar testimony. Adverting to the notion that religion was often opposed to the cultivation of literature, he says: "If that opinion had obtained

among the monks, we would have no erudition at the present day. For it is manifest that both books and letters have been preserved by the aid of the monasteries." He then refers, among others, to the monastery of Corbeia, "which," he says, "through its monks, excelling not less in learning than in piety, spread the light of the faith throughout the entire North of Europe." Ellendorf, another distinguished German, says: "Without the clergy, and chiefly without the monks, we would not have now the works of the fathers, nor of the classics." Voight, Hurter, Eichhorn, Heeren, Frederick and William Schlegel, and other eminent German writers, bear similar testimony. So also Michaud and Guizot among the French.

The latter, in his "History of Civilization," says: "Monasteries became, during this barbarous period, an asylum for the Church. . . . Pious men here took refuge, as, in the East, they had done before. . . . By their vows, the monks were obliged to poverty, to chastity, and obedience; their rules of discipline required them to devote their time to study and to labor with their hands. During the dark period from the sixth century to the ninth, the monks rendered great services to the cause of religion, letters, and civilization. By their industrious hands waste forests and barren lands were converted into rich and productive gardens; in the convents were preserved all the remains of ancient learning."

Among English Protestant writers, Macaulay, and also the illustrious Edmund Burke, speak in similar terms. The latter, in his "Abridgment of English History," declares that "the English monks during the middle ages rendered invaluable services to literature and civilization." His testimony is so conclusive and beautiful a tribute to the services which the religious of medi-

æval times rendered to civilization, that we give a fuller quotation than our immediate subject requires. He says: "Besides copying books and teaching the poor gratuitously in their schools, they instructed the people in agriculture, in the art of fishing, and in various other useful occupations. A desire for the people's welfare appeared in all their actions. When they received large donations of lands, they immediately baptized and manumitted their new vassals (the serfs who were attached to these lands). Thus baptism in their eyes broke the bonds of the slave, made him their brother, and restored him to freedom. By pursuing this enlightened course, the monks greatly contributed to the destruction of serfism, a species of domestic servitude which was a part of the older feudal system; and raised up the lower orders in the scale of society."

Even Hallam (one-sided and prejudiced as he is) testifies: "Christianity alone made a bridge, as it were, across the chaos, and has linked the two periods of ancient and modern civilization. . . . Without this connecting principle . . . the memory even of Greece and Rome would have been feebly preserved. . . . The sole hope of literature depended on the Latin language, and I do not see why that should not have been lost, if three circumstances in the prevailing religious system, all of which we are accustomed to disapprove, had not conspired to maintain it, the papal supremacy, the monastic institutions, and the use of a Latin liturgy. . . . Almost every distinguished man was either a member of a chapter or of a convent. The monasteries were subjected to strict rules of discipline, and held out . . . more opportunities for study than the secular clergy possessed, and fewer for worldly dissipations. But their most important service was as secure repositories for books. *All our manuscripts*

have been preserved in this manner, and could hardly have descended to us by any other channel."

But while the words of Hallam are true, that all the manuscripts now extant have been preserved through the agency of the mediæval monks, yet he, like too many other non-Catholic historians, under the influence of bigotry, endeavors to gloss over the fact that these, invaluable as they are to the antiquarian, the historian, the savant, the philosophic student, and statesman, and to the Christian theologian, form but a small part of the literary treasures which were accumulated in the monasteries, and give us but a faint idea of the industry and learning of the monks.

During the disorders arising out of the religious commotions and wars which followed the so-called Reformation, partisan passion, hatred of the true faith, fanaticism, and the spirit of unreasoning, malicious mischief, which latter is so often associated with bigotry and ignorance, combined to disperse and destroy these treasures.

In France, the Huguenots burned the famous library of St. Benedict *sur Loire*, with five thousand manuscript works. And this is only one of very many other libraries attached to the churches and monasteries which were destroyed in France during the civil wars. "In Germany, where the war of the peasants sent more than a hundred thousand of those poor deluded beings to the grave, more than twice that number of manuscripts were destroyed during that commotion; and the Thirty Years' War completed the work of destruction, and left Germany almost a dreary wilderness."

"The circumstances under which the extensive library at Munster was destroyed by the Anabaptists recur here to mind. Rothman, one of their leaders, incited them to its destruction by the same argument which the Caliph Omar used in jus-

tification of the destruction of the Alexandrian Library. Either those books are conformable to the Bible, or they are not. If conformable, they are useless; if not conformable, they are hurtful; therefore, in either case, the library should be destroyed;" and destroyed it accordingly was, and one of the most valuable collections in all Germany perished in the flames.

Luther, in one of his letters, illustrates the extent to which this wicked, fanatical spirit of destruction often carried persons, in his account of the effects of a sermon preached by him in the parish church at Erfurth on his way to the Diet at Worms. The people received him, he says, with open arms, and so powerful was his eloquence, according to his own account, that shortly after his departure they "made an attack upon the residence of the canons, and destroyed everything they met with, books, images, paintings, furniture, beds, the feathers of which fell like thick snow on the streets, and obscured for a moment the brightness of day."

It was in England, however, that this spirit of destruction was carried to the greatest extent. The destruction of the monasteries there invariably involved the destruction of the libraries attached to them. The Protestant historian, Tyrell, admits and laments over this. So also the Protestant Episcopal bishop, Tanner, in his work on the monasteries of England. The ironclad soldiers of Cromwell made short work of any remnants of mediæval literature that came in their way. Even the libraries of the two great universities of Oxford and Cambridge were destroyed at the instance of visitors sent thither by the crown. One of those representatives of royalty boasts that "he left the New College quadrangle all covered with the leaves of torn books;" but one single book of all that vast collection could be recovered; and in 1555 "the

University sold the very desks and shelves of its once splendid library."

The famous Bodleian Library contains but three of the many thousand works which once made up the invaluable collections of the different libraries attached to the colleges of those renowned universities. And those libraries, thus destroyed, contained, among other literary treasures, the ancient annals of England. As proof of this—apart from numerous others that might be adduced—William of Malmesbury and Florence of Worcester declare that they composed their histories almost entirely from monastic records.

It is easy, therefore, to understand how the remnant of manuscript books which has come down to us from the middle ages, important as it is, yet forms but a very small part of the literary treasures which were accumulated by patient labor and profound study during those times. But that remnant, which comprises whatever records of classic and of mediæval thought that are now extant, and which the truly learned regard as of priceless value, furnishes irrefutable proof of the high estimate the Church has always placed upon intellectual as well as spiritual culture.

THE TRUTH OF IT.

(CONCLUDED.)

V.

A FACE alone gave her welcome, as she entered the room; a face that shone out in that moment of supreme emotion, with a majesty of light never to be forgotten, no matter what the future might bring forth. For the hands lay bandaged and helpless before the reclining figure, and the feet were bound by chains of torture, more powerful than any of iron or steel. Ah! no voice could have spoken half so loudly to her heart, as the call which this helplessness sent forth! She answered it by coming to the breast that she knew to be a father's. It was silence then for awhile, that exquisite, indescribable silence, wherein God holds our best emotions, and veils the most precious moments of our lives; that silence, not of earth, but heaven; that uttermost impossibility of language, only fully understood by him who is omniscient. When, at length, its spell was

broken, they were fitting words that softly dropped down into the beautiful depths.

"Thank God! *my child!*"

She could not answer this first sound of the voice, for which she had so longed; it held heaven's music for her unaccustomed ear, and struck dumb her own, that, finding silence, it might speak again. And even in that moment, it struck her with a feeling impossible to be described, that he had given the first thought, the first words to God: it went to her heart more than the entrancing tenderness of what followed.

"Speak, my dearest," he said, after waiting a little while; "let me hear the voice that I have so often heard in dreams, but always—always, as a little baby's babbling my name."

"Father." The word overpowered her. She could say no more. But, to him, it was all—a world of finished language.

"A woman's voice," he said gently, and as if to himself, "coming from the tender depths of a woman's heart! And," in ecstasy, "this is mine! *my very own.*"

Now she found words, now she lifted her head from its beloved resting-place, and spoke, as she had come to speak.

"Yes, father," she said, all the earnestness of her soul shining from the eyes fixed upon his in a gaze of love; "your 'very own,' all the more intensely so, for your bitter separation from me in the past; all the more completely so, for the fact, that I am to be the atoner for my mother's fault; all the more unchangeably so, because you need me. Oh, my father!" and she knelt and kissed the poor, bandaged hands; "let me take the place of these; let my life take the place of my mother's; let my present blot out your woful past. This is what I came to say. Keep me with you."

"Oh, my God!" he said, in a voice that could not rise above a whisper from most overpowering agitation, "what miracle is this? But no; she does not understand, she does not know what she offers. Listen, dear; I could not let you do this."

"Why?" she asked, very calmly.

"The sacrifice would be too great; I am a poor man, and you have been brought up to luxury. Come to me often; allow yourself to be under my influence, and I will be satisfied."

"I will remain here at your feet," was her answer, "till you say you will keep me always, father. If you can bear poverty, so can I. I am willing to give up all for you."

"You have a lover, dear."

She bowed her head. One sweet and tender glance went back into the past, which had been beautiful to her. Then, O society! followed that moment of renunciation, whereof you were never to know the truth, and whereof you could never

understand the loftiness. The man who had made a study of the human heart, and whose skilful pen had painted all its wonderful phases with the touch of genius, sat watching her tenderly.

"Father," she said, in a moment, "my heart has now bidden him farewell."

"Oh, God," he prayed, "accept the sacrifice! Not for me, but for thee. Let this noble heart, which can so conquer itself for mere human love, find its way to thee by the conquest."

A simple thing now happened, but a thing which revealed most completely all that she could be to him. A twinge of pain distorted his face, and made him give a sudden twitch of the hand which was affected. She took it in hers with a gentle touch, which was soothing in itself, skilfully undid the bandage, applied a lotion which she saw lying on a table near, softly and loosely bandaged it again, and then proceeded to treat the other in the same manner. He laid back his weary head with the most delicious sense of relief; he watched her as one might watch an angel, did it appear visibly to minister to him, with a hungry and astonished, but withal charmed gaze; and finally, seeing her eyes fill with tears at sight of the swollen and distorted state of the wrist she was bathing, said, with his heart in his voice,

"Child, you have taken your place."

"And," she added through those tears of love, "no one shall take it from me now."

It was after this interview those farewells were spoken, of which society was so unconscious, and the veiling of which so completely hid the Truth of It.

VI.

MANY years had elapsed since the "incompatibility" farce had taken place, and all these years Justin

Maxwell, a man with heart eminently formed for domestic love, and mind eminently appreciative of domestic joys, had lived the isolated and comfortless life, the portion of any one who owns no place called home. At first, and, indeed, for years, he had kept away from the city where the tragedy of his life had taken place, but an uncontrollable yearning, not alone to see his child, but to attempt her rescue from wrong and falsehood, brought him back, and led to the steps which forms the key to the Truth of It. A week had scarcely passed from the time she came to him, when the whole aspect of his life changed. In the eyes of that wisest of criterions, society, Constance Houghton had been charming. But Constance Maxwell, hidden from its glare, and invested with that added charm to her womanhood, arising out of the holiness of her sacrifice, was transformed so that her presence in the humble room of the hitherto lonely man was like the very light. For all that was bitter in the sacrifice she shut up in her own heart, and the beautiful alone came forth. As the bare room soon became neat, nay, dainty, by the skilful touches of her fingers, so did his bare life soon become filled with beauty, by the marvellous touches of her love.

"My dear," he said one day, after watching her brighten the room, singing softly to herself as she did so, like one very happy at heart, "you are a miracle to me."

She turned to him with a smile like a little child's. "Of course father, and you spoil me accordingly."

"You do not understand me," was the answer. "I mean that it passes my comprehension how you could make this sacrifice, and keep to it as you are doing, considering the manner in which you were brought up. Where did you get the ideas which upheld you in your extraordinary act?"

"Do you know, father," she said, "it does not bear, to my view, the extraordinary aspect? As long as I can remember I have wished to be noble, and to uphold right and truth by my life. All the women of my mother's circle wish that, or, at least, they think they do."

"Which one of them," he asked, "would have applied the wish as you have done?"

"I cannot answer that," she said; "but about two years ago I read a book which I picked up by chance when travelling, and which, indeed, I read for want of something else, and that book changed all my ideas of life. I can never explain to you the force with which it took hold of my mind and compelled me to aspire to higher things. I think before I read it I would not have considered it so manifestly my duty to do as I have done now."

"And what was the book that had so great a power?"

"The title was, 'How she found her Place.' It depicted forcibly the struggles of a girl who aspired to a grand mission, her mistakes and heartaches, and her final finding of it in a very humble lot, where all was sacrifice, but all was peace. It was a Catholic story, but I was carried away by it, and anything you find in me savoring of the miraculous is due to it. The author's name was Philip Thomas, and I cannot conceive of a greater honor than to meet him face to face some day, and tell him of his power."

During this speech a light had come into his face that grew to a glory there, and something like the look that might be brought there by a glimpse of heaven, beamed from his eyes.

"This," he cried, in a tone of rapture, "this is fame!"

"Do you know him, father? Can you—" But his look stopped her. "Oh, father, can it be possible!—is it you?"

"Yes, dear; I am Philip Thomas,

and if I heard the book had done such good to the soul of one perfectly indifferent to me, I would have considered that sufficient fame for my work. Imagine, then, my ecstasy at this moment."

"And mine! Oh, what is there of sacrifice in becoming the intimate companion of the one with such genius!"

"Dear," and he smiled a quiet smile, "the sacrifice is all the same. The life is not more luxurious because Philip Thomas shares it with you, nor is the toil less trying because it is to take the place of that which belongs to these useless hands. Now tell me, are you quite satisfied that the theories in which you were brought up are all mistaken?"

"Not all, father. I hate divorce and free love, and always did as long as I can remember, but I like the breaking down of conventionalities for women, and their being placed intellectually on an equal footing with man. I could be a Catholic, only I know the Catholic Church gives us the inferior place in everything."

"And yet," he said, his whole face lighting up with enthusiasm, "the Catholic Church is the only sure haven for woman's purity, and the only true defender of woman's rights; the only tribunal which from the beginning has preserved the one, and through all attacks of the world, the flesh, and the devil, steadfastly defended the other!"

"I cannot understand how, father. I have never heard of any stand the Catholic Church has taken in the matter at all."

"That is because the stand was taken ages ago. The Church provided for the most sacred rights of women from the very beginning. It did not wait for the nineteenth century to come, leaving all that time so important a work undone. In erecting matrimony to the dignity of a sacrament, endowing it with the graces and privileges belonging

to one, making its obligations holy, referring its duties and responsibilities to a higher tribunal than any of this world, the Catholic Church built up for the preservation of woman's most sacred treasure a bulwark so powerful that all the powers of darkness assail it in vain. By it this state, which is the natural sphere of women, becomes a consecrated one; all the difficulties which arise amongst the projectors of divorce laws, free love license, etc., are controlled by the power of grace; all the so-called trammels are turned to duties; fidelity 'unto death' is the moving power of all. Love is sacred, is held to live beyond the grave, is divested of 'the earth, earthy.'"

"My dream of it!" cried the girl, involuntarily.

"The dream of all pure women, my child; a dream very different from those of our modern theorists and novel-writers. Talk of progress and reform! Why these would-be reformers go back to paganism itself for their theories of love and matrimony."

"And do you claim for the Catholic Church that she gives to women an intellectual equality with men?"

"Yes, and more; a field in which to exercise it not given anywhere else in the world, a field where the Master is the Lord, and the harvest all for him. I know of places where eloquent lips of women speak in polished language to eager and attentive audiences, moving hearts with a power not one of your 'platform queens' ever yet possessed, and holding spellbound minds of the first order. I know of places where fingers of women produce works of art far superior to those of many who are world-renowned. I know of genius in music, of the marvellous in poetry, of the perfect in science, all achieved by women. I know more; I know of women displaying rare administrative ability, governing, planning, and executing what

statesmen might admire. But, like all the belongings of our holy Church, these are works consecrated by religion, inspired and carried on by God, and so are far more perfect than any done from mere desire of earthly eminence or earthly recognition. Fame never reaches these consecrated intellects, but their ambition goes far beyond it."

"I have never heard of such extraordinary women in the Catholic Church," she said, in wonder. "Where are they to be found?"

"In almost any convent, my dear," he answered, smiling; "but I suppose you have been taught to consider convents stupid."

"Yes; and nuns an example of mistaken, distorted lives."

"Well, the most insignificant-looking nun you may meet going about on her errands of charity is, in all probability, a woman possessing more force of mind, and a more cultivated intellect, than any one of your female reformers. But her force of mind is exercised in contemning the world; in devoting all to God; in making of her talent a mere instrument to promote his glory; to bring to his service the souls of others; to prepare for his kingdom the young of her own sex. Ah! therein lies truly the lofty mission for women who do not find themselves fitted for the domestic sphere. The woman who, divesting herself of earthly ties, gives all to God, is the one who really elevates her sex, and frees it from ignoble bonds; and to such does the Catholic Church give the highest rank, placing them above all others."

"But, father, is it not a lonely life? Do they not curb all natural feeling, and stifle all sweet emotions?"

"By no means, dear. The tenderest hearts on earth are those actuated by charity; and that is the main motive of their lives. Simple as little children, and pure as angels, their feelings are intensified instead

of stifled. Their pity for the erring is divine; their kindness to the unfortunate limitless; what then must be their love for those to whom it is due by ties of kindred or friendship? Given in God and for him, it is only more true than that not so consecrated. But oh, how can I expect you to understand this; you, brought up amongst those into whose plans, and doctrines, and books, and lectures, God is never brought, unless, indeed, as a figure of rhetoric to embellish a period, or to illustrate a theory."

"Yet, father, I think I understand," she said humbly. "I *know* I can see the beauty and the loftiness of the life you describe, though it must hold much of sacrifice, too."

"God is an infinitely tender father, my dear," was the impressive reply; "and it holds no more of sacrifice than you have made for me, your poor earthly parent, who can never reward you; whereas, his reward is unfailling and immortal."

She was very quiet for a long time; after that, then, "Father Jerome said he baptized me, father," she said.

"Yes, my child."

"Then, to all intents and purposes, I am a Catholic."

"Exactly, though a rather unconscious one."

"I think, father," and she came over and kissed the still, helpless hands, a favorite way of showing her love, "I had better learn my religion. What do you say?"

"I say," he answered very solemnly, "thank God!"

VII.

"*On dit*, my dear," said Mrs. Grundy, some months afterwards, "that Constance Houghton never left town. She lives in a shabby place, and has become a Catholic. Her own mother does not recognize her in the street, and Bruce Aire never goes near her, though of course he could if he wished."

"Then," chimed in my dear,

"the Truth of It at last comes out. This infatuation caused the postponement of the marriage, no doubt."

"And you know I said postponement was not all. Well, she was always imaginative, and of course romantic. But you could not expect Bruce Aire, the representative of one of our oldest Protestant families, to keep to his engagement. It is a pity of Mrs. Houghton."

"Yes; but she will never make a sign. She will lecture just as brilliantly as ever this winter."

"Oh, yes, and Bruce will console himself. He is not the man to spend his life in weeping over it."

Then society busied itself about some other current topic, these two umpires having so satisfactorily settled all the knotty points in this. And the Truth of It drifted farther and farther out of its reach, till at last it vanished altogether. But this was of no consequence to society.

VIII.

SHE had "learned her religion;" she had well fulfilled all the offices of the now completely disabled hands; she had given to the world, through hers, the noblest utterances of the noble mind; she had found the sweetness of kneeling at the foot of the crucifix, and there laying down all that was bitter in her life of sacrifice; she had experienced that peace which "passeth all understanding," when, one day, Bruce Aire stood at the door knocking. She opened it, and he said:

"At last, Constance! Will you let me in?"

She said nothing; only gave him her hand, and led him to where her father reclined, just now sleeping. He looked in silence upon the worn face, beautiful alike in its intellectual cast and its perfect expression of peace; he looked at the hands and feet bound and helpless; he looked at the poor room, so deftly arranged to seem bright; he looked at her

changed face, more lovely than ever, with its new expression of a woman's best feeling.

"My God," said he, more to himself than to her, "is this what the world calls infatuation?"

Still she did not speak; she could not. She thought she had buried the feeling which now rose up in her heart seeing him there before her, hearing his voice that was so dear, knowing that he came to seek her out, though she had sent him from her forever, as she thought.

"Dear," said he then, in an honest, manly way that went to her heart, "I have tried to forget you, but I could not. I have been a long time seeking you in vain, but at last I find you. I hope that when I say I could not forget you, I prove my love was worthy of its object, but love inspired by you could not be otherwise. Nay," as she averted her face, which softly glowed at the earnest words, "you need not turn away; I did not come to try to win you from your noble work. I know you too well to think that possible. I only came to beg, that I might be allowed the place of the humblest friend, to see you sometimes, to help you in slight ways, to have the blessing of your advice and influence, for since I lost them my life is aimless. Now, will you give me one word of welcome?"

She said simply then,

"You cannot but be welcome, Bruce, on that footing, and I—I can be to you a very true friend."

Justin Maxwell opened his eyes, saw them standing there together, smiled, but, like a flash of lightning in its suddenness, came a look of agony to blight that smile, the last that could ever come for Constance, over the face so dear to her. For, after the look of agony, came the look of—death!

"Father!" she cried in a piercing tone.

No answer—only, to an invisible listener.

"Jesus! JESUS!" Then silence, never to be broken in this world.

But she did not know, she still called wildly,

"Father! Father!"

Bruce softly laid his hand upon the pulseless heart.

"Oh, Bruce, *what* is it?" she then cried; "he always, always knew me, no matter what his pain!"

"He is—not in pain, my beloved;" there his voice failed.

Then she looked at the placid face, over which the shadow of death's dark wing was fast settling. She recognized it, and in the woful recognition, lost consciousness of all else on earth.

Bruce Aire stood for a few moments overcome by the terrors of the scene. For such a scene to enter into his hitherto gay and careless life, was one of those dispensations of Divine Providence, that our limited intelligence never understands till long after they have taken place. When he could think, he summoned the people of the house; they summoned Father Jerome and the Doctor.

"It is all over," said the latter.

"But he was prepared," said Father Jerome; "he knew the rheumatism would go to the heart some day."

"Exactly the case," said the Doctor.

"And," continued the faithful friend, "no heart was ever so free from stain as this which ceased to beat so suddenly. O heart of suffering! heart of genius! *may you rest in peace!*"

IX.

WHEN Constance again opened her eyes to life, the first face they saw was that of her mother, for Bruce, with tender thought for what would comfort her best, had brought her there.

"Constance," she said, "I have heard of your sorrow, and I have come to forget your conduct to me, and to take you home."

"My sorrow! oh, mother, is it possible it is not yours?"

And no answer being given, she rose from her couch, and stood before her erect, the impersonation of majesty.

"Do you know his great heart broke?" she said, in the tone of a judge bestowing sentence; "do you know the life just over *was* a martyr's? Do you know *why*?"

Then she turned to the door of the room where she knew he lay, who was dearer to her in death than anything left in life.

"I will never go home, mother," she said, "and now, I cannot talk to you about it. I must see my darling. Forgive me if I seem hard to you."

She passed out of the room, and entered the dear and silent presence. She did not see Bruce Aire adorning the poor room with rare flowers; she saw nothing but the face that had greeted her the first time. She found herself within its walls. She knelt down and looked long and lovingly, but without one tear, upon that transfigured face, sealed with the peace of God, and majestic beyond words in its victorious repose. She kissed one of the unbound hands set free forever, and then she said:

"Beloved, I had a promise to make, that you would have smiled upon, but you could not stay to hear it. I will make it now, and you can smile on it from heaven. As truly as I gave up all in the past for you, so do I give up all that might be mine in the future, for God. *I* will become one of those women you so honored, who consecrate their lives to the service of religion, and all that I accomplish shall be of *your* creating!"

A sound like a gasping sob arrested her ear; she looked up and saw Bruce standing before her, pale, stricken, speechless.

"You heard, Bruce," she said gently; "well, dear, I do not mind, and it is kind of you to be here."

"Oh, Constance, is it true? Have you given me up forever? Is your love dead?"

"Dead!" she echoed softly; "no, I hope the prayer of my love will yet bring you to find what I have found."

"But will you never be mine? No duty calls you now, and surely you will let me protect you from the evils of the future."

"A mightier arm is stretched out to protect me, dear, and a barrier has arisen between us that only God can remove. Nay," seeing that he was about to speak, "I know what you would say, but oh! Bruce, since that first farewell of ours, the whole world has changed to me, and I could not be your wife, believing as I do now. With the memory of my father's martyred lot, I could not marry, where I knew there existed all the elements of a similar fate for myself, and could I set that knowledge aside, it would be impossible for me to resist God's call to a higher mission. But," and her face seemed to him in that moment to have borrowed some of the light and peace of the dead one mutely looking upon the solemn interview, "I say farewell in this sacred presence, with complete trust that God will grant the prayer of my future, and we will meet where there can be no parting."

He took her hand.

"Oh!" he said bitterly, "heaven is far off, and life, without you, is near and dark—dark!"

"Heaven came to a darker life than yours," and she pointed with the disengaged hand to the beloved dead. "God will reveal it to you some day, and *do not turn away*, but let it enter in."

The tone held a prophecy; the pointing finger beckoned to the future; the face he adored was as that of one inspired. With the memory of these stamped indelibly on his heart, he uttered his farewell, a feeling entering with the word that the being he had aspired to call his

own was as far above him as heaven is above earth.

X.

It might have been a year afterwards that Mrs. Grundy gave utterance to the following lofty *dictum* as to the Truth of It.

"Do you know, my dear, if I had been Mrs. Houghton or Bruce Aire's father, I would have put Constance and Bruce into separate lunatic asylums. If shoplifting can be politely called kleptomania, and treated as a disease, becoming the dupe of priestcraft certainly could claim the title of insanity. Such a match as it would have been! and what a future that infatuated girl gave up! *On dit* she would, in time, have been a more brilliant lecturer than her mother; and think of her buried in a convent! Then Bruce Aire going to join the Catholic Church, and be disinherited therefor! One of our greatest lions gone! Should not wonder to hear of his becoming a Romish priest! These Catholics outdo the world in cunning! There's the Truth of It!"

And "my dear," uttering an appropriate wail over the defunct lion, turned for comfort to the discussion of the latest scandal.

As for us, my reader, let us contemplate a later phase of the Truth of It (for Mrs. Grundy said all this just ten years ago), and then lay it aside as a story told.

In the celebrated Academy of St. L—— there is a thronged study-hall, where bright heads of those who are to be *our* coming women lean eagerly forward to listen to "eloquent lips that utter in polished language" soul-inspiring lectures, by which their future is to be shaped for noble ends. And she, who draws their hearts to God, was once Constance Maxwell. Her proud intellect and her strong mind have found tasks worthy of both.

Then, with name bandied about in the papers of the day, as a thing

to mock at, a woman often stands up to speak in our great cities to wondering and unbelieving audiences, who listen from curiosity, and criticize unsparingly; who ridicule without fail, and condemn in the cores of their hearts. This is Mrs. Houghton, celebrated alike for her talent as a "queen of the platform," and her scurrilous abuse of the meek dwellers in convents, who have found the high mission of woman for which she seeks in wrong paths.

Bruce Aire, well, the Truth of It compels the record that he is not a "Romish priest." Nevertheless, he has permitted "heaven" to "enter into" his life, by becoming a good

Catholic. He always says the story of that so sudden, yet so terrible death, and that solemn, yet so farewell, which followed, brought nearer and nearer, till at last it is down to remain for aye. He is "disinherited," but earns his living and does an amount of good second to that achieved by one entirely consecrated to religion, the arduous labors of the medical mission. Being handsome, and in practice, and quite a favorite with every one in the social circle about him, people wonder why he does not marry, and whether he ever will. But, my reader, I have revealed to you the Truth of It.

FOREVER!

FOREVER Thine! forever Thine!
Bound strongly to Thy heart divine
By every tie, by every claim
That love can know or dream or name!

Forever Thine! forever Thine!
For Thee the summer sun doth shine,
For Thee soft breezes stir the air,
Thy harvests ripen everywhere!

Forever Thine! forever Thine!
Calm this unquiet heart of mine,
Where thou, to-day, hast deigned to rest,
My dearest, truest, tenderest!

Forever Thine! forever Thine!
'Tis all my prayer, O Lord divine,
As here I rest and dream apart
The words are ringing in my heart!

Forever Thine! forever Thine!
I am not worthy, Jesus mine!
Oh burn my sinfulness away
With love's all-cleansing fires, I pray!

Forever Thine! forever Thine!
For Thee, for Thee, my heart doth pine;
From earth, life, Lord, my spirit sever,
That I may be Thine own forever!

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

SIXTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: The institution so properly called the "Church of England by law established" rises before us in perfect harmony with its foundation. We behold a structure designed by satanical ingenuity, built by antichristian misdeeds, and marked in its elevation with hideous deformity. Accordingly, we find it a novelty of iniquity; therefore bereft of any shade of similarity with the CHURCH which is "the pillar and ground of truth, the spouse of Christ without wrinkle, spot, or blemish." As we proceed in our historical inspection, we shall be able to estimate the malice, or ignorance, or jocularly of the men who pretend to attribute to this synagogue of Satan any title or any relation belonging to the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

COLLIER.—"On the 9th of June, 1536, the Convocation met. And now Cromwell, lately made a baron and lord privy seal, appeared among the prelates, and by the strength of his *vicar-generalship* took the place of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The figure that Cromwell made in this assembly was somewhat singular, especially since he had neither birth, learning, nor character to bear him out. For an ignorant layman, says (Parliament) Bishop Godwyn, to preside in a synod of the most learned bishops (?) that were ever in England was but a scandalous sight. If the function could have been executed by one of the laity, the king would have done much better in person than by such a proxy." (Eccles. Hist.)

"In his injunctions, sent out immediately after this Convocation,

Cromwell prescribes: First. In all parishes and places of preaching the king's supremacy was to be set forth and maintained once every Sunday for a quarter of a year together, and afterwards twice a year at least. Secondly. That in the articles lately set forth by the king's highness, and agreed by the prelates and clergy in Convocation, some things are points of faith, and necessary to be believed. Cranmer, though he disbelieved many of those articles, signed them with the rest of the clergy. But this perhaps was one of his *infirmities*! Seventhly. That every parson or proprietary of a church should provide a Bible in Latin and English to be laid in the choir for every one to read at their pleasure. But here they were to *precaution* the people against falling into controversy about difficult passages. They were to exhort them to modesty and sobriety in the use of this liberty; and where they were entangled, to apply to persons of learning and character."

COLLIER.—"The king having suppressed the insurrections, was under no apprehension of farther disturbance. . . . If, however, resistance to the chief magistrate had been justifiable in any case, those who appeared in arms at the dissolution of the monasteries had a strong color for their undertaking. For were not the old landmarks set aside, and the constitution new modelled? For do not the liberties and immunities of the Church stand in the front of Magna Charta? . . . Was not the king's coronation oath lamentably strained when he signed the Dissolution Act? For had he not sworn

to guard the property of his subjects, to protect the religious, and maintain them in their legal establishment? The ancient nobility were thrown out of the patronage of their monasteries, lost their corrodies, and the privilege of their ancestors' benefactions. The rents were raised, and the poor forgotten as they complained, by the new proprietors of the monasteries. The king, however, being now at his ease in the government, resolved to pursue his dissolution scheme, and go farther with the religious." (Eccles. Hist.)

HUME.—"There was only one particular in which Henry was quite decisive, because he was there impelled by his avarice, or, more properly speaking, his rapacity, the consequence of his profusion. This measure was the entire destruction of the monasteries. The present opportunity seemed favorable for this great enterprise, while the suppression of the late rebellion fortified and increased the royal authority; and as some of the abbots were suspected of having encouraged the insurrection, and of corresponding with the rebels, the king's resentment was incited by that motive. A new visitation was appointed of all the monasteries in England; and a pretence only being wanted for suppression, it was easy for the possessed of such unlimited power to find or feign one." (Hist. Eng.)

DUGDALE.—"The truth is, that there was no omission of any endeavor that can well be imagined to accomplish the surrenders. For so subtly did the commissioners act their parts, as that after earnest solicitation with the abbots, and finding them backward, they first attempted with promises of good pensions during life. Neither were the courtiers inactive in driving on this work, as may be seen by the Chancellor Audley's employing an especial agent to treat with the Abbot of Athelney, and to offer him a hundred marks per annum pension in case he

would surrender. Nay, I find that this man, hunting eagerly after the abbey of Walden, in Essex, as an argument the sooner to obtain it, did, besides the extenuation of its worth, allege *that he had in this world sustained great damage and infamy in serving the king, which the grant of that should recompense.* But what could not be effected by such arguments and fair promises, was by torture and straight dealing brought to pass." (Hist. of Warwick.)

HALLAM.—"It is, indeed, impossible to feel too much indignation at the spirit in which these proceedings were conducted. Besides the hardships sustained by so many persons turned loose upon society, for whose occupations they were unfit, the indiscriminate destruction of convents produced several public mischiefs. The visitors themselves strongly interceded for the nunnery of Godstow, as an irreproachably managed and excellent place of instruction; and, no doubt, some other foundations should have been preserved for the same reason. It was urged for Hexham Abbey, that there being not a house for many miles in that part of England, the country would be in danger of going to waste; and the total want of inns in many parts of the kingdom must have rendered the loss of these hospitable places of reception a serious grievance. These, and probably other reasons, ought to have checked the destroying spirit of *reform* in its career, and suggested to Henry's counsellors, that a few years would not be ill-consumed in contriving new methods of attaining the beneficial effects which monastic institutions had not failed to produce, and in preparing the people's minds for so important an innovation. The suppression of the monasteries poured in an instant such a torrent of wealth upon the crown, as has seldom been equalled in any country by the confiscations following a suppressed rebellion. . . . The greater part (of this property) was dissipated in pro-

fuse grants to courtiers, who frequently contrived to veil their acquisition under the cover of a purchase from the crown. It has been surmised that Cromwell in his desire to *promote the Reformation* advised the king to make this partition of abbey lands among the nobles and gentry, either by grant, or by sale on easy terms, that being thus bound by the sure ties of private interest, they might always oppose any return to the Church." (Const. Hist. Eng.)

COLLIER.—"The king was very bountiful, not to say profuse, in parting with these abbey lands, of which Fuller gives several instances. To mention one or two: He tells us, he made a grant of a religious house to a gentlewoman for presenting him with a *dish of puddings* which happened to oblige his palate. This historian adds, he played away many thousand a year belonging to the monasteries; and particularly, that Jesus' bells, hanging in a steeple not far from St. Paul's, London, very remarkable both for size and music, were lost at one throw to Sir Miles Partridge. And those monasteries which passed from the crown by sale or exchange, were granted upon very unequal and slender considerations." (Eccles. Hist.)

HUME.—"Great murmurs were everywhere excited on account of these violences, and men much questioned whether priors and monks, who were only trustees or tenants for life, could by any deed, however voluntary, transfer to the king the entire property of their estates. . . . The king, therefore, was resolved to make all sure by his usual expedient, an act of Parliament. In the preamble to this act, the Parliament asserts that all the surrenders made by the abbots had been 'without constraint, of their own accord, and according to due course of law.' In order to reconcile the people to such mighty innovations, they were told that the king would never thenceforth have occasion to levy taxes, but would be

able, from the abbey lands alone, to bear, during war as well as peace, the whole charges of government." (NOTE.—The people reaped no fruit, after all their hopes built upon these specious pretences. Since the dissolution of the aforesaid monasteries, the plundering murderer exacted greater loans, and received them against laws, and burdened the country with enormous taxation.)

COLLIER.—"Another misfortune consequent upon the suppression of the abbeys, was an ignorant destruction of a great many valuable books; most of the learned records of that age were lodged in the monasteries. Printing was then but a late invention, and had secured but few books in comparison with the rest. The main of learning lay in the manuscripts, and the most considerable of these, both in number and quality, were in the monk's possession. But the abbeys, at their dissolution, falling oftentimes into hands who understood no farther than the estates, the libraries were miserably disposed of. The books, instead of being removed to royal libraries, to those of cathedrals, or the universities, were frequently thrown into the *granter's*, as things of slender consideration. Now, these men oftentimes proved a very ill protection for learning and antiquity. Their avarice was sometimes so mean, and their ignorance so undistinguishing, that when the covers were somewhat rich, and would yield a little, they pulled them off, threw away the books, or turned them to waste paper. Thus many noble manuscripts were destroyed, to a public scandal, and an irreparable loss to learning." (Eccl. Hist.)

JOHN BALE (Centurist).—"Covetousness was at that time so busy about private commodity, that public wealth in that most necessary, and of respect, was not anywhere regarded. A number of them who purchased the monasteries, reserved of those library books some—some to scour their candlesticks, and some

to rub their boots, and some they sent to the grocers and soap-sellers, and some they sent over the sea to the bookbinders, not in small numbers, but at times, whole ships full. Yes, the universities of this realm are not all clear in this detestable fact. But cursed is the belly which seeketh to be fed with such ungodly gains, and so deeply shameth his natural country. I know a merchant that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price; a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied instead of gray paper, by the space of more than ten years, and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come. A prodigious example is this, and to be abhorred of all men which love their nation as they should do. Yea, what may bring our nation to more shame and rebuke, than to have it noised abroad that we are despisers of learning? I judge this to be true, and utter it with heaviness, that neither Britons under the Romans and Saxons, nor yet the English people under the Danes and Normans, had ever such damage of their learned monuments as we have seen in our time. Our posterity may well curse this wicked fact of our age, this unreasonable spoil of England's most noble antiquities." (Bale's Declaration upon Leland's Journal, on 1549.)

COLLIER.—"Fuller breaks out into a passionate declamation upon this occasion, complains that all arts and sciences fell under this common calamity. How many admirable manuscripts of the fathers, schoolmen, and commentators, were destroyed by this means? What number of historians of all ages and countries? The Holy *Scriptures* themselves, as much as these *gospellers* pretend to regard them, underwent the fate of the rest. If a book had a cross upon it, it was condemned for popery, and those with lines and circles were interpreted the black art, and destroyed for conjuring. And thus, as Fuller

goes on, divinity was profane, mathematics suffered for correspondence with evil spirits, physics maimed, and a riot committed against the law." (Eccles. Hist.)

D'ISRAELI.—"The fear of censure induced many to hide their manuscripts under ground and in walls. At the Reformation the rage exhausted itself on ill-kept books, or manuscripts that bore letters in the title-page; and that which was decorated was sure to be thrown into the flames, as a superstitious one. Red letters and bellished figures were sure not being papistical and diabolical, still find such volumes mutilated. Their gilt letters and elegant initials. Many have been found under the floor, having been forgotten; what the flames were obliterated by damp." (Curios. of Literature)

COLLIER.—"It must be confessed that there were several shocking circumstances in the reign of Henry VIII, and his children. For churches pulled down or rifled, plate swept off the altar, a holy furniture converted to common use, had no great air of devotion. To see the choir undressed to the drawing-room and the chamber fine, was not very pleasant at first view. The forced suppression of the abbeyes, the maiming of the commons, and lopping the best branches off their revenues . . . these are apt to puzzle a vulgar countryman. Unless a man's understanding is than ordinarily improved, he is at a loss to reconcile these new maxims with Christian maxims, and then they fall in with conscientious reformation." (Eccles. Hist.)

DUGDALE.—"It is not a liarservable, that whilst the monarch stood, there was no act for the relief of the poor. So amply did the houses give succor to them that in want; whereas, in the new reign, viz., 39th Elizabeth, no less than eleven bills were brought in

House of Commons for that purpose."

COLLIER.—"Whilst the religious houses were standing, there were no provisions of Parliament to relieve the poor; no assessment upon the parish for that purpose. But now (1714) this charge upon the kingdom amounts, at a moderate computation to £800,000 yearly." (Eccl. Hist.)

I will now proceed to other performances which characterize the establishment raised by Henry instead of the Catholic Church in England. This leads me to notice Cromwell's fall, which I must prelude with a few more of Henry's matrimonial difficulties.

BURNET.—"On the 12th of October, 1537, Queen Jane bore him a son, which was christened Edward. But the joy for this young prince was qualified by the queen's death, two days after, which affected the king very much." (Hist. Refor.)

COLLIER.—"Cromwell observed the king was much swayed by his queens as long as his *fancy* continued. He thought, therefore, the most effectual expedient to preserve himself and friends, was to bring on an alliance with some of the princesses of Germany. The overtures made in France and Germany came to nothing. This made the king hearken to Cromwell's suggestion, and think of engaging with Ann of Cleve. The lady's picture was drawn by Hans Holbein, and sent over hither. But this famous painter was too ceremonious, and very much exceeded the life. The king being pleased with the portrait and the alliance, concluded the match, and soon after the lady was sent over with a splendid equipage." (Eccl. Hist.)

BURNET.—"The king, being impatient to see her, went down in disguise to Rochester. But when he had a sight of her, finding none of those charms which he was made to believe were in her, he was extremely surprised, that he not only did not like her, but took an aversion to her

which he could never after overcome. He swore they had brought over a Flanders mare to him, and was very sorry he had gone so far, but glad it had proceeded no farther. His affairs, however, were not then in such a condition, that he could safely put an affront on the Dukes of Saxony and Cleves, which the sending back of the lady would have done. So seeing there was no remedy, and being much pressed both by the ministers of Cleve and by Cromwell, he married her, on the 6th of January, 1540." (Telling Cromwell at the same time that he must of necessity put his neck into the yoke.)

LORD HERBERT.—"That beauty and attractiveness which should take the king's eye in Ann of Cleves not appearing, nor that conversation which should please his ear (for she spoke only Dutch), he did more willingly think of a divorce; and although all scruples seemed the more considerable, in that so many doubts had been already cast concerning the king's former marriages, yet the king determined, at what price soever, to separate himself from Anne of Cleves, and to ruin Cromwell. Having gotten sufficient proof against him, he caused him to be arrested at the council table by the Duke of Norfolk, when he least expected it. To which Cromwell obeyed, though judging his perdition more certain, that the duke was uncle to the Lady Catherine Howard, whom the king began now to affect. . . .

It cannot be denied that the crimes whereof he was attainted in Parliament are in general terms great and enormous, and such as deserved the most capital punishment. He was accused of being a heretic, and favoring them; but then that the head of the Church's *vicegerent in spiritual affairs* should be a heretic and a favorer of them to some seemed strange, to others gave occasion of merriment." (Life of Henry.)

BURNET.—"Cromwell's fall was the first step towards the king's di-

voice. For on the 24th June, 1540, he sent his queen to Richmond, pretending the country air would agree better with her. But on the 6th July a motion was made and assented to in the House of Lords, that they should make an address to the king, desiring him to suffer his marriage with Anne to be tried. To which the king consented, and made a deep protestation, as in the presence of God, that he should counsel nothing that related to it and all its circumstances, and that there was nothing he held dearer than the glory of God, the good of the commonwealth, and the declaration of truth. So a commission was issued out of the convocation to try it." (Hist. Refor.)

HERBERT.—"This news struck the queen 'into a sudden weakness and fainting fit. At last recovering herself, she was by little and little persuaded, first, to refer the matter to the clergy; secondly, to relinquish her title of queen, instead whereof the king had devised another, which he thought might content her; and this was that she should have the name and dignity thenceforth of his *adopted sister*, which style afterwards gave some subject of discourse. Howsoever, she accepted, and subscribed (in such terms) a letter to the king." (Life of Henry.)

BURNET.—"The day after Cromwell was attainted, being required to send to the king a full account under his hand of the business of his marriage, he concludes it with these words: 'I, a most woful prisoner, ready to take death when it shall please God and your majesty, and yet the frail flesh inciteth me continually to call to your grace for mercy and grace for mine offences. And thus Christ save, preserve, and keep you. Written at the Tower this Wednesday, the last of June, with a heavy heart and trembling hand of your highness's most heavy and miserable prisoner and poor slave, Thomas Cromwell.' And a

little below that, 'Most prince, I cry for mercy mercy.'" (Hist. Refor.)

HUME.—"All the nobil a man who, being of such traction, had not only above them by his title General, but had engrossed of the other considerable the crown, besides enjoying commission which gave him and almost absolute authority the clergy, and even over whom he was privy seal, chamber master of the wards. They were averse to him as the violence on the monastic establishments which were revered and beloved by thealty. The Catholics regarded as the enemy of their religion Protestants, observing his concurrence with all the tions exercised against them inclined to bear as little reproach him with the tions not treachery, of his conduct the king, who found the clamors had on all hands against the administration displeased to throw on the load of public hatred hoped by making so easy to regain the affections ofjects." (History of England)

BURNET.—"So a warrant to cut off his head, on the 1540, at Tower Hill. . . he was brought to the scaffold declared 'that he died a not doubting of any article or of any sacrament of the He confessed he had been but now died in the Catholic Having given the sign, the tioner cut off his head verously. With his fall the protestation the Reformation, which by his endeavors so far as was quite stopped. For Cranmer could do after that keep the ground they had But he could never advance farther.'" (Hist. Refor.)

HUME.—“The measures for divorcing Henry from Anne of Cleves were carried on at the same time with the bill of attainder against Cromwell. Orders were given to lay the matter before the Convocation. Anne had formerly been contracted by her father to the Duke of Lorraine, but she, as well as the duke, were at that time under age, and the contract had been afterwards annulled by the consent of both parties. The king pleaded this precontract as a ground of divorce, and he added two more, which may seem a little extraordinary: that when he espoused Anne he had not *inwardly* given his consent, and that he had not thought proper to consummate the marriage. The Convocation was satisfied with these reasons, and solemnly annulled the marriage between the king and queen. The Parliament ratified the decision of the clergy, and the sentence was soon after notified to the princess.” (Hist. Eng.)

BURNET.—“This was the greatest piece of compliance that ever the

king had from the clergy. For as they all knew there was nothing of weight in that precontract, so they laid down a most pernicious precedent for invalidating all public treaties and agreements, since if one of the parties being unwilling to it, so that his consent was not inward, he was not bound by it, there was no safety among men. Cranmer, whether overcome by these arguments (which have just been mentioned), or rather with fear, for he knew it was contrived to send him quickly after Cromwell, consented with the rest.” (Hist. Refor.)

I cannot help smiling at the great anxiety Dr. Burnet displays in defence of his favorite saint, Cranmer. But the *feeblenesses* of this *pillar of the new Church* are of that description which should not be slightly passed over. I beg permission, therefore, to state that this is the third time Cranmer has dissolved the matrimonial tie between Henry and his wives, and prepared him to *put his neck afresh into the yoke*.

TWICE MISTAKEN.

FROM A BACHELOR'S DIARY OF CHRISTMAS DAY.

CHRISTMAS EVE. *Half-past nine.* Crumms comes into my room to clear away tea.

“I suppose, sir,” he says, as though it were a subject not admitting of a doubt—“I suppose you don't dine home to-morrow?”

Both the tone and remark are unfortunate. I have not an invitation to dine out, and I cannot insist upon dining at home, as my arrangement with the Crummses provides for dinner on Sundays only. I had intended to put my difficulty to my landlady, who is good-natured and easily persuaded. I find, instead, I have her

husband to deal with; so I close my book slowly and say, “Well,” as if I were thinking and not quite certain.

Mrs. Crumms would have waited to hear what I had to say; not so her husband. He looks surprised at my hesitation, and quickly puts in a clencher.

“Most gentlemen dine out on Christmas day,” he says, staring at the wall some feet above my head; “and Mrs. Crumms always expects a holiday on that day.”

I feel after that statement the only thing to be done is to surrender gracefully.

"Of course; quite right. O yes! I shall dine out, Crumms."

"Very well, sir," he replies, in a tone as if he had never raised the question, but was simply taking an order in his old capacity of hotel waiter. "Anything else, sir? Good night, sir."

Then Crumms goes downstairs triumphant, and I doubly regret having stayed in town, instead of going home, since I shall have to get my solitary Christmas dinner at a hotel.

Christmas Day. Mrs. Crumms this time brings in my breakfast. She has a large apron pinned over the front of her dress, and her sleeves are tucked up, which mean, with her, cooking. As she sets out the things, she wishes me the compliments of the season. "And I hope you'll enjoy yourself, sir," she adds; "for I am sure you want a holiday, with your sitting here reading to all hours of the night."

She means it kindly, and not as a hint. I pay for my own coals and candles—for the former particularly, they being supplied by the Crummses—so I thank her for her good wishes. I don't anticipate much enjoyment; on the contrary, I am at a loss to know what to do with myself, and heartily wish that the day was over.

One o'clock. I see through the window, as I come back from church, that the Crummses are at high dinner. Crumms himself is in his shirt-sleeves and on his legs, and looks very much as if he were making a speech. There are cries of "Bravo, pa!" and a great deal of laughter, both of which subside very rapidly as I knock. One of the smallest of the many small Crummses comes to the door, with her little cheeks and chin bearing unmistakable signs of pudding. She just peeps out to see who it is, and then scampers away, as if afraid of losing some of the good things in the parlor. For this want of respect to the lodger I hear her mamma rebuke her sternly, and then Crumms says, "Never mind,

nobody is naughty on Christmas day." Rounds of applause. I go upstairs, and "pa" proceeds with his speech.

Two o'clock. I ring the bell for some hot water, and Crumms answers it in full waiter's dress, white tie, dress coat, and a low-cut waistcoat showing a large amount of shirt-front with an elaborate frill. He walks into the room as if he is very proud of himself, and is more waiter-like in his manner than usual.

"Hot water to wash with, sir. Yes, sir." Disappears, and reappears with the jug, which he sets down upon the table.

"Why, Crumms," I ask, "where are you going?"

"Out waiting, sir." He pauses for a minute, then becomes less majestic and more confidential. "I always go out waiting on Christmas day," he adds, "and I have been to the same house for the last fourteen years. The gentleman and lady are a couple as came to the hotel at Newford the year I married Mrs. Crumms. We were both at the hotel, you know, and were just leaving to come up here. The lady took a great liking to Mrs. Crumms, and one day she said to me, 'So you and your wife are going to the city, Crumms. Now you must come and wait at my house when we want help.' And I have been there every Christmas day since then—not missed one. I go on other days"—he says this quickly in an offhand manner, as if the other days were of no importance—"but they ain't regular."

"You go there and help wait, I suppose?"

"Well, I do most of the waiting; all of it, you may say," he replies. "They don't keep a man, and there are only the female servants. They ain't much good, not like Mrs. Crumms. She could wait, she could. She was wonderful handy. That's what first made me look at her!"

"And where do you go to?" I inquire.

"Bedford Square. Domville is the gentleman's name."

On the spur of the moment, just to see what Crumms will say, I ask, "Will you take me with you to-day?"

"You, sir!" he replies, in surprise.

"Well—really, sir, I don't think Mr. Domville would—though I have known him these fourteen years, I am afraid he'd think it rather presumptuous of me to introduce a gentleman into his house!"

"I suppose so," I answer; the idea of the waiter introducing a friend as a guest at the dinner being certainly very absurd. "But I didn't mean that. Take me with you to wait."

"You! you go out waiting!" says Crumms, holding his breath.

"Yes; if you will take me."

"Well! I do call that a good joke," he gasps out. "Lord, sir, what an idea!" Then, dropping his waiter-like manner altogether and becoming thoroughly human, he bursts out laughing.

I had only intended to chaff Crumms, but it strikes me that going out with him will be a capital joke, and will afford me more amusement than spending Christmas day by myself, and so I begin to hope that he will take me.

"I daresay Mr. Domville would have no objection to an extra hand," I urge, "and I could go as a young friend of yours, who is just beginning and wants to learn his business."

"Lord, sir," pants Crumms again, "you ain't serious."

"By Jove, I am, though," I say. "I don't know what on earth to do with myself all day. I should like to go out waiting."

Crumms's laughter, which is very prolonged and loud, and accompanied with a great deal of coughing and wheezing—for he is rather stout—brings his wife up the stairs and finally into my room. She begs my pardon for the intrusion, and then turns to her husband.

"Crumms," she says, "you

mustn't excite yourself. Remember, you are going out waiting."

"Yes, yes, my dear; I remember," he answers, as soon as he recovers his breath. "But here is Mr. Herbert wanting to go out waiting too."

"Mr. Herbert!" says my landlady, surprised in her turn.

"Yes, Mr. Herbert," repeats Crumms, and his laughter bursts out again like a smouldering fire.

I immediately begin to enlist Mrs. Crumms on my side. She is a merry, good-natured woman, with rather a partiality to "wild young gents," as she calls them, and is fond of telling tales about the young fellows round Newford when she was at the hotel. There isn't anything particularly wild in my going out waiting with Crumms, but his wife seems to think there is, and it puts her in mind, she says, of Mr. Somebody at her old place.

"It is just what he would do, sir," she continues; "and I did think you were such a quiet young gentleman, Mr. Herbert. Law! Crumms," she adds, turning to him, "you wouldn't spoil a bit of fun like that, I know."

"But Mr. Domville—" begins her husband.

"Nonsense Mr. Domville!" she replies. "He needn't know; and if he does, why, he'd laugh as much as any one."

"But you will be careful, sir, won't you?" says Crumms, yielding to the two of us. "You won't let Mr. Domville know. There isn't any one likely to be there as will recognize you, I hope."

I satisfy him on these points; then Mrs. Crumms, with a due regard for her position among her neighbors, raises one nearer home. "It won't do, though, sir," she says, "for you and Crumms to go out together. The people about here all know that he is going out waiting; and may be, if they saw you together, they might think you were a waiter too." I don't see that it would matter if they did, but to my landlady such a mis-

take seems to represent some dreadful calamity; so it is arranged that Crumms shall go first and send a cab, and then wait for me in the crescent a little distance off.

Three o'clock. Crumms and I are in the cab on our way to Bedford Square. The whole time he is either laughing at my going out with him or nervous as to the result. In the latter mood he is almost piteous in his entreaties to me to be careful, and repeats over and over again his directions how to wait. We stop the cab at the corner of the street leading to the square, and walk on to the house.

It is a big house with a large hall. There is a window by the street door at one end, and a broad staircase at the other. The dining-room is fair-sized, the walls are painted and hung round with pictures. It is rather dark and heavy-looking, however, and the furniture is old and massive. There are three servants going about with trays and piles of plates, busy laying out the table. They stare at me as I stand by the side of Crumms, and he introduces me as a young friend who wants to see a little genteel waiting, and whom he has made bold enough to bring. Then, as if that settled the matter, he goes off into business, and asks several questions as to the number and names of the guests. I notice that the servants all treat him with great respect, and he, in return, is condescending and polite to them. With me, when they are in the room, he assumes an authoritative air, and all the time he is very grave, and looks as if the cares of his position were too much for him. He smiles once, when we are alone, as I hand him a jelly; and then, his muscles being relaxed, his old fit of laughing suddenly breaks out again. He cannot laugh aloud, but he laughs inwardly and shakes so tremendously, that the jelly rolls and trembles to an alarming degree; and it is only by the means of promptly taking it under my own

protection, that I save it from being shaken on to the floor.

"O Lor'! to think of you being here," he mutters; and the next instant is gravity itself, as Mrs. Domville's voice is heard on the stairs.

She is a middle-aged lady, and speaks in a friendly manner to Crumms, and is particular in her inquiries after his wife and children. He points me out as a young friend of his, who has come to help him; and Mrs. Domville seems quite satisfied, and goes upstairs again to the drawing-room.

Four o'clock. The dinner is ready, and all the guests have arrived. Crumms stations me behind the door, and goes himself to the head of the table, and I watch the people as they come into the room and take their places.

They are mostly middle-aged, like their host and hostess, and evidently old friends; for several nod to Crumms, and one gentleman is quite hearty in his greeting, and says it would not seem like a Christmas dinner without him. Mr. Domville laughs, and asks after Mrs. Crumms; but Crumms refuses to be thawed, and replies in a tone as if such trifling questions interfered with the responsibility of his position.

So far everything has gone right. Then comes a slight mishap. Just as everybody is seated and silent, and Mr. Domville going to say grace, Crumms gives me a signal, and I step forward quietly to close the door. The movement attracts the attention of a young lady, who is sitting with her back to me, and she turns round. She evidently has not noticed me before, and her laughing gray eyes scan me with surprise. My face is a new one to her among the many well-known faces around the table. I suppose she thinks I am a guest, who has arrived late and just come into the room; and, seeing me standing there and no one taking any notice of me, she says courteously, "Isn't there a chair for you?"

Then turning round to Mrs. Domville, "O, aunt! here is a gentleman left outside in the cold."

Mr. Domville, instead of saying grace, looks up, stares, and half rises from his chair, while the company all turn towards me. It is certainly an embarrassing moment; but Mrs. Domville comes to the rescue, and says quietly, "It is quite right, Helen." The young lady looks a little confused, and then Crumms, in his nervousness, spoils everything by rushing up to her, and calling out,

"He's come to help me wait, Miss Linton."

My fair champion thereupon blushes very deeply, and begs my pardon; several of the guests have simultaneous twitchings of the mouth; Crumms looks half angry, half apologetically, at me; and at last Mr. Domville, in a shaky voice, says grace, while Miss Linton bends her head very low, and hides her face. The next minute Crumms, serious and imperturbable as ever, removes the cover off the soup, and the dinner begins.

I believe I acquit myself creditably. Crumms declares that I did wonderfully well, and is inclined to think, I believe, that I have wasted natural talent by not being a waiter. At any rate, I don't spill anything over anybody's dress, or knock anybody on the head. I carefully watch Crumms for his signals, and, thanks to having been at a dinner before, though not in the capacity of a waiter, I have some idea of what ought to be done, and so remove the right covers, and hand round such dishes as ought to be handed at the proper time. The greatest difficulty I have is to keep my countenance, particularly when I hand anything to Miss Linton. She is so bright-looking, and it is such fun to see the sparkle in her eyes, and the way they drop if they meet mine, and a little repressed smile steal over her lips, that it taxes my powers to the utmost to keep from laughing. I

feel that I should very much like to change places with the young fellow sitting by her side. He does not seem to have very much to say for himself, and he examines every dish, as it is handed to him, through an eye-glass. His inspection is so long, and his nose is so close, that I have a growing inclination each time to bob the dish up in his face. For more than half the dinner he is silent, then he talks a little politics—staunch Conservatism—and Miss Linton immediately enunciates the strongest radical principles, upholds woman's suffrage, and their having a voice in the government. This seems to overwhelm him, and he retires from the contest with a sigh.

Later on, he tries again, when the mince pies are being handed round.

"Will you have a happy month?" he asks with a faint smile, which disturbs his eye-glass and brings it down into his lap. He readjusts it slowly, and, not trusting himself to repeat the joke, asks her to have some mince pie.

"No, thank you; I never eat them," she replies.

"Have you never tasted them?" he says, frowning as if he were a barrister cross-examining a witness, but probably because his glass gives a premonitory slip.

"O, yes; I have tasted them, but I don't care about them," she answers.

He has no comment to make upon her reply, and he helps himself in silence.

Six o'clock. Crumms and I solemnly put on the wine and the glasses, push the dessert-dishes a little one way, or the other, and leave the room.

"Bravo!" whispers Crumms when we are in the hall. "Bravo, sir! With a little teaching you'd make a capital waiter. And Miss Linton mistaking you for a gentleman, too. What a joke! At least," he adds, as if he suddenly feels that he has made rather a mistake himself, "of

course, that is what you are, and a gent is always a gent, I say. But you understand, sir. It was so ludicrous."

"Perfectly. Crumms, I understand. What are you going to do now?"

"Well, sir," he says, coming a little nearer, "I generally have something in the housekeeper's room. Maybe you wouldn't like that, though we should be quite alone."

As I want something to eat, and am not particular where I get it, I follow Crumms downstairs into the kitchen. The servants there are busy washing up the plates and dishes, amid a general smell of dinner and hot water, which is far from pleasant. The housekeeper takes us at once into her room, where there is a cloth spread upon the table, and a row of the good things from upstairs on a kind of dresser.

"You are sure you don't mind, sir," says Crumms to me, when we are alone, "because I'll wait till you are done, if you like. I'm not hungry." •

"But I am, and I shall not begin till you do," I answer, and we sit down together. The soup is cold, and fast becoming a jelly; the fish looks mangled and unsavory; so I decline soup and fish. I find that the having a little something in the kitchen, after dinner is over upstairs, requires training before it becomes really enjoyable. Crumms evidently has had the full amount of training that is necessary. For a man who professes not to be hungry, and who has had a good dinner a few hours before, he displays a capability for eating that is truly wonderful. I prefer the dishes that have not been touched upstairs; he, on the contrary, is on equally good terms with all of them. However, I get quite enough to satisfy me, and there is a novelty in eating one's Christmas dinner with a waiter in a back kitchen. The wine certainly is the best part. Crumms has taken care

there shall be plenty of that, and makes a most liberal host with Mr. Domville's port and sherry.

Seven o'clock. Crumms says he must take the coffee up to the gentlemen, and leaves the room. No sooner is he gone than one of the servants comes in, apparently in search of something. Whatever it is, she does not find it. She hunts about vaguely for a minute, and then stops opposite to me.

"So Miss Linton took you for a gentleman," she says, with a laugh. "How nice!"

"Miss Linton made an unfortunate mistake," I answer gravely, imitating Crumms's manner.

"Well, I don't know about that," she replies. "There is certainly an excuse for her doing so."

This strikes me as being very open flattery, but under the circumstances it loses its point; moreover, the speaker is rather warm from standing over her tub of hot water, and very plain into the bargain. As I don't answer, she tries another subject.

"You are out of a situation at present, ain't you?"

I nod.

"Where were you?" she asks.

"In the country."

"Notts?" she says, knowing Crumms came from that part. "And so now you've come to the city."

At this moment Crumms shuts the dining-room door, and the girl, without looking farther for whatever it was she had pretended to come in to fetch, immediately makes a rapid retreat.

"Been pumping you, sir?" says Crumms, jerking with his thumb in the direction of the kitchen.

"Trying to," I answer.

"I knew they would," he replies. "They are awful curious about you, them women. I wouldn't stop here too long now. There ain't anything more for you to do, and I can say you've got an appointment to keep, you know."

Acting upon his advice, we go upstairs to the hall, and Crumms let me out, shutting the door very quietly behind me.

It is a fine clear night, and I turn my face homewards, and stroll slowly along the deserted square. I go all up the long straight street without meeting any one. By the University I see a figure advancing quickly. We pass under a gas-lamp, and both pull up.

"Herbert, by Jove!"

"Why, Roche, what are you doing here? Going out to dinner?"

"Just had it," he replies. "Been to see an old lady home."

He then naturally wonders what I am doing, strolling along the streets on Christmas night. I tell him I have been out to dinner.

"They have broken up very early," he says; and then asks suddenly, "You haven't sneaked off to read, surely?"

This is said in a tone as if it were a mortal sin for a man to read for an examination on Christmas day.

"That's right," he says, when I had disclaimed any idea of reading. "Well, you come home with me. My people will be very glad to see you. We always have a carpet-dance or something in the evening."

I accept readily, and go back with Roche to his house.

Nine o'clock. We have cleared the room for dancing, and the first quadrille has just commenced. Not being able to get a partner, I am standing on the landing, when a carriage rolls up to the street-door, and there is a loud knock announcing the arrival of some newcomers.

Mrs. Roche hurries down and meets them in the hall. I hear her say as they come upstairs, "You are just too late for the first dance, Helen."

The name quite makes me start.

"By Jove, if it should be Miss Linton!" is my muttered thought.

I half hope it may be; I half hope it may not be; and I haven't time

to decide which half is the stronger, before Miss Linton herself comes laughing up the stairs.

At the very first glimpse of her, I instinctively draw back into the shade, and she and her mamma pass by without noticing me.

It seems very ridiculous to meet the same young lady twice in one evening, first as a waiter, and then as a guest; but there—it is done, it is a *fait accompli*; and Miss Linton and I are once more under the same roof. I wonder if she will recognize me, and I watch her with interest as she goes round the room. Sooner or later we must meet face to face; and the awkward moment comes sooner than I expect.

When Miss Linton reaches the door where Roche is standing with his partner, she stops there, and talks to them when they are not dancing.

"Is there any lemonade, Edward?" she asks presently. "I want some, if there is."

"That's a bad sign, Nelly, after dining out," he answers, with a laugh. "There is some downstairs. I would get you a glass, but you see it is my turn. If you don't mind, you will find somebody outside, I think."

Roche leads off with the third figure; Miss Linton comes out upon the landing; and I move from the shadow of the wall into the light.

She gives a quick start with her head, and opens her eyes in surprise as she sees me. There is just a little tightening of her lips, a faint blush rises to her cheeks, and then she asks me quietly to fetch her a glass of lemonade.

Roche had said it was downstairs, and I find it in the dining-room. I am rather glad of the excuse to get away and have my laugh out; for the whole thing is more and more absurd, since Miss Linton has made a second mistake, and thinks I am a waiter. It is a very natural error, of course, and to keep up the decep-

tion, I put the glass on a tray and go gravely upstairs.

She is quite composed now, and thanks me unconcernedly as I hand her the lemonade. Then we stand side by side—I holding the tray in both hands—till the dance finishes, and Roche comes out to us.

"Have you got your lemonade?" he asks. "That's right. Now you want a partner for the next dance. Who shall it be? I am engaged till after supper, unfortunately. Oh, here! Let me introduce you. Miss Linton, Mr.—"

Instead of waiting to hear my name, the young lady puts down the glass quickly and looks indignant.

"Don't be absurd, Edward!" she says, as she walks off.

"Some mistake, old fellow," whispers Roche to me, and catches her up just inside the room.

They are so close I can hear what they say.

"What is the matter, Nelly?" he asks.

"How could you be so ridiculous as to introduce me to him?" she replies.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Why shouldn't you! He is a waiter; I know that. He was waiting at Mr. Domville's."

Instead of looking contrite, Roche goes off into a roar of laughter.

"It was very stupid of you," she says half crossly. "It forced me to be rude to him."

"What nonsense, Nelly! I shouldn't play you such a trick as that, of course. That is Herbert; he is in the same office as I am."

"You are not joking, Edward, are you?" she asks quite seriously.

"No; upon my word I am not."

"O, I am so sorry, then," she says immediately. "But there was somebody just like him at the Domvilles. What shall I do?"

"Come and be introduced, that's all. I'll put it right." And they come together on to the landing.

"My cousin made a mistake, Her-

bert," he says, while she stands by him blushing deeply. Then he adds, laughing, "She mistook you for a—"

"I made a mistake," she breaks in very quickly, coming a step nearer. "I beg your pardon."

To save her from any farther embarrassment, I ask her at once for the next dance; and it is immediately granted.

"By the by, Miss Linton," I say, when the dance is over, and we are standing on the landing again, "you have never told me what you took me for. An ogre?"

"No."

"What, then?"

Her laughing eyes look up with their old merry sparkle into my face. They seem at the same time to question me whether I shall be annoyed if she speaks the truth. She pauses for a moment, and then says, "A waiter," and presses her lips tightly together.

"Thank you."

"But it was quite excusable," she begins hurriedly.

"Thank you again," I remark, interrupting her.

"You won't listen," she says plaintively; "I want to explain—"

"That I look so much like a waiter," I add, breaking in again, "that it was quite excusable taking me for one."

"O, no; I didn't mean that, of course," she says, forced to laugh. "But where I was dining, there was a waiter like you—so exactly like you," she emphasises the word "exactly," and glances quickly up at me as she does so, "and I mistook him for a gentleman, and thought he was one of the guests."

"So you make up for it by taking me for a waiter," I answer. "Well, I think the waiter had the best of it."

"But it was excusable, was it not," she asks, "you two being so much alike?"

"You mistaking the waiter for a gentleman? If he was like me, certainly."

"No," with a little stamp of her foot; "my mistaking you for a waiter."

"I can't grant that," I answer.

"Very well," she says, with a laugh. Then she adds mischievously over her shoulder, as her partner comes for the next dance, "I think my first mistake was the more excusable of the two."

"And I think the last by far the worst," I reply.

"Do you? Well, I am very sorry," she answers; but her eyes belie her as she goes off laughing into the drawing-room.

Fortunately I secure the dance before supper, and take her down.

"You don't wait so well as your double," she says, as I hand her some mince-pies. I had just put them before her for a minute, and then taken them away.

"I am sorry for that," I answer; "but then, you see, I know you never eat mince-pies."

"How do you know that?" she asks, turning round quickly.

"Your cousin has told me a great deal about you," I reply.

"Did he tell you, pray, that I never eat mince-pies?"

"How should I know it if he did not?" I say, with assumed simplicity.

She looks very incredulous. "He didn't tell you that, I know; though I believe you men talk a great deal of nonsense; as much nonsense as women do."

"You own that about women, then, and yet you want them to have a voice in the government."

"O, now I am certain you must have been at Mr. Domville's," she cries; "for I never said so till to-day at dinner, and then only in opposition to my neighbor. If you were not there, how could you have known what I said?"

"Do you believe in the theory, Miss Linton," I begin, with a grave face, "of a person knowing, by a sort of affinity, the thoughts and actions of another person whom he has

never seen, but whom, when he is permitted to see, he is at once, by fate, most deeply interested in?"

"No, I don't," she replies, laughing. "How nonsensical you are!"

Before I can go on expounding my impromptu theory, Roche comes up and claps me on the shoulder.

"Well, Herbert, how's Crumms?"

Roche has often been to my rooms, and knows my landlord, of course; but what demon possesses him to come at this moment and pronounce that fatal name, I can't imagine.

"Bravo!" cries Miss Linton, clapping her hands. "Now I know: you went there with Crumms."

"Went where?" asks Roche, in surprise.

"To the Domvilles," she answers.

"Mr. Herbert was there with Crumms waiting. Now, weren't you?" she asks, turning to me.

So, driven up in a corner, at last I make my confession.

"What fun!" she says. "Won't I laugh at mamma! She read me such a lecture as I came here. And I have not made a mistake, after all."

"Except when you took me for a waiter, Miss Linton."

"O, that was your own fault. I am not a bit sorry about that now."

What Miss Linton did say to her mamma, of course I don't know: if she did laugh at her, Mrs. Linton must have taken it very good-naturedly; for when I go upstairs after supper, she calls me "Mr. Waiter," and the name sticks to me for the rest of the evening. Just as we are all leaving, she comes to me and invites me to a party at her house in the following week.

"How shall I come, Miss Linton?" I ask, as I put on her cloak: "as a waiter or a guest?"

"In the capacity you think suits you best," she answers. Then she adds more softly, "We shall be glad to see you in either."

There is a farther note in my diary for that Christmas day—something

about Miss Linton—which perhaps it will be as well to let remain private. But about two years afterwards, and not so very long ago, there was a wedding-breakfast given at the Domvilles. Crumms was there to wait, and Crumms's feelings had overpowered him, and required soothing. From being usually calm,

Crumms became unusually excited and was with difficulty prevented from solemnly blessing the couple, and making a speech with effect that the joyous occasion brought about by him taking the bridegroom out waiting on a Christmas day.

"DIED—AGED SEVEN YEARS."

THEY looked, who loved him, and most rare,
They thought the gift God fashioned there,
That childish form and spirit fair.

They only saw the darling child,
Whose winning ways their love beguiled,
Who blessed their home if he but smiled.

And in their hearts they said: "Around
His precious life our love is bound;
With all good gifts it shall be crowned."

* * * * *

God looked, and from his seat on high,
He, loving, saw what mortal eye,
Too low to reach at, had passed by.

He saw a little spirit fair;
No stain upon it yet; no care,
Nor wrong, nor sorrow low'ring there.

And saw the world with snares set round;
Saw black'ning sins on young souls bound,
Their lives by deepest mis'ry ground.

And his great heart said tenderly:
"Dear child, from this I'll rescue thee.
Come home; forever live with me."

* * * * *

Dear friends! whose bleeding hearts o'er this
Weep, because of your dead it is,
Oh! can ye mourn his sleep of bliss?

Upon the Father's bosom now,
Most sweetly rests his baby brow;
Wake him not with your wailings low.

A STORY OF BEETHOVEN.

How sensitive is the true musician? Ever tenderhearted, ever susceptible to the insults of the heartless world, rarely appreciated, his heart filled with sorrow, and often embittered against the human race. After all appreciation is the oil which feeds the flame of genius, whilst neglect has blighted the promise of many a life. Even the great Beethoven was not beyond the influence of neglect.

When the self-reliant and great are so susceptible of outer chilling influences, what must be the feeling of the talented but less gifted who struggle for fame? Whilst yet partially unknown to the world, the great composer was extremely poor and neglected. At this time he had composed his sublime opera *Fidelio* (first produced under the title of *Leonora*, in the *Karuthnerthon Theatre*). However, the music was in advance of its time. Shallow minds could not understand it, and so Beethoven remained in poverty.

His lodgings were in the upper story of a small house in *Rovermerplatz*; his sole worldly possession was a good sweet-toned piano by *Stumpff*, the most celebrated maker of that day. Often was this loved instrument threatened in violent terms to be thrown out of doors, by his landlady, when the musician had not his trifling rent at hand on pay-day, or when he played far into the hours of night. To his few sympathizing friends he often complained bitterly of the world at large, yet his heart had all the gentle tenderness of that of a woman.

"I feel I have genius," he would say; "but it is unknown and slighted by the world. I hate it, I hate myself, I am almost sorry I ever played a note. No, no, I must not say this of music, my only

consolation. Oh I am miserable, miserable! I have no one to care for me, no one to love me, no one to understand me; and yet my heart is capable of loving—aye, and of hating too."

Alas! it is only the story of everyday life, common to all ages.

A long summer's day wore itself slowly away. The atmosphere in the lodgings of the musician was oppressive. He closed the pianoforte, and putting aside his manuscript, he prepared to go out. His mind was weary from study, his brow ached, yet he could not banish from his memory the music he had just played; over and over again with wearisome persistency it repeated itself in his mind. He felt his way down the narrow stair, and was soon in the open street breathing heaven's fresh air.

Study and premature care had laid their hands upon his young brow; his figure stooped a little, and he habitually kept down his head. Pushing on through the streets, he reached more refreshing suburbs, yet without heeding where his steps led him, for he was lost in thoughts of the most gloomy kind.

Such men pass us daily in our commonest walks; men whom the heedless little note, but in whose eyes, fixed as it were on some spiritual vision regardless of all around, the more attentive watcher may trace the sacred fire of genius, perhaps neglected, possibly unappreciated.

After a short walk, greedily snatched from the labor of the day, Beethoven returned; once more he trod the narrow streets which led to his lodging. Coming along he thought he heard a faint sound; it was the music of a wiry pianoforte. Ordinary people would have passed

by without noticing the house from which the music came, but the musician's attention was arrested, and he stayed to listen. The window of the room in which he supposed the instrument to be was open, so that not a note of the music was lost. Greatly interested he listened; it was one of his own compositions which was being played. He waited until the music stopped.

"Why do you cease?" asked a manly voice within.

"I cannot continue to play it," answered a soft female voice; "it affects me powerfully it is so sublime. What a genius must the composer possess!"

"Try it once more—it fills me with exquisite emotions, pray play it again," urged the man's voice.

Once again the music sounds. Beethoven heard with joy in what a glorious way his thoughts were interpreted.

"Yes," he exclaimed, "these people understand me, they appreciate me, and will pity my neglected condition."

He looked up at the house, it was a dwelling as humble as his own. His heart beat with emotion, his eye brightened, for he felt already there was at least one bond of sympathy between his admirers and himself, they both were poor. The door of the house stood open, he entered, and knocked at the room from which the sounds had issued. He forgot that its occupants might be utter strangers to him, he only knew that in their souls existed a common love for music.

The man's voice, which he had heard outside, now bade him enter. He did so; the room was miserably poor, almost without furniture. A young girl sat at the piano, her companion, a man, young, haggard, and pale, stood by her side.

"Pray excuse me," Beethoven said, as he entered, "while passing by I chanced to hear the music outside. I also heard what you said

just now, and I—I could not help coming in."

His manner was simple as that of a child, and the evident candor with which he spoke, produced a favorable impression, though upon his entrance he perceived a frown upon the brow of the young man.

"I fear our instrument is but a poor one," he said, as he bowed to Beethoven.

"Aye, but the performance is good; will the young lady permit me to ask whence she obtained the music."

"Certainly," she answered. "Some time since I heard it played repeatedly in a house in a part of this town, underneath the windows of which I often remained to listen. I only play it by ear. Do you play sir?" she timidly asked.

"Yes," he made answer, "I do. Shall I play that piece for you?"

"I should like to hear it once more—if you would be so kind," she answered joyfully.

Without more words he seated himself at the instrument, which seemed to become inspired beneath his masterly touch. Exquisite movements, chords of richest harmony, phrases rare in expression, deep and tender, filled the listeners with rapture. Beethoven ceased abruptly, and gazed before him lost in thought. The sudden silence first seemed to remind him of his visit; he saw before him the gentle girl in tears, that welled up unbidden from her soul. The young man approached him and said:

"Sir, do tell me your name—who are you?"

Without replying, Beethoven played again, well pleased at being appreciated, and at the evident admiration he had excited. When he had finished the young man came again to him.

"I am not deceived," he said, "you are surely Ludwig Beethoven, the great musician."

"I am," he said, and arose from

the instrument, with the intention of departing. But the pleading look of the girl and the man's earnest entreaty compelled him to reseal himself. With a gentle movement, and forgetful for the moment of her natural shyness, the girl placed her hand on his shoulder, and whispered to him,

"Play it once more, we may never hear you again."

The moon had risen, and shone into the apartment in which there was no other light. Her mellow rays fell aslant upon the floor, bringing out more evidently the poverty of all within their reach.

As if in a dream the musician arose and walked to the window. He lifted his eyes to heaven, and gazed with an admiration too deep for words, on the radiant beauty of the summer sky, rich in the soft lustre of the full moon's light.

"The rising moon has hid the stars,
Her level rays, like golden bars,
Lie on the landscape green,
With shadows brown between."

All was calm in the street below, the opposite houses flung from them their dark shadows, and basked bright whilst they could in the silvery rays of the night luminary. Ideas and impressions the most poetical flashed across the composer's mind; he returned to the instrument; there it was he could give life to the emotions which struggled in his soul for expression. His hands strayed over the keys, he was composing a sonata. Meeting with those who loved to hear him play, who had faith in his abilities, and in the power of his genius, he became as one inspired; all the rich and gifted strains of his usual composition were now combined in the sonata he played. It contained noble

harmony, bursts of rapturous melody, of exquisite emanations from the realm of sounds, and the most expressive powers of intense feeling.

The hearers were held spellbound in a joyous trance, their hearts were full of bright memories, of happy feelings, and of all that mixture of concord and bliss which we truly term felicity.

It is over; the musician leans back in his chair, his eyes are closed, his mind is absent; and in the room, half lit by the moonlight, stands the man trying to suppress his emotion; whilst the young girl was reawakening to live again on this commonplace earth, which but a moment since was tinged with hallowed golden hues.

"Adieu," the musician said, rising hastily, and on his cheeks there was yet the trace of emotion. "Adieu my friends, I must make haste home, and note it down." He advanced to the door, but turned round before he went out. His eye fell upon the piano, then upon the two figures standing half in the shade, half in the silver moonlight.

"Farewell," he said again; "God will bless you for the happiness your admiration has imparted to a weary heart."

He was gone; the great man hastened home to note down this happy effusion of his gifted brain.

When the morning stars grew pale from long watching, and flickered faintly, ere the first flush of crimson dawn came to their relief, they looking into the musician's room, beheld him bending over the pianoforte writing in his manuscript the sonata, which we may presume was afterwards handed to an admiring posterity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE archbishops and bishops of Ireland have united in a pastoral address to their flocks, designed to guard them against the attacks of modern materialism upon the Catholic religion. Both as an exposition of the true relation of faith and science, and as a refutation of the sophisms and fallacies of materialism, it is a masterpiece of clear precise statement and irrefutable argument. To attempt to give a synopsis of this admirable pastoral in a few paragraphs would be necessarily a failure. It must be read to be appreciated. The *Catholic Standard* has published it in full. The following brief but eloquent extract summarily disposes of the arrogant assumptions of the infidel school of which Mr. Tyndall puts himself forth as the exponent, that Christianity must give way to a mere theory which he himself admits is not affirmed by any experimental evidence that science has ever produced:

"This conclusion, reached only by trampling upon every scientific law, he declares to be the judgment of science itself, and to admit it as such, he calls upon Catholics to adjust the teachings of their faith. And then, going further still, he claims for it that it be enthroned with imperial sway over all religions, schemes, and systems that venture to teach mankind anything about the origin of the world! And he denounces us as fanatical, and intolerant, and dogmatic, because we refuse to some vague scientific analogy the Faith once delivered to the saints, and supported by motives of credibility the most powerful and the most varied; because we decline to do violence to our reason, and to break from the perennial tradition of the whole human race on the sole authority of 'a vision of the mind,' and at the blind bidding of 'an intellectual necessity.'"

WERE we called upon to point out a body of men, "according to God's own heart," who have never bent the knee to any, save the Creator of all things; whose record is as pure, and whose intentions are as clear, as the rays of the sun on the brightest day, we would without hesitation, and certainly without fear of contradiction, pronounce the names of the "Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland." Like the sentinels of Scripture, they stand on the tower-top, seeing the danger from afar, and giving a warning voice to the flocks confided to their care. Like the faithful watch-dog of whom the sacred text speaks, they give out in no uncertain tone the well-known sounds which bespeak the threatened entrance of him who comes

not in by the door. Faithful pilots, they keep the chart of faith constantly before their eyes; and whether it be the bark of state, or the political sail which seeks impetus from the influence of their children, they cry out in thundering tones when a rock is in the distance, when the breakers of mere human eloquence indicate the danger underlying the shallow surface.

Nothing escapes their notice, and they are a unit in the expression of their opinion, whether these are devoted against the sophistry of a Gladstone, the tyranny of a Parliament, or the cunning duplicity and *double entendre* of a Tyndall.

Is it any wonder that with such men directing the Church in the old world, the best minds of England should be induced to examine the tenets of a church which these men represent? After all, if the parent is seen in the child, and the master in the scholar, we may equally say, that the Church has no better exponent of her purity, no fitter champions of her hidden, but true power, than these Irish prelates. They draw, as they have so often received, the special benediction, the warmest affection, of the Holy Father, whose rights they so bravely champion.

MR. THOMAS FARRELL, the eminent sculptor, has completed the model of a colossal marble statue to be erected in Tuam in honor of Archbishop McHale. It is within a few months of fifty years since this illustrious prelate was elevated to the Episcopate. During all this time he has held a distinguished position in a hierarchy eminent for its learning, its zeal, and its unflinching courage and sanctity. No other name occupies a larger place in the Irish heart than that of the "great Archbishop of the West." Irishmen in every land, the world over, will feel that the erection in his own land and lifetime of such a memorial is but a fitting testimonial to his worth. In the darkest hour and the severest trials Archbishop McHale, lion-hearted, full of patriotism and of faith, stood unflinchingly by the people of Ireland. "To him it is owing that Connaught is studded with schools." To him, more than to any other man, the ancient Irish language owes its perpetuation. His love of the ancient music of Ireland is as strong as his love for its ancient tongue. Nor is his hand unskilled in evoking "the wild pathos or the wilder mirth of the old Irish melodies" from the Irish harp.

The *Dublin Nation*, from which we cull

this notice, closes its eulogy upon him with the following just tribute:

"Poet, musician, orator, controversialist, theologian, his genius has all the wide and varied scope of the Irish intellect; while to these claims on the respect of his countrymen are added the stronger ones which belong of right to the stainless patriot and the holy prelate. Ireland is not only proud of him; Ireland loves him with her whole heart, and will rejoice with a great joy to see him honored as he deserves."

MR. GLADSTONE'S attack on English Catholics, on the pretence that belief in the infallibility of the Holy Roman Pontiff is incompatible with allegiance to the state, seems to meet with but little approval in England. It has been thoroughly refuted by Archbishop Manning, Monsignor Capel, Sir George Bowyer, and other distinguished Catholic prelates and laymen. Non-Catholics have also come forward and controverted from their respective positions Mr. Gladstone's statements and arguments. One of the most effective and thorough non-Catholic refutations that has yet appeared, is from the pen of an anonymous writer in the London *Telegraph*, who says that he is "a Protestant to the backbone," a description of himself that certainly is correct. For he very pertinently concludes his argument with the trenchant statement that "the great theological battle of these days is not between infallibility and fallibility, but between sacerdotalism on the one hand, and individual judgment on the other." Not criticizing the terms in which he has expressed his meaning, his statement is unquestionably true. Admit, as every consistent believer in divine revelation must, that Christ appointed a special order to teach his word, and that infallibility is somehow connected with that order, to guide and direct it, follows as a logical necessity. Deny infallibility, and you must deny that revealed truth was committed to any order or organization to be taught authoritatively, and that every individual is his own teacher. This is the conclusion to which every Protestant, who logically reasons upon his assumed premises, is brought—pure and simple individualism; and this is a negation of all authority, civil and religious.

THE Catholic Church in the United States, and particularly in New England, has sustained two heavy losses lately by the deaths of Bishop McFarland of Hartford, and Bishop Bacon of Portland. In few parts of our country has the Catholic religion made greater progress than in New England. In 1790 there were only one hundred Catholics in Boston, whose priest was the Rev. John Thayer, a convert from Congregationalism. In 1808 Bishop Cheverus was consecrated

the first Bishop of Boston, which diocese comprised at that time all the New England States. In 1835 the diocese contained forty thousand Catholics. In 1844 Connecticut and Rhode Island were formed into the Catholic Diocese of Hartford, which at that time contained ten thousand Catholics. Bishop Tyler, also a convert, ruled the see till 1849; and Bishop McFarland succeeded in 1858, and died on the 12th of last October. Despite the separation of the diocese of Providence, which comprised the State of Rhode Island, the diocese contains two hundred thousand Catholics. Bishop McFarland's works were numerous, and he left behind him the plans of a fine new cathedral.

Bishop Bacon was the first occupant of the see of Portland, which comprises the States of Maine and New Hampshire. It was erected in the year 1855, and under the bishop's indefatigable care and untiring industry has much increased. The sad history of the bishop's voyage to Europe, his sudden and severe illness, and his death on November 5th, shortly after reaching New York, are familiar to most of our readers. At his funeral, Archbishop McCloskey delivered a glowing panegyric on his numerous virtues.

THE Calcutta correspondent of the *London Times*, writing about India missions, makes the following remarks respecting Catholic missionaries, which need no comment:

"I fear many of your readers will not like to read that in *quiet and resolute devotion* the Roman Catholics *seem to stand almost unrivalled*. I have now and then called at St. Xavier's College, where the Jesuits are incessantly employed in a great variety of work, without even a punkah or luxury of any kind, and apparently as indifferent to movements of court or camp as if they belonged to another hemisphere. Among them is a gentleman of good Neapolitan family, living here in a large miserable house, alone, without company or society. I met him once, and he said, in his rather broken English, 'Do you remember joking with me some weeks ago about the celibacy of our clergy? But you see that house. I have just come from the bedside of a man who has died in a most contagious fever, and I have been at that bedside thirty-six hours. I assure you I could not have brought myself to do that if I had been married.' Who could say anything in such a case? Who could do other than bow to a sacrifice of which the larger mass of mankind know nothing? St. Xavier's College has 150 boarders and 354 day scholars; the Bengal Academy (Roman Catholic also), 120; and there are several other schools. In one orphanage the Roman Catholics have 40 boarders and 100 day scholars; the

education is excellent; the lady superior is assisted by no fewer than 32 nuns. Another Catholic orphanage has 205 boarders."

THE University of Notre Dame, in France, has recently lost two of its foremost members, priests held in high esteem as members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.

The Rev. Augustus Lemonnier was born in France, in 1839. In early youth he studied law, but afterwards turned his attention to theology, and entered the Congregation of the Holy Cross, at Rome, in the year 1860. He came to America in 1861, was ordained priest, and made his profession at Notre Dame in 1863. He was successively Prefect of Discipline, Prefect of Religion, and Vice-President. In 1872 he became President. He was a man of good scholarship, and had a decided taste for literature and the fine arts. Painting, music, and the drama, received attention from him, and he discharged the ordinary duties of his office with care, zeal, and ability. He died on October 29th, and was followed, a fortnight afterwards, on November 12th, by the Rev. Neal Henry Gillespie. Father Gillespie was born at Brownsville, Pa., in 1832, and was one of the earliest students at Notre Dame, where he completed his studies, and received the degree of A.B. He was professed in 1853, and ordained priest in 1856. From that time he was Vice-President of the University till 1859, then President of St. Mary of the Lake, Chicago. Since 1866 he has been at Notre Dame, where at one time he was editor of the *Ave Maria*, a paper devoted to spreading the honor and glory of the blessed Virgin.

THE organization by the government of Great Britain of a new Polar Expedition has been definitely determined upon. The necessary preparations are being vigorously carried forward. The expedition will consist of two powerful steamers, strengthened for encountering ice, and provided with all the appliances which science and the experience of previous expeditions suggest as necessary. It is expected to start next May.

There seems to be a strange enchantment that prevents discouragement from all past failures to penetrate the ice-packs which shut in the North Pole, and leads to constantly renewed efforts to solve the mystery that surrounds it.

It is questionable whether success, if it ever can be attained in reaching the Pole, will repay past loss of valuable lives, or compensate for the suffering and risk that must be encountered by those still engaged in the hazardous effort. Of commercial results, the discovery will be utterly barren; and whether it will increase the sum of scientific

knowledge in any important particular is doubtful.

But the expedition will nevertheless go forward, and if it fails, another will be organized to make still another attempt. The insatiable curiosity of the love of adventure, the glamour that surrounds the unknown, and the unquenchable desire to penetrate it, will impel to co-ordinated efforts to explore every foot of land and water of which earth's surface is composed.

THE French Protestant Church was distinguished for rigid Calvinistic orthodoxy and prided itself on its Huguenot traditions and exact faith. But modern Liberalism, that universal solvent of schismatic barriers, has during the present century penetrated into it, and has now caused another division. The party which denies the divinity of Christ, the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, the author of miracles, the resurrection, ascension, and all the supernatural portions of Christianity, has achieved great successes lately elected its nominees "Pastors," who deny the recognition of the French government. The more orthodox section protest against this, and assert that they alone represent the Protestant Church, and as such are entitled to the governmental aid which is granted to all recognized forms of Christianity. The government is in a quandary, and more prudent members of it advocate recognition of the "French Liberal Church" as a distinct body. If this is done, a unique spectacle will be witnessed of a called Christian Church which avows and rejects every particle of the faith! Truly Liberalism is dissolving Protestantism, and opening the way for the last great battle between Faith and Unbelief, God and Satan.

MR. TYNDALL has given another evidence of his kindredship to the materialistic and pagan times. They protested against being considered atheists. They were skeptics, *i. e.*, deniers that God could be known or his existence proved.

In their own way they were very rational, that is, they professed to reverence blind fate, an invincible necessity, the necessity of matter, or some other figure in their own minds, belief in which they professed to be infinitely more ennobling than the prevailing ideas of the people.

So Mr. Tyndall repudiates the character of atheism, and talks with immense piety of "wondrous dynamis," "whose workings are so resistless that we have naught to do but reverently obey them."

This may not be pure atheism, but in its essence it is superior to atheism it is hard to see. It is only the old heathen notion of the gods of the world residing in all matter, personified.

ing "the length, and breadth, and depth of the universe." It effectually destroys all moral responsibility and all the merit of obeying law. For there is no merit in submitting to what cannot be resisted.

THE two great Spanish authors, Donoso Cortes and Balmes, are read by every intelligent student of the questions which underlie the religious controversies of the present century. There is one class of writings furnished us by these men which does not, perhaps, receive the attention from students that it deserves—we mean the letters bequeathed the world by those great thinkers. There is something in a letter which enables us to read characters, and to determine motives, which no other source will reveal to us.

We are quite sure, that it will afford no ordinary pleasure to the admirers of the author of "Fundamental Philosophy" and of the more popular "Protestantism Compared with Catholicity," to learn that his letters are translated, and will be published in February of the coming year. Those who have young friends, students either in our Catholic colleges or seminaries, cannot do better than make them a present of this very valuable work upon its first appearance.

THERE have been some rumors as to the expected formation of an "Old Catholic" party in England. Mr. Gladstone visited Dr. Von Dollinger lately, and shortly after the publication of his late pamphlet on the Vatican decrees, he paid a visit to Lord Acton, a Catholic peer, who has made himself conspicuous by repudiating papal infallibility. There are a few laymen in England whose sympathies may be with Dr. Dollinger, but they are rarer than black swans. Some ventilate their ideas on what the Pope should or should not do, in the sarcastic pages of the *Saturday Review*, and others write to the *Times* or the *Telegraph* under such signatures as "Old Catholic," "No Ultramontane," etc. But there is no priest, much less bishop, who sympathizes with heresy and schism, and there are not enough "shaky" Catholics in England to fill a room.

THE Irish people are looking forward with great interest to the approaching centenary of the birthday of Daniel O'Connell, which will take place on the 6th of August, 1875. An address has been issued to the Irish

people and the friends of freedom throughout the world which recites the great deeds of the liberator, and invites the scattered children of Erin, "the sea-divided Gael," in addition to their own local celebrations on that day, to send delegates to Dublin to a great national demonstration. The lamented death of Mr. Foley will not, it is anticipated, prevent the completion and inauguration of the famous monument to O'Connell, which will be, if possible, unveiled on that day, amid the acclamations of an immense assemblage.

THE recent pronunciamientos of sundry Protestant ministers in New York, in regard to providing Sunday amusements for the people, furnishes another illustration of the constantly fluctuating character of Protestantism. It has no fixed basis, and can pursue no fixed course. After vainly trying to turn the Lord's Day into a Jewish Sabbath, it leaps now over to the other extreme, and advocates the desecration of Sunday.

How truthfully do not the words of St. James describe the actual character of Protestantism: "Like a wave of the sea that is moved and carried about by the wind."

THE Fiji Islanders are not well pleased with British annexation. It is not likely that their pleasure or displeasure will be taken into account. The British missionaries wished it. They and other British adventurers will fill their pockets more effectually through annexation, and if the Fijis in a few decades of years become extinct through the civilizing process of these missionaries, it will only be another instance of the only kind of "Gospel triumphs" which Protestant missionaries are able to achieve.

FRANCE and Italy have each lost an archbishop during the past month. Mgr. Fruchaud of Tours, and Mgr. Limberti of Florence, filled with dignity their respective sees, but the circumstances in which they respectively found themselves were widely different. The latter was attached to the old ducal house of Tuscany; yet, notwithstanding this, suffered nothing from its overthrow in the year 1860. His character was so high, that he was respected even by the Piedmontese intruders.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIBRARY OF THE SACRED HEART, comprising the following popular works: I. Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. II. The Paradise of God the Virtues of the Sacred Heart. III. The Holy Communion; it is my Life. IV. God our Father. V. Practical Piety by St. Francis de Sales. VI. The Happiness of Heaven. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1874.

We have already noticed in commendatory terms most of the volumes of this series at the time of their respective publications, and we can now only reiterate our commendation with the assurance that they are not only most beautiful in diction, but are replete with the spiritual unction of that sweet and gentle charity which flows from the sacred heart. It was a most happy thought to combine with this series of books one which does not properly belong to it, viz., the **PRACTICAL PIETY** of St. Francis de Sales, who was truly the apostle of the sacred heart to society; or, to quote the language of the *Western Watchman*, "the prophet of modern asceticism, as St. Benedict, St. Francis of Assisium, and St. Augustine were of the oriental and mediæval. His works, while giving the most minute lessons of the highest spiritual perfection, possess a charm and an insight into the wants and weaknesses of everyday life that make them pleasant and instructive reading for ordinary Christians." All these works have received unqualified and well-merited praise not only from the religious and secular press, but also from several of our most reverend and right reverend prelates. This uniform edition is printed on fine-tinted paper, neatly and substantially bound in English cloth, bevelled, and inclosed in a neat case. We cannot better close this notice than by quoting the following recommendation, on the part of the publishers of these books, as a choice and appropriate Christmas present:

"At the approach of a season which has ever been one of universal rejoicing and of mutual tokens of affection, we offer to the public 'The Library of the Sacred Heart,' composed of six elegant volumes, uniform in size and binding, and inclosed in a neat case. The works selected for this series are such as recommend themselves to every sincere Christian, and all of them have long

been favorites with pious souls in every walk of life. We may be allowed to say, that we offer here a collection of gems, each precious and beautiful in itself, and all receiving additional grace from their union.

"The season is one of joy; but we should not forget that the source of this joy is the heart of the infant Saviour, born for us at Bethlehem, and therefore no present can be more suitable than these beautiful volumes which tell of the wonders of that loving God and teach us to love him in return, and thus create in our hearts that pure and holy joy with which it becomes us to welcome our Redeemer at his birth."

EAGLE AND DOVE. Translated from the French by Emily Bowles. New York: P. O'Shea. 1874.

A very beautiful story, which has been reprinted in the *Catholic Review*, and is now published in book form by Mr. O'Shea. It has met with the most commendatory notices from a large number of critics. The plot is laid during the exciting scenes of the Prussian-French war, and the subsequent horrors of the Paris Commune.

THE ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS. A text-book for academies and common schools. By Sidney A. Norton, A.M. Cincinnati and New York: Wilson, Hinkle & Co. 1874.

This is another volume of the Eclectic Series issued by the above-named house, the excellent school series of which took a prize at the Vienna World's Fair of 1873.

The publishers in the present work seem to have aimed rather at indoctrinating even the youngest pupils of physical science with scientific ideas, than to overload their minds with a mass of confused deductions. This we conceive to be the true principle of all education, and for this reason, if then for no other, we could cheerfully recommend this excellent little work. But there are several other merits which, in face of this primary and fundamental one, including as it does most of the others, we will not dwell upon. We will merely say that a due regard to the age of the students, and the average time required for the study of this branch of science, which the publishers seem to put forth as an apology for the fulness of the work seems scarcely necessary, since method and comprehensiveness are better than absolute completeness.

THE

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THE POPE.

THE origin of the word *pope*, has given rise to as much dispute as Homer's birthplace. According to some it is formed from a certain manipulation of the letters of "Pastor Pastorum," *Shepherd of Shepherds*, or of "Pater Patrum," *Father of Fathers*. Others try to derive it from "Pater Omnium Populorum Electorum," *Father of all the elect*; and they are not the *few* who maintain that its origin lies in the Greek interjection (*παπαι*), *papai*, equivalent to the stereotyped "Ye gods!" But the most fanciful of all derivations—and we could wish it were more than fancy that prompted it—forms it from the initial letters of "Petri Apostoli Potestatem Accipiens," that is, *He who receives the power of Peter the Apostle*.

That all these derivations fall short of truth we need hardly stop to prove, for it is too well known to the simplest tyro in Oriental literature that the word *pope* is nothing else but the English form of the Eastern term for *father*. In the Sclavo-Russian dialect the word is spelled precisely like our own, In the Wallachian language it is *popa*;

in the Hungarian, it is *pap*; and in the old German, *pfaff*; all different forms of the selfsame word.

In the so-called "Holy Orthodox Church," the Schismatic Church of the East, the term *pope* is as common to-day, when speaking of priests, as *father* or *reverend father* is with ourselves. Every priest in Russia is known and called by that name, and not only in Russia, but throughout the entire East. It is the exact equivalent of our term *father*, and is applied to all, without distinction of grade.

And that the word *pope* had this extended application, even in the Latin Church at one time, is proved by innumerable testimonies. Pope St. Gregory VII, however, in 1073, restricted its use to the Sovereign Pontiff alone, and from his days it has ceased to be applied to any other ecclesiastic in the Western Church.

THE POPE'S ELECTION.

There is much that is interesting in papal elections; for, from whatever stand we view it, our better knowledge must give way in pronouncing the position of Vicar of

Christ the most exalted that man can fill. Without entering, however, into the multitudinous details of papal elections in general, it must suffice, for the present, to say, that from the time of Pope Alexander III, 1179, the sole right of election has been vested in the Sacred College of Cardinals, and that the method now pursued is termed *election by scrutiny*. To obtain a legitimate appointment, it is necessary that two-thirds of the entire body favor a particular individual.

Let us suppose that the Holy Father has just discharged the last debt of nature. As soon as this intelligence comes to the ears of the Dean of the Sacred College, letters are immediately dispatched to all the cardinals absent, in order to apprise them of the fact, and request their speedy appearance at Rome for the purpose of considering a new election. Ten days are allotted by the canons for all the cardinals to be present. During this time their Eminences keep pouring in from all directions, in order to prepare for the discharge of one of the heaviest duties imposed upon them by that Church whose *hinges* they are esteemed to be. It may be well to note here that cardinals of every grade have a voice in the election of the Supreme Pontiff, even though they be *suspended, degraded, or excommunicated*. The only exception made is in case of those who may not have yet attained the Sacred Order of Diaconate. If, from any sudden press of circumstances, it should be found necessary to enter on the election of a pontiff before all have assembled, the *onus* would devolve on those who may be present, and their choice would be considered as final by the canons as though the entire sacred body had co-operated in it. This would be true, even though the number present amounted only to two.

After nine days have been spent in celebrating the obsequies of the deceased pontiff, orders are issued

on the tenth to enter *conclave*, a term borrowed from the Latin signify "under key," because cardinals, during election, are really "locked up" in their respective rooms. The rigor attending the liberations of the conclave is verbal. There is nothing in the diplomatic ceremonial of nations to compare with it.

On the morning of the tenth all the cardinals meet in a body in the Church of St. Sylvester, and proceed on foot to the Quirinal Palace, where the elections are carried on to-day instead of at the Vatican as formerly.

Accompanying each cardinal is a certain number of attendants to administer to his wants during the time "under lock and key." The pope-elect generally takes with him a chaplain, a secretary, one or two masters of ceremonies, a physician, and a barber. As soon as the entire college has reached the Quirinal Palace, the rooms of the conclave are portioned out to each cardinal, in which he occupies during the election. These rooms are assigned by lot, and, to preclude any danger of disturbance or interference from outside, armed guards are continually parading in front of the conclave, and the most rigid measures are taken to hinder every shadow of communication with the cardinals while the work of election is going on. The deliberations of each day are opened with a solemn Mass of the Holy Ghost, and, after noon, touching the nature of the great work they are engaged in, delivered to them by some cardinal appointed specially for the purpose. There are two sessions a day, each of which casts a vote for the particular cardinal who, in his opinion, possesses the qualities required for the papal chair. The name of the nominee is written on a card and deposited on the altar chalice set apart for the purpose. Simultaneously with the deposit of his vote each cardinal pronounces

aloud this form of oath: "I call to witness Christ the Lord, who is to judge me, that I am choosing the person who, before God, ought to be elected." After all the votes have been deposited, they are carefully counted, and if it be found that no person present has two-thirds of the number in his favor, all are consigned to the flames, and the work begins anew.

Should the conclave, for any reason, be protracted longer than two days without having come to a final agreement regarding any person, by a decree of Pope Gregory X, in 1271, the fare of the conclavists is reduced to one single dish of plain food *per diem*; and if the fifth day should intervene, and yet find them undecided, the same pontiff ordained that their rations be cut down to bread, wine, and water. There ought to be but little temptation for their Eminences to prolong their labors on such fare as this.

Curious things are on record about what happens sometimes in conclave. The rigor already alluded to, regarding the general discipline that regulates the free disposition of the voters, even extends itself to the very food conveyed to the cardinals from their respective houses. Not many conclaves ago one of their Eminences gave orders for a choice dinner to be brought him on a certain day, while deliberating on the election of a pontiff. The meal was at hand at the nick of time, but, just as the waiter was about to convey it to its destined owner, the official whose duty it was to see that nothing suspicious passed by with impunity, spying on the server a curiously done up chicken, and thinking that something more than culinary art had been concerned in its preparation, gave orders at once to overhaul it, and so thorough a riddling did it receive that it was utterly impossible to tell, when it reached its destination, whether it had ever belonged to the feathered race.

The difficulty of coming to a speedy issue in conclave is often very great. The cardinals have been known, in times gone by, to have sat for days and days together without finding a single member who united the requisite number of votes.

A "long parliament" of this kind occurred after the decease of Pope Clement XII, in the year 1740. For days and days, in the conclave that immediately succeeded, the cardinals earnestly plied their anxious labors, but all to no purpose; no one could be found uniting two-thirds of the votes. While this state of things was pending, various advices were given, and several suggestions made by the members concerned, in order to insure a speedy choice. Prayers to the Holy Ghost, and prayers for the intercession of the Ever Blessed Virgin Mary were earnestly offered, in order that the choice might fall immediately on a worthy member to fill the new-made vacancy. It pleased God at last to lend a favorable ear to their entreaties. We refer to the circumstances attending the election of Cardinal Lambertini, who, upon becoming pope, assumed the title of Benedict XIV. Few have brought more eminent qualifications to the papal chair than he.

All intercourse between the cardinals during conclave is forbidden under pain of excommunication. The same anathema follows those who lay wagers in favor of any particular individual's election, fearing the love of money may bring into play any undue influence on the freedom of the voters.

As soon as a final decision has been made, the Cardinal Dean of the Sacred College approaches the newly elected pontiff to ascertain what name he wishes to assume. When this has been ascertained, he places on the fingers of his Holiness the so-called "Fisherman's Ring," and issues prompt orders to all the officials present to prepare

for the grand ceremony of presenting the new pope to the anxious crowd in front of the Quirinal. Let us suppose ourselves carried back in spirit to that lovely summer day of June 17th, 1846, when our glorious Pius Nono stood for the first time on the Quirinal balcony in the exalted capacity of successor of St. Peter. A procession was formed of all the cardinals present, headed by innumerable bands of religious orders and ecclesiastics of every grade. In front marched a cleric with a gorgeous golden cross, the cross of papal processions. The superb appearance of the cardinals in their purple robes on this occasion, and the solemn grandeur that seemed depicted on the countenances of all who took part in the sacred ceremonies, were the means of impressing many observers that day with the heavenly beauty inherent in the Ritual of the Catholic Church. When the entire procession had arrived in front of the balcony, the cardinal dean stepped forward, and with a voice which seemed re-echoed in heaven, announced the following solemn tidings:

"Annuncio vobis gaudicem magnum; habemus Papam, Reverendissimum ac Eminentissimum Dominum Nostrum Joannem Mariam Mastai Ferretti, qui sibi nomen imposuit Pium nonum;" that is: "I announce to you great joy; we have a Pope, the Most Reverend and Eminent Lord, John Mary Mastai Ferretti, who has taken to himself the name of Pius the Ninth." At the instant these words were heard the cannons of St. Angelo roared, the bells throughout the city simultaneously began their solemn pealing, and the entire home of the Cæsars, from end to end, was alive with outbursts of "Long life to Pius Nono!" Such is the demonstration usual on occasions like these, for the Italians look on the day of the promulgation of a pope's election as the grandest *fête* day in the Catholic Church. But we must not forget to mention

one touching incident of that beautiful 17th of June, when the election of our present Holy Father was made known. It is customary on these occasions for the new pope to impart his solemn benediction, and Pius the Ninth stepped a pace or two forward to impart his, but just as he had lifted his hands to heaven his feelings gave way, and so, holding his head between his hands, he leant over the vast crowd beneath, and burst into a flood of tears. Many who saw him moved at the spectacle and wept too.

CHANGE OF NAME.

We have stated that the pope changes his name upon being elected. This must be understood, however, as carrying no obligation of any kind with it. The matter is entirely left to the wish of the pontiff himself. If he choose to assume a new name he is free to do so; if he prefer to retain his own Christian name there is nothing in the canons forbidding it. We have had several popes who retained their own names the entire length of their Pontificate. Adrian VI, in 1522, did so, and so did Pope Marcellus II, who soon followed after. According to the best authorities, it was Pope Sergius IV, in 1009, that first introduced this so-called custom. The real name of Sergius was *Peter*; but out of his love and esteem for the name of the Prince of the Apostles, he was unwilling to be called "Peter II," and hence he took the name of *Sergius the Fourth*.

Although, as we have said, there is nothing in the canons requiring a change of this kind we are speaking of, yet it cannot be denied that there is a special propriety in doing so, a propriety which has the example of God himself to sanction it. Thus in the Old Law, when the "Father of the Faithful" was commanded to leave his country and devote his energies to the immediate interests of Jehovah, his former name, which

meant "high father," or "great father," was changed to *Abraham*, which means "father of a multitude." And in the New Law, when our Divine Saviour appointed Simon to rule and watch over his Church, he changed his name to *Peter*, a more significant name than the one he bore. And if we wish to carry the matter further, we read in the Apocalypse of St. John, that among the marks of distinction that will be given hereafter in heaven to those who bear up with the ills that surround them in life, a *new name* is expressly mentioned. "To him that overcometh I will give the hidden manna, and will give him a white counter, and in the counter a *new name* written, which no man knoweth but he that receiveth it."

Change of name, therefore, following such an extraordinary elevation of position as that of Vicar of Christ, has many religious reasons to recommend it.

RIGHT OF VETO.

A vestige of the ancient mode of election is yet preserved in the right of veto enjoyed to-day by France, Spain, and Germany. Although to speak truly, this right is little more than a mere matter of courtesy, yet if it were seen that no particular damage would fall to the Holy See from the rejection of a member against whom objections had been made by any of these powers, his election might probably be abandoned. There is no positive weight, however, attributed to these *veto*s, for the instances are too numerous to detail, in which elections to the papacy have been confirmed notwithstanding the united opposition of the three.

It is related that Austria expressed her displeasure at the election of Pius the Ninth. In order to do what she could to hinder his elevation to the papacy, her *veto* was sent on to conclave, post haste, in care of the Archbishop of Milan. From

some cause or other his Grace was detained on the way, and upon his arrival at Rome, his astonishment can better be imagined than described when he heard the cannons of St. Angelo booming over the election of Cardinal Ferretti. By way of quasi-compliment, the Italians forwarded the said archbishop the first photograph of Pius the Ninth.

FISHERMAN'S RING.

The "Fisherman's Ring" is one of the chief *insignia* of papal authority. It is made of the purest gold, to symbolize the virtues of the Spouse of Christ—the Church over which the pontiff rules, and derives its name from the fact that St. Peter fishing from a boat in the Sea of Galilee is impressed upon its seal. The name of the reigning pope is likewise engraved upon it. When the Holy Father dies, this ring is immediately taken from his finger by the Cardinal Chamberlain, and broken in pieces, in order to preclude the danger of any species of forgery during the vacancy of the Holy See. Without the "Seal of the Fisherman's Ring," no document of any importance emanates from the Sacred College; but be it ever so trifling, provided that it bears this seal, it brings the authority of the sovereign pontiff with it wherever it goes. Hence the necessity of the precaution we allude to. The phrase "Under the Fisherman's Ring," so frequently met with in letters coming from the Holy Father, was first introduced by Pope Clement the Fourth, in the year 1265. The custom of wearing the ring itself goes back to the days of St. Peter.

Besides the phrase just alluded to, there are several others peculiar to papal documents in general, which we shall treat of in order.

"SERVUS SERVORUM DEI"—"SERVANT OF THE SERVANTS OF GOD."

Ecclesiastical writers tell us that Pope Gregory the Great, in A.D. 590, in order to put to confusion the

ambitious yearning for high-sounding titles of many ecclesiastics of note in his day, called himself nothing but "Servus Servorum Dei," that is, the "Servant of the Servants of God." In memory of that great pontiff, to whom the See of St. Peter owes so much, the phrase has been continued up to the present time. It is not, however, common to every species of document emanating from the hands of the Holy Father, being restricted chiefly to *bulls*, of which it forms the so-called *superscription*. Thus a *bull* from Pio Nono would begin this way: "Pius, Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God."

Although, as we have said, this phrase was first adopted by St. Gregory the Great, yet he must not be considered as its inventor, for it is a well-known fact that Pope Galasius used it many years before St. Gregory's time. He did not, however, carry it into his apostolic letters, and since Pope St. Gregory was the first to do this, its origin is generally ascribed to him.

"SALUTEM ET APOSTOLICAM BENEDICTIONEM"—"HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BLESSING."

This phrase usually heads papal documents which are sent under the name of *bulls*. Its originator was Pope St. Clement the third in succession from St. Peter; but the introduction of it into pontifical letters has been ascribed to Pope John V, in the seventh century.

"MOTU-PROPRIO."

When the Holy Father thinks fit to dispense with the usual formalities attending the Roman court in regard to granting favors or concessions of any kind, and acts solely on his own personal responsibility, the phrase applied to such action is *Motu-proprio*. Its origin began with Pope Innocent III, in the twelfth century, and has continued ever since. A letter written *in motu proprio*, has neither seal nor insignia

of any kind attached to it, but is simply addressed after the manner of ordinary civil epistles.

We now come to a phrase accustomed to be applied to his Holiness on the day of his coronation, which seems to be as difficult of interpretation as the responses of the Sibyl: "Non videbis annos Petri"—"Thou shalt not see the years of Peter."

It was so rare a thing, in the early days of the Church, to find a pope whose pontificate averaged more than six or seven years, that it became a current proverb, upon the election of a new pope, to say he would never reign as long as St. Peter. The phrase gained such ground coming over the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, owing to the fact that up to those periods only two or three pontiffs reigned as long as twenty years, that it was impossible to make the people believe the phrase were otherwise than prophetic. Hence many supposed, and, doubtlessly, some suppose yet, that the words are really a part of the ritual of papal coronations. They are not; never were. It may interest the reader, however, to know that if we take them *literally*, and give them a value which is in no way inherent in them, they have not up to this been rendered void. No pope as yet has actually reigned over the Church as long as St. Peter. Mind, I do not say *over the Roman Church*, for that would be untrue. Our glorious Pontiff Pio Nono has already passed far beyond St. Peter in that See—I mean over the *primitive* Church of Antioch and Rome together. According to ecclesiastical writers of note, St. Peter ruled over the former seven years, and over the latter, or See of Rome, twenty-five, which make in all thirty-two years, the full term of the years of St. Peter.

PAPAL DOCUMENTS.

The documents that come from the hands of the Holy Father, either

in his own personal diction, or, as is frequently the case, made out under his direction by the cardinal secretary, are called *Bulls* and *Briefs*. The word *Bull*, when used in this way, derives its name from the Latin word *Bulla*, which, in the time of the Roman emperors, meant an ornamental badge of freedom. The *Bulla* was generally orbicular in shape, and when worn by the children of noblemen its material was pure gold, but when worn by the lower classes it was forbidden to be of any other material than leather. The application of the word to papal letters is owing to the fact that letters bearing the name are accustomed to be made out with much formality and beauty of display, having the pontifical insignia impressed upon them, and numbers of seals and strings hanging from their outer wrapper. Bulls are at present accustomed to be written in Latin with the ancient Gallic character, in memory of the pope's temporary residence at Avignon, in France. Their import is usually some matter of high importance, such as the appointment of bishops, creation of new dioceses, the granting of special indulgences to the Church at large, or the promulgation of some dogma of faith. They are accustomed to be headed, as has been said in another place, with the salutation "Health and Apostolic Benediction," and take their names from the first words with which they begin. Thus, the famous Bull issued by Pius the Ninth, in declaration of the IMMACULATE CONCEPTION of the Mother of God, is termed the "Ineffabilis Deus," because it opens with these two words. This custom of naming writings in general from their initial words is of very high antiquity. The Israelites called, and call to-day, the five books of Moses, or, in other words, the *Pentateuch*, respectively, *Berasheet*, *Veelesemoth*, *Vaicra*, *Vaiedabar*, and *Haddebarim*, because these words are the

words with which each of the five books begins. The ancient Romans, too, and Grecians, adopted a similar method. Thus, with the former, what we now call "Virgil's *Æneid*" used to be known as the "Arma Virum," the opening words of the first book; and with the latter, the *Iliad* of Homer was always the "μῆνιν ἄειδε" (Menin æide), for with these two words the book begins.

BRIEFS.

Briefs are letters addressed by the Holy Father on matters of minor importance. They are so called from the fact that their wording is generally very *brief* and *pithy*, and without any of the formalities that accompany the issue of *Bulls*. They are headed with the name of the pontiff simply, thus, "Pius, PP. IX." The meaning of those two P's after the pontiff's name has given rise to much dispute. As it would not be opportune, however, to give the various interpretations that have been given of them from time to time, we shall content ourselves, and perhaps our readers also, by simply stating the real truth about them. They are nothing else than the so-called *superlative of dignity*, formed from "Pontifex Pontificum," or "Pontiff of Pontiffs," that is, the *chief* or *highest pontiff*, just in the same way that "Canticle of Canticles" is the *highest* or *greatest canticle*, and "King of Kings" the *chief king* or *ruler*. The custom of thus doubling the name to express dignity or pre-eminence is entirely Hebraic.

POPE'S DRESS.

The ordinary daily dress of the Holy Father consists of a long white cassock with cape, fastened around the waist by means of a broad cincture. A rochet of the same color as the cassock, a purple mozetta, a stole, elaborately ornamented with gems and precious stones, and displaying the papal *insignia*, a pectoral cross, and a pair of crimson-colored

sandals. Upon the upper of these sandals, near the toe, a beautiful cross is embroidered, which is usually kissed by all on first approaching the Holy Father. From this ceremony we deduce the so-called "kissing the pope's toe." The sovereign pontiff wears, in addition to these, a little white skull-cap, called a *solideo*, from the fact that he never doffs it unless to God alone, that is, when celebrating Mass, or going through the more solemn sacred functions. These constitute the ordinary dress of our Holy Father.

TIARA.

The tiara is the pope's crown. It is a large kind of hat, shaped somewhat like a dome, having three golden bands running around it at equal distances, and a cross surmounting its top. It is not until his coronation that his Holiness receives the right of wearing the tiara, and this right only extends to solemn occasions. At other times he wears a mitre, just like an ordinary bishop. Regarding the present appearance of the tiara, a few words must be said. In the early ages it differed little from the ordinary crown of temporal princes. Towards the beginning of the ninth century it assumed a shape somewhat similar to a bishop's mitre, and at the close of the thirteenth, during the pontificate of Boniface VIII, it received its present form. It was not, however, until the time of Pope Urban V, in 1362, that it received the third ring or golden band. According to the best authorities, these three rings, or *triple crown*, as they are wont to be called, symbolize the threefold power inherent in the Supreme Pontiff.

I. The spiritual power over the members of the militant Church.

II. The *temporal* power, or power over all kings and princes.

III. The power that extends to the Church suffering in purgatory.

This threefold signification seems to be implied in the form used in

conferring the tiara. It is imposed on the head of the pontiff with these impressive words: "*Accipe tiaram tribus coronis ornatam, et scias Patrem te esse Principium et Regum, Rectorem orbis, in terra Vicarium Salvatoris Nostri Jesu Christi cui est honor et gloria in sæcula sæculorum Amen.*"—*Receive the tiara, adorned with three crowns, and know that you are Father of Kings and Princes, Ruler of the World, Vicar on earth of our Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom is honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.*

CROZIER OR PASTORAL STAFF.

The crozier or pastoral staff, common to every bishop by reason of his dominion over the faithful of his diocese, is never seen in the hands of the Roman pontiff; the pope uses no crozier. The meaning of this strange discipline is accounted for in the following way by Pope Innocent III, in his Treatise on the Holy Mystery of the Altar. When St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles sent St. Eucharius, the first bishop of Treves, to preach the gospel to the Teutonic race, he presented him with his own pastoral staff, which seemed to be endowed with such extraordinary virtue that, upon its having been brought near the dead body of the successor of Eucharius, Maternus by name, he was instantly restored to life. In memory of this event, the people of Treves have kept the said pastoral staff ever since that time, and for the sake of perpetuating the munificence of the Prince of the Apostles, in giving away his own pastoral staff to accommodate one of his laborers in the spiritual vineyard, the Roman pontiffs use no crozier of any kind whatever, either in public or private.

POPE'S MASS.

There is very little difference between a low Mass said by the pope and that of an ordinary priest. In fact if we except one or two cere

monies, such as making a genuflection to his Holiness, where only a simple bow is made to a priest, and the fact that he alone uses ornamental candles when celebrating, there is no difference at all. His Holiness performs the sacred function in accordance with the same rules that guide the simplest priest. The Mass Book he uses is the same, the prayers he says are the same, and the movements and motions of his body as he bows or genuflects, strikes his breast or raises his hands to heaven, are precisely what every priest may be observed to do when he stands at the Altar of the Lord. Here then is a striking instance of the love of the Catholic Church for *unity* in practice and doctrine.

PONTIFICAL MASS.

The Pontifical Mass of the Holy Father preserves yet many of the ancient customs. The principal one of these is that he receives the precious blood through a golden tube instead of from the chalice as all others do, and communicates at his throne instead of at the altar.

FANON.

Over and above the ordinary pontifical vestments the Holy Father has one or two special to himself when celebrating on solemn occasions. These are the fanon and subcincture. The former is an article of the costliest kind, being made of the richest silk, and adorned with a multiplicity of purple stars and crosses. It is at first put over the shoulders after the alb, but is subsequently allowed to hang loosely around the neck after the chasuble has been received.

The subcincture is an appendage hanging down from the pontiff's left side, attached to the ordinary girdle or common cincture and terminating in a tassel. No one can wear it but the pope alone.

THE POPE'S DAILY LABORS.

Persons whose privilege it has been

to have received their education at Rome under the shadow of St. Peter's tell us that the eyes of our Holy Father, like those of the Psalmist of old, *prevent the morning watches*. Pio Nono, we are assured, rises at an early hour. He says his morning prayers, and makes his meditation just as every honest Christian ought to do, and then says Mass, and assists at the saying of another by way of thanksgiving. We must not forget to mention that the Holy Father is very faithful to his beads. He would consider the day very ill spent, were he to neglect this mark of devotedness to that Heavenly Queen whom he declared before heaven and earth to have been preserved from the very instant of her conception immaculate and free from every species or shadow of sin.

Before dinner his Holiness reads the "Little Hours" of his breviary, and receives such delegations as he may have time to attend to. The afternoon is generally hard upon him. We are told that he has been known to grant audiences of every kind, and prolong that fatiguing work of *receptions* up to a late hour at night. In fact every paper we take into our hands tells us that this is frequently the case; and what cannot but astonish the best of us, for all these audiences, for each and every one of the countless deputations, presentations, and receptions, that crowd upon him "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same,"

Pio Nono has always in readiness some happy remarks, some touching allusions to make that never fail to enter the hearts of his hearers.

May the good angel of God who delivered St. Peter "from all the expectation of the Jews" soon deliver St. Peter's successor from his prison in the Vatican; and may the last hours of Pio Nono be crowned with the happiness of seeing the "Asp and the Basilisk," the "Lion and the Dragon," *crushed*, and humbled at his feet.

A NEW-YEAR'S WELCOME.

WELCOME is pealing from tower and steeple,
 Welcome to all, from our friends far and near ;
 Welcome resounding from kindred and people,
 Welcome, first day of the gladsome New Year !

Bring to our hearts the lost touch of affection ;
 Bring to our hands the warm grasp of a friend ;
 Bring to our souls the long-absent reflection,
 That life, like the year past, too quickly must end.

Hand joined in hand, let us welcome with gladness
 The promise of youth, shadowed forth in the day,
 Which, dawning around us, will banish our sadness,
 While hope in its presence shall brighten our way.

Let the dead past with sad memories perish ;
 Welcome the present, for that is our own ;
 Heart joined with heart, let us thankfully cherish
 The friendship and love that around us have grown.

Poor little heart, that will sadly remember
 The bright hour when love with its happiest ray
 Shone o'er thee, take courage ; in frosty December
 The sun is most near, though so cheerless the day.

E'en if our hearts have been shaded by sorrow,
 We know that the hour, the darkest of night,
 Is that before dawn ; and a glorious morrow
 Will break o'er our souls with its roseate light.

* * * * *

Hark ! jubilee peals for the year ! Has it found us,
 As slowly it enters in garments of snow,
 Advancing in life ? do we *still* gather round us
 The evils we meant to reject long ago ?

The old year has passed us ; and Time's silent writing
 Will blazon our hearts in bright letters of gold,
 If faithful we prove, nor despise the inviting
 Of Him who is "mighty to save" as of old.

Then welcome the chimes as they peal up to heaven,
 Announcing to men that while sojourning here,
 As we pass to our Home, 'tis to all of us given
 To render for each one a happy New Year !

TWO PICTURES, MERELY SUGGESTIVE.

THEY were both set in the lights and shadows of a New Year's Day, and Care and Time have worn from the memory that recalls them now much that was bright and dear, as well as much that was dark and unloved; but they, standing out from the experiences of a life in unchanging relief, defy the touch of either. Nay, they find as fadeless an existence in the young hearts for whose discovery of their suggestion they are here reproduced, by the effort of a hand almost ready to lay down its life-task, in this good year of Our Lord, eighteen hundred and seventy-five.

THE FIRST.

It was the inside of a gorgeous mansion, where society loved to congregate. For there were velvet floors, and pictured walls, and luxurious seats, and costly mirrors. There wine was served in golden goblets, and the wine had won the red light in its glowing heart by lying hidden from all light of earth in costly vaults, whereof the key was wealth alone. There King Alcohol donned golden robes, and borrowed the aspect of a very angel; and there the spirit that "steals men's brains" pursued his work, applauded by society, and received into its heart's core as a welcome and indispensable guest. There viands were served on chased and jewelled dishes, which were only his slaves to aid him in his work; and there old men with silver hair gave the first unconsidered lesson which brought many a young and shining head to ruin and disgrace. More; there, alas! fair hands, too fair you would think for aught of earthly work but beckoning souls to heaven, presented the gilded winecup to lips that would have taken it from no other; and faces,

that should have been as those of angels in the place, smiled from over its costly edge in bright invitation to the hesitating to "do likewise." So there, quite as effectually as in the real "gin palace," did the spirit find his work, and find servants more accomplished than any this could command to finish most completely his tasks. Yet the place, in which society on that fair New Year's Day loved to congregate, was a home, wherein peace and hope and love nestled, and whereof the master was a man old in years, and, in the sight of his fellow-men, wearing a crown of honor for their record. And the mistress—ah, happy mistress! with the glory of youth about her, and the *eclat* of wealth her own, and the pearl of love laid at her feet by many hearts. Society held in its charmed circle that happy day many fair, and many with gentle, true souls, dwelling beneath the fairness; but the queen of these, to all intents and purposes, was undoubtedly the blooming mistress of this gorgeous mansion. The old men worshipped her, the young men were her slaves, and the ladies made her their criterion in feminine thoughts, words, actions, and garments, unwilling, but, from them, real homage.

"Thank you, Miss Tudor, I take no wine."

"Nonsense, Everson, it is New Year's Day;" this from the white-haired host.

"Command him!" this from one of the group of gentlemen forming an adoring circle around her. "He has outraged hospitality twenty times to-day. We have not once seen him drink the health of host or hostess. Teach him his obligation, as only you can teach."

Then my picture stood out fair and fadeless, as she stepped forward

with the air of a princess, a golden goblet held gracefully aloft, the white hand that held it gleaming with jewels; the beautiful arm half hidden in a mist of lace; the face, a glory of hope and joy; the imperial, dark head poised with a certain majesty all its own, and absolute in its display of conscious power. He to whom she advanced, bowing low as she came, a very type of the magnificence of manhood's physical beauty in rare perfection; figure powerful and faultless in Herculean outline; head simply grand, its noble contour softly shadowed by waves of black hair; face sweet as a child's, yet powerful as might be that of some sculptured god. Thus they stood a moment. Watching them intently, and a little in the background, were two old gentlemen, their reverend heads bent together, leaning forward in eager attitude, the hand of one laid on the arm of the other, commanding temporary silence. To one side stood the knot of fashionable young men just then making the New Year's call. Ah! the angels looking on were, alas! invisible.

"My offered cup, Mr. Everson, you cannot refuse."

As he raised his eyes, there was adoration in them; as he took it from her hand, and lightly touched it to his lips, there was completeness of bondage to her will in his gaze.

"But you do not drink," and the imperial head made a gesture of authority; "will you not drink *my health*?"

The cup was raised in the air.

"To Corinne," he said, in a voice of love, so low as to be heard but by herself, and he took the draught. She—she turned away with blushing, happy face, that could no longer bear the light, and swept, like a queen, from the group to where some shadows of tall calla lilies softly fell upon a "velvet violet" divan. Here she seated herself, and the admiring group followed her, one by one.

"Tudor," said one of the old men

softly to the other, "that's going to be a match, depend upon it. Our little Corie has met her fate."

"Well, John," was the reply, given tremulously, "he's worthy of her. The most rising of our young men, splendid brain, wonderful business capacity, good moral character. Why, he's considered the best match in town."

"And it's been going on some time, too, old friend. I've seen it, worn out as are these eyes. And when my little pet leaves us, this doting godfather of hers will give her something handsome."

"Tut, John, she shan't leave us at all, but we'll take them in here, and keep on giving them something handsome all our lives."

"Never was a wedding so full of hope as our little girl's will be. It looks, though *I'm* not given to forgetting the ups and downs of married life, as if no sorrow could ever touch her."

"Don't know, John, but there's enough to keep poverty from her all *her* life, anyway, and that's a great matter. Yes, yes, *he's* welcome to her; all he's got to do is ask."

Which he did, to much purpose, and society admitted that a wedding so full of happy promise had never taken place within its pale; that a bride so fair, or a bridegroom so noble, was hard to find; that love hovered over the altar, and peace awaited their coming to the threshold. It also took an inventory to the effect that the "presents" were unequalled, and the "trousseau" fit for a princess; that the costumes were all from Paris, and the "floral decorations" unparalleled; that the bride's diamonds were a fortune, and her laces a mine; all of which it published in the leading journals of the day, so that in time it reached the four quarters of the globe. And every reporter said, in every periodical, that the "sun never shone on a fairer bride," and immediately after, that her path through life must nec-

essarily be "unclouded." And the millions of readers added "of course."

THE SECOND.

A BRIGHT New Year's Day, one that looked, in sky and air, as if no shadow could rest upon the world. And the picture grew out of the first, now twenty years old in memory's faithful record; now twenty years lost to time's unsparing register.

It grew out of the first; can you imagine where? In the old-time gorgeous mansion, where society had so loved to congregate for sake of velvet floors, and polished mirrors, and pictured walls; for sake of luxurious seats, and luscious viands, and rare red wine? Or, perhaps, in a newer and more gorgeous mansion, where had flown, in time, the noble bridegroom and the peerless bride? And no matter which, light, and joy, and bloom, and golden heads of rosy children, and fair pencillings of home garnished with wealth's blessings, make up the picture you saw. So was it promised by the first. Look; is this the fulfilment?

It is a dark and lonely tenement, wherein society enters not, except in morbid exercise of imagination, created by sensation reading and false poetry. There has the spirit that "steals men's brains" completed the work, so favorably commenced under the all-powerful auspices of society. There bare, stained walls, and broken, falling roofs, and filthy, cheerless rooms, attest the true consequences of the spirit's presence. There no fireside sends out the much-loved glow, the fairest "light of home;" there no generous meal smiles from the toil-earned board; there no prattle of happy child greets the dank shadowed air; there the footsteps at close of day is dreaded, not welcomed.

See! it is a bare and murky room, with broken floor, and windows so patched with rags and paper, that but a mockery of light falls on the wretched scene to show its tragic

outline. In one corner a bundle of rags and straw. This, sole attempt at furniture. On it, the figure stiffly outlined by its own emaciation, an infant lying, the face turned up to view, with a stark expression of pain fixed there by death; no peace, no loveliness, though, from the poor, tiny, wornout tenement, an angel spirit had taken its flight. Near, a woman, dishevelled and pale, not weeping, but listening—listening with agony of eagerness and fear; the shrivelled hand upraised; the bony arm seen through rags; the gaunt form leaning forward in attitude of wretched expectation; the head drooping, and touched with many a silver line.

Sounding through the miserable place, with a hollow sound, comes a footstep nearer and nearer; after it a little, little one. The door opens, and there enters a man, a man with no light of reason in lurid, glazed eye, nor no sign of feeling on bloated, hideous face; a man with head unsteadily swaying from side to side; a man with figure disgusting in outline, and repulsive in movement. Following this, with tears and cries of woe, a little ragged form, a girl's, and all the beauty of the weeping countenance a wan resemblance, in miniature, of that Corinne Tudor, the sunny bride of twenty years ago.

Now the other woful, fadeless picture comes out in its sharp relief. The woman, the gaunt and fear-stricken and wornout woman, advances one step towards him, points with the poor, thin hand to the dead baby, mortal fear in her eyes, inexpressible tragedy in her face; the little girl clasps his knees in agony of entreaty; he, he advances, brutality in his face, murder in his eye, his shaking, swollen hand clenched for a blow. Ah! the picture is dispelled; the blow falls; the woman sinks upon the bed of her dead baby, the sole sound of earth penetrating her dying ears the two awful words, "YOUR WORK! *Curse you forever!*"

"My father did it," said Corinne Tudor's child, found alone with the dead; "but he didn't mean to. He wanted drink, because it was New Year's Day, and he had no money, and he took me out to beg, and no one gave me any, so he was mad when we came home, and the first thing mother done was to show the baby dead, for he loved the baby, and it used to sleep with its hand on his cheek and say 'Papa.' Oh, mother! Oh, baby!"

These last words were wails, and the desolate creature fell in a faint across the two dead bodies, from which she was taken to the poor-house, where she learned just enough of evil to be placed in the house of refuge (God save the mark, O wise legislators of our noble republic!) from whence she emerged ripe for all the wickedness of most wicked women, and notoriously distinguished herself in their notorious ranks. The papers, the same that had prophesied entire absence of shadow from the future of the bride and bridegroom of twenty years ago, now took up this second picture as a sensation and a thing to "sell," and between "illustrations" and well-invented "interviews" made a "pretty penny" out of it, especially after the wretched husband was arrested, and paying the penalty of the law for his crime, the poor little outcast left alone, became "nobody's child." In some of these journals the history, prolific of sensation, was sketched in a masterly manner; in others, in a gloating manner; in others, in a canting man-

ner. In all, however, one and remarkable course was present, viz., the unanimous and decided expression of that beautiful first from which the tragic second life. For was not society to restore, and who would attack so most licensed hobby?

So society, reading that Janitor's son-in-law, "the most precious of our young men," had dissipated his wealth, had ruined his career, had earned for himself a grave, had sent its whilom quaker a pauper's, sat smiling over pleasant periodicals, and wrote "how all this had been brought about."

Oh! glowing young heads! whom this good year of Our eighteen hundred and seventy brings tender promises of a future, let that which society does not understand be clear to you, shadowed view. Let the promises both be of reality, the words be of truth, not fiction. Let hands for those who give power, most mighty of all powers that of love, dash down the winecup from its radiant height on the groundwork of their manhood, it may be shivered into reparable atoms, and its contents never spilled. This is their promise; this their work; angelic in its purity; immortal in its results. Grant each heart, to which this New Year brings the crown of earthly joy, may it be its tender power.

CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE first Christian schools in the Middle Ages were attached to the churches and the abbeys, where also were the hospitals. Thus science and mercy met together. "Religion there extended one hand to the children, offering them the treasures of wisdom, and reached forth the other to the sick, ministering to their wants, and providing medicine and nursing for their diseases."

To show the interest of the Church in the work of education, we will recount some facts, bearing more particularly upon *parochial* schools, and schools designed especially for the education of the *poor*.

In 529 the Council of Vaison strongly recommended the establishment of *parochial* schools everywhere, particularly in the rural districts. The Council of Mayence in 813 ordered the clergy to "admonish parents under their charge to send their children either to schools established in the monasteries, or to those in the houses of the *parochial* clergy." The Synod of Orleans, in 800, enjoined "the *parochial* clergy to erect schools in towns and villages, in order to teach *little children* the elements of learning." "Let them," it continues, "receive and teach these little children with the utmost charity, that they themselves may shine as the stars forever. Let them receive *no remuneration* from their schools, unless what the parents, through charity, may voluntarily offer."

In 823 it was ordained that eight public schools should be established in as many of the principal cities of Italy, "in order that opportunity may be given to all, and that there be no excuse drawn from poverty and from the difficulty of repairing to remote places."

Kings and nobles were also called

upon to help the Church in her educational work. Thus the influence of Charlemagne and of Alfred the Great was actively enlisted, and with their assistance and favor learned priests gave a powerful impulse to education, both in France and in England.

In 829, the sixth Council of Paris petitioned the Emperor Louis to "found schools in proper places in his empire, that the labor of his father may not come to be in vain, that the Holy Church may gain honor, and the Emperor an eternal memory." In 859 another council invokes "pious princes and all bishops to provide for the support of schools of the Holy Scriptures, and also of human literature, that on all sides, public schools may be constituted for both kinds of erudition, both divine and human."

A council at Rome, in 825, under Eugene II, ordained, that there should be three kinds of schools established throughout all Christendom, viz.: *Episcopal*, in connection with the Bishop's church or mansion; *Parochial*, in the towns and villages, and still others of an undefined character, wherever place or opportunity could be found for their establishment, and with such studies and arrangements as circumstances required.

The third Council of Lateran, held under Alexander III, A.D. 1179, says: "*Since the Church of God, as a pious mother, is bound to provide that opportunity for learning should not be withdrawn from the poor, who are without help from patrimonial riches, be it ordained, that in every cathedral there shall be a master to teach both clerks and poor scholars gratis.*" This decree was enlarged in the council in 1215, under Innocent III, which provided that in

other churches besides cathedrals there should be a "master to TEACH GRATIS."

Would that the wealthy of our laity would lay to heart the lessons which these instances, but a few out of many, teach, of the manner in which the Church of the Middle Ages sought to fulfil her duty to carry forward the work of education particularly in behalf of the poor, and of candidates for the holy office of the priesthood.

These schools were by no means superficial. Here is a course of study, drawn up in those times: "Children of both sexes from five to twelve years of age: *Reading* (in the Psalter), *Singing*, *Grammar*, *Moral Distichs* (of Cato), and a little later *Latin, which they will learn to speak*. Young girls shall study *Natural History*, *Surgery*, and *Medicine* (the constant warfare of the age then threw upon females, far more than men, the care of the wounded and the nursing of the sick), *Logic*, *Latin*, and *the Oriental Languages*."

Another writer, speaking of the schools attached to the monasteries and churches, says: "Some of these were for primary, and others for higher instruction. In the former the boys were taught the *Pater Noster*, the *Credo*, the *Psalms*, *Plain Chanting*, *Arithmetic*, and *Grammar*, including *Latin*; in the latter the more elevated branches of learning, including *Music*, *Mathematics*, *Poetry*, and the *Greek*, *Hebrew*, and *Arabic languages*."

The course of study in the schools generally, embraced what were called the seven liberal arts, divided into two groups, styled the "*trivium*" and the "*quadrivium*."

The first embraced *Grammar* in its widest sense, comprehending the whole science of language. *Logic*, also in its broad sense (comprehending the science of dialectics), and *Rhetoric*, comprehending all that belongs to the enunciation as well as the composition of discourses.

The latter (the *quadrivium*) em-

braced *Music*, *Arithmetic* (in its sense, *i. e.*, the science of computation), *Geometry*, and *Astronomy*. St. Augustine is believed by some to have made this division. It is certain that it existed early in the sixth century.

The formal institution of universities dates from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; but many celebrated schools existed throughout the means already mentioned in every country in Europe, at a much earlier period. In proof of this we may refer, amongst many others, to the monastery of Monte Cassino and its schools, established in the sixth century, which soon attained to great eminence on account of the variety of subjects studied, and the thoroughness with which they were taught.

Ireland was converted to Christianity at the commencement of the Middle Ages, and was not converted as other countries were, by bloody invasions. She devoted her repose providentially granted her to the cultivation of religion and literature, and to the founding of Christian schools. A light was kindled whose rays illuminate Europe from the fifth to the eleventh century.

During that period of time we may be said to have "carried on a crusade of learning." School came to her schools from all countries, and she sent her emissaries both of religion and knowledge, into all countries of Europe.

"The monastery of Bangor contained no less than three thousand monks, together with scholars innumerable." At Armagh there were upwards of seven thousand students. Many other renowned schools and colleges existed in Ireland, in the abbey of South, St. Ibar, in the island of Beg Eri, in Meccross Al on the shores of the beautiful Killarney, in the abbey on the banks of Wexford as early as the fifth

in the abbey of Clonord, in Meath, and of Rathene, Lismore, Ross, of St. Mary of Clonard, of St. Ninnidius, and in the bay of the Isle of Dam-Inis off the coast of Galway.

He "venerable Bede," in the year 664, says that "many of the poor and middle classes of England left their country and passed into Ireland for the sake of divine reading or of a more continent life, some within the monasteries, some going about from cell to cell, others in receiving instruction from masters, all of whom the Irish willingly received, giving them daily without price, as also books and victuals gratuitously."

Monks established the monasteries and school of Lindisfarne, in England; of Boffio, in Italy; of Cluny, in France; of Wurtzburg, in Bavaria; Erfurth, Cologne, and others in Germany; of St. Gall, in Switzerland; to say nothing of the literary labors in Paris and other places.

France it is estimated that there were, during one period of the Middle Ages, as many as *two hundred prior schools* specially for the poor. The number of schools of a lower grade, in which the poor received gratuitous instruction, is beyond computation.

It is not possible to enumerate some of the most eminent schools in the different European countries during the Middle Ages.

France, at Paris, Rheims, Troyes, St. Benoit, Liguge, Ansis, Sens, Chateaufort, Ferriere, Luxeville, Lyons, Poitiers, Le Bec, Clairvaux, Cluny, Sens, Bourges, Clermont, Vienne (not Vienna in Austria), Chalons-sur-Saone, Arles, Gap, Fontanelle, Vaudrille, Sithin, St. Medard, etc.

In Italy there were schools in Rome, at Monte Cassino, "the ecclesiastical schools of Modena," the imperial schools of Milan, the school of jurisprudence at Lucca, of

rhetoric at Ravenna, of literature at Verona, of the seven arts at Parma, of grammar at Pavia, also at Cremona, Florence, Bologna, Verona, Vicenza, and other places which we cannot now enumerate.

In Switzerland, at St. Gall and Reichenau.

England and Spain were also dotted with many celebrated schools; nor was Germany by any means destitute. In the Abbey of Jumieges, where Edward the Confessor was educated, "*there were many schools in which rich and poor were alike received, and the poor could send their children, because they were nourished at the expense of the monastery.*"

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the orders of the Dominicans and Franciscans covered all Europe with schools, principally for the purpose of *gratuitously* educating the poor.

The care expended on all the pupils is described by Uldracus in his "Customs of Cluny," where he declares that it would be "difficult for the son of a king to be nourished with greater diligence in a palace than was the least boy of the lowest rank in Cluny." Many sons of kings were educated along with the children of the poor, and without distinction from them, in the Benedictine monasteries. Lothaire, son of Charles the Bald, was educated in the Abbey of Saint Germain L'Auxerrois; Theodoric III, at Kala; Pepin, father of Charlemagne, and Robert II, and Louis VI, of France, were educated in the Abbey of St. Dennis.

The greatest care was exercised in selecting competent teachers. "The scholastic was the head of the school, and was required to excel, not only in the science of the sacred Scriptures, but also in secular learning, in grammar (the languages), mathematics, astronomy, music, rhetoric, and in poetry." "Whenever an abbot found no monk in his abbey competent to discharge this office, it was

no subject of shame to apply to some other monastery for a monk to fill it." Even bishops did not disdain to study in the schools of learned abbots.

The eminently learned Alcuin, amid all his other labors, gave public lessons to the schools of the monastery of St. Martin, at Tours. He writes to Charlemagne: "I, your Flaccus, apply myself to minister to some, under the roof of St. Martin, the honey of the Holy Scriptures. Others I endeavor to inebriate with the old wine of ancient learning; others I begin to nourish with the apples of grammatic subtlety. Some I try to illuminate in the science of the stars, as if of the painted canopy of a great house. I am made many things to many persons, that I may edify as many as possible to the advantage of the holy Church of God, and to the honor of your imperial kingdom."

Most of the monasteries were originally established in retired places. The towns and cities which now exist near their sites sprang up subsequently. The schools connected with the monasteries were regarded as possessing special advantages, on account of their securing to the youth freedom from distracting influences. Thus, Bonald says: "Colleges ought to be placed in the country. Salubrity of air, innocence of manners, and habits of country life, are advantages for which no city can offer compensation." Lord Bacon remarks; "What is termed a character may indeed be formed in the boisterous stream of the world, but a genius is fostered amid the stillness and peace which enable the soul to hear the sweet voice of nature."

The following beautiful picture is drawn by an ancient writer of the life of those who, in those ages, were being educated in the Church schools:

"Far from the tumult of cities, the young Levites who are destined to bear the holy ark of the new alli-

ance, and those also who are God in secular occupations seemed to enjoy the sweets of solitude, and to animate each other the love of study and of . . . Here they apply themselves to a course of profound learning often occupies them through . . . Their religious exercises continued and closed each day. The wind of night still sighs in the towers, but the bell has sounded, every one rises from sleep, dawn has not yet streaked the sky, but the long corridors give evidence of the passing steps of the students, the chapel is already that throng of devout youths and venerable men, whom Christ in his own person chooses to be his helpmate of whose devoted lives, perhaps shall be hereafter sung deserved heights empyreal.

"In their cells and communities simplicity is everywhere seen, the humblest offices are performed upon all in succession, to testify the grandeur of their vocation and the dignity of their state. On the evening of two days every week they walk abroad, either through a magnificent park, under the shade of a darksome wood, or to the summit of some rocks, or in a deep valley watered by a stream, where the winds among its flowery meadows. These are their pure enjoyments. Far from spending their days in dissuality, under the shade of trees, a frugal and even austere regimen prepares their bodies for a long and spiritualized, for a long and healthful life. Their minds are tuned to every gracious harmony; they are imbued with every grand and solemn truth. Music is the language of their thoughts, while sacred love and saintly science form the way to wisdom. From time immemorial in these schools, all over the world, it was the custom to open the day with a hymn to the Holy Spirit, '*Veni Creator Spiritus, men- sum visita,*' that is, they in-

the Divine Grace to visit their minds, in order that, whilst they partake of the salutary fruit of the tree of knowledge, they may be strengthened against the enemy of mankind, who might tempt them to pluck the poisonous fruit, which that tree also bears.

"They sought not glory in their devoted labors. Religion taught them that failure and disappointment might be more conducive to their future happiness than the most brilliant success. She always said, 'Give me but your will, and I engage to make you wise and happy. I ask not genius, I ask not strength, health, success, crowns, applause—I ask but your heart.' True, the discipline of these religious schools was strict and watchful, but *how small a part of education is the attainment of knowledge*, in which sophists now say it all consists! The human character is beheld in the greatest deformity in a man *without* EDUCATION, and yet *possessed of immense general knowledge*—who knows much, but everything *knows ill*."

What a picture is there not here of the earnestness and thoroughness of those mediæval schools, as well as of the deeply religious spirit which pervaded them, and also of the justness of their views as to what the process of education really comprehends!

It would be interesting, in this connection, to speak of the establishment of universities towards the close of the Middle Ages. They all owed their foundation and maintenance to the influence of the Church, and in almost every instance to the direct influence and exertions of pious monks, priests, or prelates. But this lies outside of the scope of our present article. Suffice it to say that, through the efforts of the mediæval Church, during what infidels commonly style the "dark ages," to provide educational facilities, no less than sixty-four universities (with more students than attend all the universities of modern times), were

established in Europe prior to the year 1500. Of these France had fifteen; Spain and Portugal nine; Germany, including Netherlands and part of Austria, fifteen; Italy had nineteen; England two; Hungary, Poland, Denmark, and Sweden had each one.

These facts acquire additional significance when we consider the character of the material which the Church had to deal with, in her educational work, and the immense disadvantages under which that work was carried forward. It was when successive barbarian invasions destroyed all the results of previous civilization, and filled all Europe with ignorance and paganism of the rudest and fiercest type; when Spain, a country filled with populous cities, the seat of refinement and culture, became almost a desert; when France was a savage country, covered with woods, infested with wild beasts, and banditti and robbers not less fierce; when Germany was a vast and gloomy forest; when England was ravaged for centuries by successive invasions, and desolated by the struggles of peoples of different blood and social rank; when, after these causes of disorder ceased to be active, the jealousies of rival kings and nobles, the struggles for power between monarchs and their rebellious and haughty feudal retainers, the insurrections of people of lower rank, and the violent efforts of every class, amid the confusion of the times, to obtain rights, which all the others resisted, added intensity to the social turmoil—during this season of universal disturbance the Church was most earnestly active in the work of education, and her clergy were the educated men of the times; so much was this the case, that "the clergie" was a term synonymous with "the learned."

Nor did the Church, as we have already shown, allow the fact that the masses, whom she sought to convert, were the ignorant, to constitute a reason in her mind for

being satisfied with an ignorant priesthood. On the contrary, we find her rebuking them for intellectual inactivity whenever occasion required it, urging them to the cultivation of science and knowledge under every form, and establishing

schools specially for the thorough education of candidates for the holy office of the priesthood, and for the *poor*. The Catholic Church is the *mother of common schools*, but of common schools imparting a Christian, not an irreligious, education.

SUNBEAMS FROM CUCUMBERS.

It is related of a certain rather pedantic professor of English literature and elocution, in a very celebrated university not a hundred miles from the good city of Philadelphia, that wishing to display his own smartness, and at the same time test the imaginative capacities of his pupils, he came suddenly into the room where the graduating class for the year was assembled, anxiously waiting for the subject of the annual thesis for the final examination at the close of its collegiate career, and exclaimed very abruptly: "Gentlemen, you will take as the subject of your prize composition, '*Sunbeams from Cucumbers*.' Get to work!" Then, turning on his heel, left the room, leaving no chance for an appeal from the astonished class, nor even permitting an interrogatory as to what in the order of common sense he meant. Unable to catch any idea of *his* ideas on so abstract a subject, the pupils, after solemn deliberation, voted the professor "crazy," and refused in a body to write an essay on so apparently nonsensical a theme. We do not desire, like our friend the professor, to display any unusual brightness; neither do we claim the possession of a mental divining-rod, whereby to test the interpretation of his thoughts, but it does strike us that, knowing the class in question to have by no means been composed of "dummies," yet ~~it was~~ singular that they could not ap-

ply to the given theme some original sense, whether or not it coincided with their professor's views; which condition is not recorded as having been a *sine qua non* to his command.

We propose, therefore, in this brief paper, to give a version of our own to so wide a theme of thought. Of our success our readers must be the judges, though we candidly inform them beforehand, that as we are not standing for a compulsory examination, pregnant with important results of a personal nature, we make the attempt with but little fear or trembling.

We have of late acquired the habit of noting down many little trifling events or matters of personal observation, as likely to point a moral or adorn a tale, when we are called upon to confer with our indulgent friends of the RECORD. Thus we find ourselves possessed of a list of subjects for essays, which a year's writing would hardly serve to complete, for in this fast age so many wonderful things happen that are pregnant with amusement or instruction, especially to Catholics, that it is almost an impossibility to notice them all; and this is particularly the case with regard to the rise and progress of social or political heresies, to which as Catholics we are obliged to give attention, in order to draw from them knowledge for our guidance and defence.

We shall, therefore, under the

figure we have adopted, collect a number of these, and treat them *in condenso*.

Now we know that everything reflects the sunbeam; we have even seen it thrown from the silver decorations of a coffin, a veritable issuing of light from darkness, and Mrs. Hemans, in her effort to prove that a sunbeam is "no lingerer in monarch's halls," shows its humility and ubiquitousness, by informing us that

"The quivering leaves that have caught its glow,
Like fireflies' glance to the pools below."

Now if leaves reflect a sunbeam, of course the sunbeam is not particular from what kind of leaves it is reflected, *ergo* cucumbers, leaf, stem, and fruit, will serve our purpose as well as any others. Let us therefore get at a little philosophical algebra. Let the sunbeams represent rays of truth from the central sun of correct thinking. The cucumbers, by their notoriously indigestible and cholera-breeding qualities, together with their natural insipidity, serve very aptly as figures of the insipid, indigestible, and pestilence-breeding theories, social and political, which grow like fungi and weeds in the garden of modern philosophy, wherein under the very beams of the sun of justice the rank vegetation is planted and permitted to ripen, then plucked, and eagerly eaten, to the destruction of men's souls.

There are sermons in stones, songs in brooks. Why not rays of instruction in cucumber vines? Let us then briefly gather the reflected beams into a focus, and throwing them into the pools of social stagnation, read the mysteries of their muddy depths.

Cucumber No. 1 is just now in an overripe condition; it is the doctrine that PAPAL INFALLIBILITY INVOLVES CIVIL DISLOYALTY. We discussed this subject rather fully in the last number of the RECORD, but there were several little odds and ends of thought, which we were obliged, from obvious reasons, to then overlook, but to

which we will now give brief attention, and which refer particularly to the lucubrations of that lovely quintette, Messrs. Acton, Camoys, Petre, Gladstone, and Dollinger. We had proposed thumbing *Burke's Peerage*, to discover the windings of the stream of "blue blood" running through the genealogical course of the respective families of the first three. We were confident that we could light upon several events in their histories which might explain the presence of the bar sinister of *liberalism*, which they have just affixed to their respective shields, by letters-patent from the ex-prime minister, Gladstone, but other and abler hands have saved us that trouble, and cleared up all mystery enveloping their remarkable profession of "*Old Catholicism*." Then we vainly ransacked our brains and books to discover the prototypes of these "liberal" individuals. The plotters who dance "the can-can," in *La Grande Duchesse*, or sing "the conspirator's chorus" in *Madame Angot*, are entirely too light-footed to serve as representatives of the massive and elephantine tread of these propagators of falsehood. Then again our thoughts recurred to an ancient "lamentable comedy," got up by certain "hempen homespuns," for the diversion of certain frivolous royal courts and households, which were disturbed as some modern state courts are at present, by domestic infelicities; but Snout the tinker, Flute the bellows-mender, Quince the carpenter, Snug the joiner, and Starveling the tailor, were too simple-minded and sincere to represent these modern entertainers of courts, disturbed by dissensions between church and state; besides, they really desired to bring about a reconciliation between Oberon and Titania and the good Athenians, whose jealous quarrels marred the wooing of Theseus and Hippolyta, while the object of our English friends is to make the breach between church and state the wider. Mr. Gladstone,

however, in his present remarkable display of *headiness*, does answer very strongly to Nick Bottom the weaver, transfigured by some mischievous fairies, represented by his own ethereal conceits into a semi-man and semi-John Donkey, and exclaiming, in his cerebral irritation, caused by a congestive collection of visions of Spanish Armadas and Gunpowder plots, "*Scratch my head, Peas-Blossom.*" Perhaps the little boys singing under his window in the murky morning air,

Oh, don't you remember
The Fifth of November,

aroused him to unpleasant reminiscences, and for fear he should be "blown up," he issues forthwith his long-slumbering article on the Vatican Decrees, the inspiration of which he derived from the great historian Dollinger, while he and party were on a visit to that great theological light during a recent tour of Germany. Travelling is always supposed to improve people's minds, but such rare examples of historical lore as these four gentlemen derived from the great historical luminary of Munich surpasses all precedent, in fact we know of nothing to which in the way of the marvellous it can be compared, except the very thin plotting and counterplotting of these same gentlemen in their efforts to dispense the information obtained. Oh, most vain and impotent conspiracy, how dost thou recoil on thy fomenters' heads? Wonderful Dr. Dollinger, prince of historians, is this the history thou hast learned and taught, history as taught by my Lords Acton and Camoys, and Mr. Henry Petre? Wonderful Dr. Dollinger, again say we, is this the philosophy taught by the exemplar history which thou dost promulgate through thy inspiration in the *Vatican Decrees*? Wonderful Mr. Gladstone, prince of statesmen, "that admirable stability of the British throne" of which we have heard so much, has been wofully endangered

by the overreaching *liberalism* of thy genial policy, for thou hast been four years discovering what thou oughtest to have known long since, if there was any truth in the assertion that all the Catholics of England were, by the fact of the Vatican Decrees, made traitors by papal letters-patent against the English crown, yet it was not until thou didst go visiting to an old bookwormish, Latin-mumbling, and, *until very lately*, retrogressive and unenlightened popish priest, that thou didst discover this fearful fact. Lucky for thee, Mr. Gladstone, that thou dost live under the gentle sway of the amiable Victoria, for if instead thou hadst gone shambling and sneaking and crawling with this shameful confession of thy own supineness and ignorance to the footstool of fiery old Queen Bess, we can easily conceive her, as Ristori so gloriously represents her in the scene with the perfidious and double-dealing Essex, starting from her throne with the electric instantaneousness of a wire-worked puppet, and shrieking out, "Wretch! miscreant! fiend! dost thou come at this late hour and tell me that my throne has been resting for four whole years over a box of gunpowder, with tow and torch ready set at any moment to ignite it? What ho there without, guards! to the Tower! to the Tower with him, and let me see his ghastly and dis severed head grinning to-morrow morning from the highest post of London Bridge. Away with the drivelling fool. Begone!"

Lucky Mr. Gladstone! Poor Mr. Gladstone!

Intelligent Lord Acton, how wonderful thy knowledge of history, how admirable thy conception of character, how gushing thy pure spirit of catholicity, to malign the saintly Pius V, the Pontiff of the Holy Rosary, the prayer-conquering victor of Lepanto, the saviour of all Christendom, including England, from the Saracen marauder, a canon-

ized saint of thy own church, to convert him whom even Protestant historians have universally acknowledged as a saint and a sage, into a secret assassin of sovereign princes and a patronizer of murderers. We would not dishonor our pen with the refutation of this or any of thy similar calumnies, calumnies so unworthy of notice, but fling back the charge, and leave to thee the *onus probandi*. But we want the proof served up according to the settled and approved rules of evidence, not according to thine own fashion of thinking and doing.

And, admirable Crichton of the house of Acton, hast just discovered that pontiffs in the old times released Catholics from the allegiance they owed to heretical princes? Why of course they did, by the power which the princes themselves in those days acknowledged to belong to the Roman pontiffs of so doing. For in those days the devotion of the faithful and their good sense, too, taught them that the state, settling as it did most questions of public interest, either by the sword of war, or the grip of the civil tyrant, or the stylus of the diplomat, was rather a double-dealing master; and so interest and devotion alike induced both peoples and kings to make the popes the *arbiters gentium*. Or, to quote the words of a distinguished Protestant lawyer and lecturer, "The power of the pope and of the councils over sovereigns during the Middle Ages was founded upon the common and constitutional law of those times, and was generally acknowledged at that time by all Christian sovereigns."

But this power thus acknowledged was, by the malice of men, denied and withheld. Yet no one can blame the popes if they exercised not only this power but the right of retaining it as long as possible.

Most excellent and honorable Messrs. Canoy and Petre, to you we tender our sincere thanks for

your strenuous and fatiguing efforts to save the Catholic Church from herself. The spouse of Christ, who has withstood all sorts of shocks for eighteen centuries, must succumb at last under the burden of gratitude which your kindness has imposed upon her. Well may she exclaim as she sinks, "Save me from my friends," "*Miseremini me saltem vos amici mei!*" How pretentious in her and how stupid to have ever dreamed of claiming supremacy over that omnipotent and glorious creation, THE STATE, that most beautiful of all the works of human progress, whose bones, marrow, blood, veins, flesh, skin, and sinews, if dissected, would be found a delectable combination of the tyrant, a treasury-thief, a backpay grabber, a public-school director, a politician, a carpet-bagger, a freemason, and other similar integers of loveliness, and then to think of the Church thrusting her intrusive *principles*, her presumptuous moral laws, and impertinent conscience right under the nose of this majestic idol of the gentiles. Happy Church, to have been so decisively brought to a sense of thy duty, and been so forcibly taught to keep thyself in thy place. Glorious Dr. Dollinger, through whose ponderous influence this happy consummation has been wrought; in the great Walhalla of the laurel-crowned literati thy majestic spirit will reign supreme! For if the treasures of thy historical and theological lore cannot boast of their quality, their preponderating influence has at least thoroughly developed itself by its *originality* and quantity. Prince of old Catholic theologians and new school historians, *vale et valet!*

Cucumber No. 1, kind readers, has been served up, and the sunbeam of light which it has reflected is this lesson, *the duplicity of bad Catholics*.

Not only, however, do cucumbers, by the qualities to which we have already referred, serve to represent the false doctrines of the day, but they

likewise, by their proverbial "coolness," aptly figure forth the impudence of the propagators of popular modern fallacies. Why a cucumber should be considered particularly "cool" is a question we have never closely investigated, but certainly it passes for such; and the delicious coolness of the five gentlemen whom we have been considering is only excelled by cucumbers Nos. 2 and 3 in the order of things, and No. 6 in the order of persons, namely, the latest additions to Harper's picture gallery and the artist who painted them.

Mr. Albert De Luce is a graduate from the *Nast* school of art, and though he does not develop as yet all the original genius of the founder of that school, still he displays some talent as an artist. If a cucumber could by any process be converted into a water-lily, we would feel inclined to ask if he were any relation to Longfellow's "Flower de Luce," which was "born to joy and pleasure," for the supposition is fully justified by the giddy-headed piece of artistic pleasantry with which he endeavors to hoodwink the public into the notion that all good little boys and girls attend the public schools, and by that means become honest, industrious, hard-working men and women, fit to adorn every order of mechanical, professional, and social life, while, *per contra*, all the children who do not attend public schools are vagrants and vagabonds, which piece of cool cucumberism is illustrated by two *lucid* full-page companion pictures in *Harper's Weekly* bulletin of the fine arts. Of course, the animus of these crayon gems is easily detected, by the fact that all the bad little children are represented as displaying a strongly Hibernian cast of countenance; so, to reduce the sense of these pictures to its literal meaning, we have the inference, that we have so often heard expressed in plain language, that all the notoriously public criminals are, **judging from their names as printed**

in the daily records of crime and from their actual identity, the offspring of Irish Catholics, and have been reared without education, or, if educated at all, have been educated under priestly influences in Popish parish schools. Good for you, Mr. De Luce; you are indeed *loose*, both as a logician and an artist. But let us trim our lamps and light them, *de luce cucumbris*, and search, with their reflecting aid, "the pools below" of social mire. It will not take us long to get to the bottom, and, for this purpose, we will admit that Mr. De Luce's insinuations are completely true. Do not get nervous, dear readers; we repeat, that we will admit them for the sake of argument, and whether they be true or not, our admission, though it will not *per se* make them true, will nevertheless help us to our conclusion.

In the first place, the slur cast on Catholic schools is a sieve that will not hold water for five seconds, therefore we pass it by. Secondly, the charge that a majority of our Catholic children do not attend any school, must be dismissed with like promptitude, for not only are our well-appointed parish schools filled with them, but even our public schools, by the deceptive influences with which they blind ignorant Catholic parents, manage to get entirely too large a share of them, and we are not quite certain that a majority of the public criminals with Irish names do not spring from the latter class, for these criminals, though manifestly born in the faith, carry no perceptible evidences of it about them, consequently they, presumably, have been despoiled of it, and we know of no better instrument to effect such an end than a public school. But suppose these were educated in Catholic schools; suppose they are all that their enemies declare them to be; do we not know that most of these children are reared in poverty, that their parents, like all of the

lasses, have as much as they to make ends meet, and consequently have not the time to look to moral training of their offspring with the constant attention all children, even when surrounded by less depraving influences,

Is not this some slight excuse does it not fix the blame on accident of birth rather than on religious professions of their parents? Do we not know, secondly, that the Catholic Church, notwithstanding the marvellous care she takes over these very children, does not do twice as much for their moral and temporal welfare if, in comparison to the means she has, she does what she has not—that of the state has robbed her, yes, grossly and illegally robbed her of a proportion of the public funds, but which she is obliged to make up, even *against conscience*? Though it goes to the propagation of falsehood, she may not resist the power; although, according to the doctrine of her enemies, she does here, if anywhere, *by the decrees* to do so.

Having made admissions of provable length, we suppose that Luce and his friends will easily make just one in return, a simple one, too; it is this: number of notoriously public criminals is nothing in proportion to that of the general population, divided into Catholic and Protestant, or taken collectively; evidently, our so-called Catholic criminals are easily disposed of in the prison or on the gallows, laws are properly executed, we shall relieve society of those infamous Protestant pests,—bankrupt dishonest clerks, corrupt propagators of false thought, authors of obscene literature, theologians who corrupt the public by the constant succession of openly indecent plays they produce, ministerial scandals and Glendennings, men and

women of notoriously scandalous private lives, all of whom are Protestants, not only educated in, but the direct moral offspring of, our public school system. Add to these the Protestant portion of the *public* criminals, for they are not all *Catholics*, and the proportion of Catholic criminals will be as a drop to the ocean of Protestant iniquity; and these have not the excuse of the want of social position or extensive means as an extenuation of their guilt.

There never was a period of the world when society, in all its aspects, was so impregnated with ROTTENNESS! nay, society is now rottenness incarnate, and the systematic propagation of this rottenness is the logical result of Protestantism, which it could not stop if it would. Catholic criminalities are but the effects of sin upon those who fail to correspond with grace, and represent but the lesser members of the body corporate of iniquity; for the most bigoted enemy of the Church will admit that she is, and always has been, the safest and surest custodian not only of education but of public and private morality.

Again, there never was a period of the world's history when, by the common consent of all artists and artisans, and all proficient advantages considered, skilled labor was so scarce; yet never was *public schooling* so plentiful or so extensive in all its ramifications. Yet this result is, because education was never so flippant and superficial, so ill-regulated and so greatly misapplied. Moreover, what proportionately few Catholic criminals fall under capital punishment, have their dormant faith awakened by the terrible view of their situation. With reviving knowledge of faith is manifested its effects: a priest is sent for, peace is made between the guilty one and heaven, and there is strong hope that, through the mercy of God, which surpasses the deserts or conception of man, the criminal's soul is finally saved. Can

Protestantism work this effect with its Bible reading, tract dispensing, and psalm singing? Does it even care to secure that eternal gain? Are not its religious ceremonies rather a sort of social decency, to give to the human nature of the man a respectable "taking off?" Does this religious dumbshow leave, like the ceremonial surrounding the dying Catholic culprit, any salutary impression upon surviving spectators?

Ah, good Mr. De Luce, you cannot dispense your falsehoods in picturesque garb. This naughty world, blinded as it is, can penetrate the mask with which you conceal their naked deformity. Stultified as it is, it by natural instinct possesses yet the grace of choosing the good and refusing the evil, even when it is too criminally supine to save itself by so doing. You are yet young in your *nasty* career; learn then, before it is too late, that it *pays* better, even in a worldly point of view, to be honest. And so, from the reflected glow of the cucumber leaves, we have found in the depths of the stagnant pools of social corruption this diamond of truth, which proves itself by its own glitter: Manifest *truth* is more powerful than fiction, even *artistic falsehood*.

The next cucumber which we discover is one which, in the rapid spread of bitter weeds in the garden of "progress," we thought had been overgrown and concealed long ago, if it were not actually rotted off the vine of falsity; but if we were right in the latter conjecture, it certainly merely went to seed, for SPIRITUALISM has flourished during the past summer not merely in the garden lands of *isms*, New England and the Western States, but right here, under our very eyes, in honest old Philadelphia, and flourished, too, under the gardening capacities of "sweet Katie King," with more than pristine vigor. Indeed, it seems to have overgrown itself so rapidly that it will now die from its own weight.

summation for which we may be devoutly thankful.

It seems that Katie was the daughter of a pirate who flourished as far back as the days of that merry monarch, Charles II. Perhaps the inspiration of the liveliness of society in those days had taken possession of her manes, for certain it is that she was a real "old-time" spirit, and a decidedly merry one. Her *debut* was first made in London; and the great fact which her appearance tended to prove was one for which the spiritualists had long been yearning, namely, that progress had actually invaded the spirit world, so that the ghosts of the departed are now not only capable of materializing themselves, but even their ethereal raiment, and giving it the virtue of extension, so that when any of it is torn or cut, it immediately makes itself whole, of which interesting fact we would advise Dorcas societies and folks who are not troubled with a too well-stocked wardrobe to turn if possible to advantage. We are, however, sincerely pained, as every popish enemy of progress must be, to learn of its reaching to the other world. We had from earliest childhood been reared in the fond belief that in heaven there was rest and peace for weary mortals. But we find we were mistaken, from the information now given, as well as the news that celestial congresses are held up there; and the intimation of Mr. Boker, our present minister to Turkey, who informed us once in a poem, read at a reunion of the Army of the Potomac, that all the dead generals were busy conducting celestial campaigns; so that we know not where to turn for a blissful immortality; while, as a member of the bar, our future punishment is anticipated here below by the news brought us from Chicago, that all the deceased judges of the Supreme Court of Illinois have, after mature deliberation, decided upon reversing all the decisions they gave in life, using as their earthly spokes-

or this purpose, their still sur-brethren of the bench. WHEN HIS THING STOP?

On this slight digression, dear

The French translation of verb, "as cool as a cucumber," *anglais timide*;" and the grim of humor which it conveys is applicable to Katie King, for *s une anglaise timide* in the jest sense of the expression. Right name is said to have been Morgan. Of her genealogy, the piratical fact stated, nothing known. For aught we know they have been a descendant of hot-headed monarch himself; when asked her name have returned in the language of Katherine Gordon,

"Certes the daughter of a king,
Or long have believed so."

success in befooling the gull-ions was sufficient to induce her counterpart, to direct her to our western shores, where, the patronage of the Holmes she has been coining the dual lucre called money, her al victims being Mr. Robert wen, who came by her special on all the way from Boston, Childs of our own city. The of her performances is nearly Gen. Lippett in the current of the *Galaxy*, and by Mr. at length in the *Atlantic* y for January, the publishers ch latter magazine, although y be willing to pay Mr. Owen ars per page for his trashy , very carefully disclaim, by ul flyleaf, any indorsement of timents; and it is remark-a New York journal suggests, is elaborate indorsement of anifestation should have ap-simultaneously with a public wal of that indorsement by ren in a paper which, in this at least, bears the very ap-te title, *The Banner of Light*. Philadelphia *Inquirer* gives ole history of the affair with

admirable and humorous succinctness, and especially narrates at length how those two gentlemen, as well as many others, were egregiously "sold."

A certain gentleman who was an anxious seeker after truth, scientific or otherwise, attended the seances, and beheld the lovely virgin of two hundred years of age; and although somewhat skeptical, was willing to be convinced. We will let the reporter of the *Inquirer* tell how he was convinced:

"One evening, when in proximity to 'Katie,' he ascertained she had a *bad breath*, which produced rather an unfavorable *impression*; but still he reflected that a lady who had been dead two hundred years *ought* to have a baddish breath, and he was unwilling

'To bear the tidings of calamity,
Like an unseasonable stormy day,'

to others, and for the time remained quiet; in other words, 'submitted to the conditions' imposed upon all frequenters of the spiritual sanctum. Believing that 'flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven,' and too gallant to believe that Miss King was spiritually in 'tother place,' the aforesaid gentleman concluded that Katie must be 'to the manner born.'

"The admirers of Katie were neither few nor far between. A number of those who came under her influence got to writing poetry in her honor, some of it by what spiritualists call impression. Some of this poetry was just as wretched as could possibly be put together by presumably sane people. The following is a sample:

'Oh, gather 'round and let us sing
The praises of sweet Katie King,
Who, from her bright and happy sphere,
Comes smiling to us mortals here.
CHORUS.—Then with glad voices let all sing,
The praises of sweet Katie King.'

"Although the evidences of the 'machine-make' verse are in the above, many of the other inspired lines are much worse as to time, sentiment, metre, and rhythm. Many of the suddenly-made poets were formerly intelligent men and women, who will probably, after reading what follows, return to their senses.

"Things were going on smoothly; money was flowing into the coffers of the 'mediums,' and Katie's friends were jubilant at the number of converts daily being made to the cause of 'spirit materialization'; but suddenly, without warning, Katie disappeared. Night after night her devotees assembled to welcome

gustin is holding the Forty Hours' Devotion, and Grace, having given all her music lessons and made her visit, is sitting before the piano, which, small as it is, fills half the room.

Grace is not beautiful; it is true she has the dark-blue eyes and luxuriant black-brown hair of her mother, who was the prettiest girl in all Galway, but she lacks color, while the cheeks of her aunt, who is sixty-three at least, yet bear the ruddy bloom given them by Irish air. Grace is gentle and sweet, but a trifle too thoughtful-looking for a girl; she deserves her name, for every action is stamped with that nameless quality which proclaims the perfect gentlewoman.

She is singing, playing a low minor accompaniment. Her voice glides from the *Stabat Mater* into the *Dies Iræ*.

"There is sorrow in the air," she murmurs dreamily; "to-day I can play nothing but songs of sadness." She changes her accompaniment and tries a favorite song:

"Pray, though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears—
May never repay your pleading—
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears.
An answer, not *that* you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray."

"Good enough, Miss Grace!" cries a piping treble voice from the garden. "Good enough! Give us something livelier!"

Grace goes to the window and sees a small freckle-faced boy, with very bright saucy eyes, partially concealed by the hanging rim of a dilapidated straw hat. The boy holds one hand tightly on the breast of his buttoned-up jacket, under which some bulky object is hidden, and plants his feet into the very heart of a bed of young pansies.

"Oh, it's you, Chip." Grace smiles, and then says sternly, "Get off the grass!" Chip obeys. "Have you studied the Catechism lesson I gave you?"

Apparently, Chip is not eager to answer that question.

"Oh, Miss Grace, you sing nearly as well as the lady I heard once at a circus. Did you ever go—"

"Have you studied that lesson?"

"Oh, Miss Grace, Jonas Brown caught sixty crabs this morning!" Grace cannot help smiling. The Sundown boys, and men, too, say cra-a-a-bs, with an accent on the "a" like the crackling of thorns.

"Do you know your lesson?"

"Well," answers Chip, reluctantly, "well!—oh, Miss Grace, I shot a hawk, and nearly brought down—"

"Shot a hawk!" exclaims Grace, alarmed. "I hope John hasn't trusted you with a gun."

"I hadn't a gun," says Chip, clutching the object under his jacket, and very anxious to evade this new subject of conversation. "The steamers's in!—and here comes Mr. John!"

Chip knows that this diversion will be most effective. Grace, with a happy light in her eyes, goes down to the gate, to meet him,—John Maitland.

"How do you do, Chip? Idle as usual, I see. Really, Grace, I am afraid you are spoiling this imp of mischief. Look here, Chip, you were in my room yesterday; I know it by the way I found everything in disorder. If I catch—"

Chip utters a howl, for Nemesis has reached him. A stiff, slight, white-haired man on horseback has just turned from the lane into the street. He has dismounted, and with three or four stealthy steps reaches the gate at which the three are standing. His riding-whip whistles in the air, and strikes Chip's back.

"Is this the way you waste my time, boy?" the old man cries, his cold blue eyes blazing with anger. "Hey? I sent you with an important message at eight o'clock this morning, and I haven't seen you since. I'll teach you!" The whip

AN OLD BOY'S TALE.

IN some people, and especially in those who live and die unmarried, there is a period before that of second childhood, frequent indeed in those who to the end of their days show no sign of childishness, which may be termed their second youth—a period at which they yearn to recall the loves and romances of former years, and dwell with a peculiar fondness on the beautiful or pathetic episodes of their early life. Happy is the boy, though snubbed by papa, and kept in jackets by mamma, whose bachelor uncle remembers his own sixteenth year, with its not trifling passions, ambitions, and sorrows. Happy is the maiden, though novels are forbidden, who has some gentle friend in whom forty years of stern reality have not obliterated the image of some old ideal—an ideal of which the original might blush to know, so much have the coloring of love and the haze of time embellished and softened it. Happy I say, and happier far than tailcoats or novels could make them; for from these worn weak hearts divine lessons of long suffering may be learnt, more than a mere love story, as we may many of us know by experience.

In his second youth died the man who left behind him the following simple autobiography. He was like most of these men in their second youth, brisk, mild, and precise, with an unobtrusive flow of uninteresting talk; a man whom no one would accept an invitation to meet, or refuse one to avoid, essentially a *stop-gap* in society, and in private life the faithful friend of schoolboys.

And when he died, "So poor A—is gone," said Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones, but Tom, Dick, and Harry, their sons, lamented the "Old Boy."

I have no compunction in offering his tale for perusal, as from internal

evidence it must have been meant for that of his friend perhaps too partial recollection him makes me think that his will become his friends for time I feel sure that any pleasure to find in reading it will be far to that with which he notes the sentimental remembrance past. It fell into my hands circumstances which, as to quite unimportant, I need not

The most difficult task I myself is that of realizing time old. I measure my life by public events I remember, and then me back to the last century Time and I have dawdled so along, that I feel no fatigue. in the glass as I shave, and find marks of age, but I do more wrinkles than I did last nor more gray hairs. Jon old, I know, and gets bald cannot see that I do. The out a coat I had made for a near sixty years ago; I hang chair, and contemplate it; I do not wear a broad blue velvet now, nor brass buttons, under my shoulders. My coat yes, certainly—but I cannot I am. Then I look at my co-relatives: Halford, who played with me in the year 1795, is father, and his wife, who was a pretty girl, wears a wig; but no wife nor grandchildren. are the milestones on the road travelled? and I sigh—footstones mark the miles that trodden—but they cover the the fair; how should they feel old?

The events of my life have of the most commonplace character I went to school as a child, began as a boy, into a bank

as a young man. I had a moderate fortune to start with, and have been moderately successful in my business. I have lived within my income, and never married. But, like many other ordinary people who have not talent or force of character to make events for themselves, the circumstances that gathered round my early years were in some respects peculiar, and appear to me worth relating.

I was not more than five years old when I lost both my parents by a singular and dreadful accident. The house we inhabited was situate in a lonely but stormy spot on the north-east coast. A hill sheltered it from the north winds, and it basked in the noonday sun on the brink of the sea. A promontory bent its arm round our little bay, and breaking off abruptly reappeared at a mile from the shores a group of rocks and small islands.

Even now but little has faded of the mystery and romance with which my childish imagination invested those islands, and none of the terror with which I regarded them, for among those rocks, one angry sun-down, my father and my young mother found their grave. The early evening was lovely and calm. They started in their pleasure-boat, waving their hands and blowing me kisses on the perfidious breeze. Not two hours after did the distracted household watch from the windows the short and frightful tragedy of their end.

A fresh air rose as the sun went down, favoring the rising tide. The sea rushed swiftly and suddenly through the tiny straits between the rocks in foaming rapids, which met in whirlpools each moment deeper and fiercer, and the unwary little skiff, her sails useless among the opposite gusts through the rocks, her oars and rudder unavailing against the contending currents, was tossed for a few minutes on the waves, and then disappeared behind a crag. Boats had long before this

left the shore, but the wind rose rapidly; with the night, rain came on in torrents; to venture among the rocks was mere frantic risk, and the pleasure boat with its freight was seen no more.

I relate this as I was afterwards told it, for sleep rested on my unweeping eyes as my father and mother struggled for their last breath; but such accidents, to fishing-boats, were not unfrequent on our treacherous shore. I remember with vividness the waking next morning, to find myself fatherless and motherless, almost uncared for in the midst of bewildered and masterless servants.

We lived some miles from any town, and our only neighbors were the fishermen of the village; but in a few hours a friend of my father's had been informed of the event, and came to fetch me from the home to which I have never since returned. I was too young to feel much besides excessive terror and wonder; in fact, it seems that I must have been to some extent stupified by the sudden changes, though I so far understood that I should never see my mother again, as to beg to have for my "very own" a portrait of her that had been done a year or two before—a request that was kindly and wisely granted. I cried bitterly whenever I realized my loss, but that, at five years, was but seldom after the first burst was over.

Of any details succeeding these events I have no recollection, nor of how long I staid with my kind friends; not long, I suppose, for I left them before my sixth birthday. Nor do I remember any preparation for my departure, beyond a leave-taking one evening, and falling asleep in my nurse's arms to awake in a stage-coach.

Dear me, can it indeed be that I am old—that waking seems but yesterday—or was it last night in my dreams?

Then came the delightful excitement of changing horses, dining off sandwiches, and flying from the trees

as they circled past. I am quite sure no thought of sorrow dulled my gladness on that day; all was unmixed delight.

I fell asleep again and woke on being handed out of the coach and hearing confused talking; a light poked into my face completely roused me, and by the time I was wide awake and set on my feet the coach had driven off, and I was standing with my nurse and two men with lanterns by the side of a heap of luggage. This Roger and Harry, subsequently my great allies, shouldered, and we followed them a short distance to a door which opened into a small hall. After a short bustle and colloquy with a maid, my nurse took off my hat, pushed back my hair, and saying, "Now you are going to see your aunt," followed the servant into a sitting-room.

Little I knew for how many years that room would be dear to me—how sacred to my memory till I remember no more.

It was rather a lofty room, though small, the walls were panelled with crimson and gold, the borders of carved wood painted a light gray; the chairs matched the walls, light carved and gilt wood with oval backs and crimson seats; there were two arm-chairs and a cabinet; "sofas as yet were not" in rooms of this style. Before an embroidery frame, with candles on the table and a maze of gay silks by her side, sat a lady, young, tall, handsome—the very image of my father. As we entered, the draft from the door disturbed the silks, and she looked up; she bowed slightly to the nurse, and, smiling kindly, held out her hand to me. I advanced with confidence, probably from her strong resemblance to my father, and put my hand in hers; she drew me to her and kissed me. I stood for some minutes silent and wondering, too young to feel embarrassed, too astonished to cry. Not a word broke the stillness; at last, with unaccustomed boldness, I

lightly touched with my finger the flowers of her exquisite embroidery (that very white satin, now yellow; those very roses, now faded, are on my sofa cushion still; one bud especially has quite lost its bloom, but how dear to me its pale remains—its color evaporated in a tear shed by Phoebe).

She took my hand gently off, and, as if afraid of my being vexed, patted and kissed it; she put before me a book, and, opening it, pointed to the pictures, but I gazed at *her*.

What spell had fallen on us?

At last, scared by the silence, overpowered by her gentle melancholy face, I broke from her and ran to hide against my nurse's gown. Nor was it till I found myself in a bed-room, where my supper was prepared, that I ventured to speak.

The reader has probably guessed, what I did not, that my Aunt Mabel was deaf and dumb.

It was striking eleven that night as I was put to bed, and though, no doubt, I asked a number of childish questions, I have no recollection of them or of the answers. I understood that I was to live with my aunt, and that I had a cousin, her niece, for she was herself unmarried, of whom also she had the charge. The next morning, when dressed, I was taken down to the same room I had been in the night before, and as I had been used to do, I walked up to my aunt and said, in my best manner, "Good morning, Aunt Mabel."

She looked at me with a kind smile and a kiss, and nothing in the whole of my subsequent experience in the least resembles the sensation that then came over me. The utter uselessness of speaking, the weight of silence overpowered me. I felt perfectly helpless; and sat down to my bread and milk a melancholy child. This misery, however, was luckily soon to be relieved, for just as I had finished my breakfast and was doubting whether it might be

right to get off my chair without asking leave—which it was useless to do—and indeed the silence was so profound that I dared not have spoken, the door opened and there entered Phœbe.

No words can tell the effect her appearance had on me; her young lovely face and form, her quick gestures, and, above all, her girlish voice, are before me now—a vision perfectly distinct from that which I can call up of her appearance at a later period. She came to me as the angel of resurrection from that tomb-like abyss of silence and oppression. It was not till long after that I grew into a comprehension and appreciation of her beauty. I was then too young, and indeed she herself was but a girl of twelve, and her charms were only in their bud; it was the *life* of her that I felt; the gay laugh and light grace with which she came into the room, a kitten scampering round her feet, and a spray of roses in her hand.

I was not a shy child, and when she knelt down by me and threw her arm round me, I willingly returned the caress, and said, though with a half terror of speaking, "May I get down?"

"To be sure," was the answer. And some telegraphic communication having passed between my aunt and cousin, I was carried off quite happy to romp in the garden.

My Aunt Mabel was my father's only sister; her other brother, who was the eldest of the three, had died some years before, leaving to her charge the orphan Phœbe, her mother being also dead, and now the occurrences I have related had added to her cares that of me.

She was in every way one of the most remarkable women I have ever met with; and a more judicious guardian could not have been found.

The only daughter of sensible parents, she had been instructed in every art that could enliven her solitary soul; and, her infirmity never

having been made an excuse for ill-temper, her gentleness and affection made it appear an additional claim on the consideration of others.

My grandfather having left a good fortune, poverty never invaded her luxurious but unpretending retirement, and in Phœbe, who, having lived with my aunt from the age of two, was far beyond her years, she had at once a companion and a friend. She was remarkably handsome, always dressed to perfection, and constantly occupied with some of the arts in which she excelled; she drew and embroidered exquisitely, knitted and netted with dexterity, and made the most delicate lace. Her library was well furnished, and her mind almost as well, for she read a great deal, and remembered all she read. Nay, besides teaching Phœbe all she knew, which included French and Italian grammar, I had no other teacher till I went to school, and did not find myself particularly backward in Latin, arithmetic, and the rudiments of Greek. Our lessons were all learnt by heart, and then written out while she looked over us. She, of course, held the book, and we wrote in a sort of abbreviated language which would sadly have puzzled a stranger; more especially as, from the extraordinary quickness with which she discovered whether we were right, few of the sentences were ever completed.

By these means we did not learn quickly, perhaps, but we learnt correctly, and many of her spare hours were devoted to writing out questions, to which we found the answers for her correction. An old French gentleman, a refugee, no doubt, came once a fortnight from the neighboring town, and after three hours spent in teaching Phœbe more or less well to play the piano, to dance, and to read and speak French, he put off the master, and resuming the private gentleman, dined with us before returning home.

I recall with a sort of wonder the

simple regularity of the household; how, day after day, and year after year, as if no note were taken of time, and no thought of change ever fell on that peaceful home, the same events recurred, and, to me, the same pleasures. One feeling I never did and never could get over; in the garden I could play, run, shout, and sing, but the house was to me a temple of silence—silence broken indeed often by the voices of Phœbe and myself, but never, I really believe, in all the years I lived there, by one hearty laugh on my part.

The first terror that my aunt's silence had occasioned me gave way to a feeling of tender reverence; there was something solemn to me in the grandeur of her handsome head and splendid expressive eyes that half revealed her mind, shrouded, as it were, in a fatal silence; so, though as I grew older my childish wonder wore off, my respect for that mysterious veil constantly increased, and I felt that if one day my aunt were to find the power of language, a spell, sacred to my heart and dear to my imagination, would be forever broken. When I, alone in the world to mourn for her, saw her eyes closed to this world's light, my first thought was, "She is speaking now," and I felt a peculiar gladness that her first words should be in that heavenly tongue, which was doubtless as far beyond my comprehension as her deep-buried sorrows and unuttered joys had been.

Four years passed in happy monotony, and shortly before I was ten years old, I was sent to a public school. Of the effect that its discipline had upon my character I can hardly judge, for my heart clung always so closely to home, and the ambitions and strifes of school were so indifferent to me—for I was neither robust nor clever—that I believe my life and character were but little influenced by them. Phœbe constantly wrote to me, and the details of our home pets and village friends

interested me far more than escapades, or bedroom "c" always went home for the and, though Phœbe, as older, paid occasional visits to her friends, she always returned time to welcome me, and during the whole of my vacation never missed her, and I never changed, for with my growth grew from a pretty girl to a woman—ah! in my memory I became more and more appreciating her, till at the boys are most susceptible, me all in all. I followed her I trod in her shadow; and was madly in love. Of course she was utterly unsuited to her simple heart was uncontented itself; she never looked for perfection, for she had never known that of her home circle was of course; she was queen of the hearth, and she knew it, for more; but within a few years doubtless, she found another for one day, just before the summer holidays, when I was received a letter dated from her house, where she had been on a long visit, to tell me she was to be married.

An awful, blank, numbness came over me, relieved only by indignant mortification, that she had never even been possible that I, a child known almost from the cradle, ever dream of loving her more than as a brother; nay, if she had told the truth, Phœbe would have said as a slave—for somewhat imperious—but it was not a fault, only a beauty naturally from the unlimited love she possessed over all who loved her.

I am blind? Well, yes, I am. She must have had faults, if not mortal; but to this day tell me but an additional character was Phœbe, daughter of the house—a perfectly good-tempe-

wardness, the arch petulance of a spoilt child, were only just a sufficient admixture of weakness to make her true womanly; and who could love an angel? We should soon tire of a being so perfect that it had no wants for us to gratify, or whims to humor.

It was not far from the midsummer holidays when I received this letter; and in her next she told me that Captain Howell was to pass part of them in our neighborhood; that she should be at home for the six weeks; married before my return to school, and then leave with her husband. My despair at this intelligence was not that of a boy. No fancy for drowning myself or devoting myself to celibacy entered my head, but I had lost all that I then lived for, and felt that I must begin a new chapter in existence. I took an opportunity of going to the neighboring town and spending all my ready money, of which I had generally plenty, in buying the handsomest ring I could find for Phœbe, and when the holidays came I mounted the coach with very mixed feelings.

As I got to the garden gate, and was on the point of getting down, I saw from my elevated position a white figure walking up the terrace,—it was Phœbe. The terrace was very near the road, but screened from it by a thick laurel hedge, and it was only by being so high up that I could see it. I took all in at a glance; Phœbe in an evening dress of white—then very fashionable—the folds of the narrow skirt blown round her by the evening breeze, which also disturbed her thick curls; her face bright and eager, one hand holding her hat, the other through the arm of a gentleman—Captain Howell, her lover.

I vented my excitement in a tremendous leap to the ground. She must have just caught sight of me, for I heard her quick step as she ran to the gate calling me, but I slipped round by a back path and flew into

the house. I could not just then have faced Captain Howell. I put off the evil moment for an hour or so, but at last came tea-time, and the meeting was inevitable. Phœbe was just the same as ever—lovely, affectionate, with her enchanting May-day manner and exacting caprice. Captain Howell I tried to ignore. I was, I believe, perfectly civil to him, and, to please Phœbe, gave him a full share of the obedience I yielded her; but of his position there and his rights I would not permit myself to think. He was a handsome, gentlemanly man, with a quiet tender air, and a cool manner that contrasted strongly with Phœbe's light vivacity. He drove me half crazy by his forethought. Phœbe's wishes were fulfilled before they were formed. In vain I watched for opportunities of pleasing her. He forestalled every want, and left me without occupation. I followed her like a dog, doubtless to the great disgust of Captain Howell, till he one day laughingly said he believed I was jealous, and I had no choice but to laugh too—as Phœbe did. At last the weary time passed, weary, though I dreaded the end: and the evening came before the marriage—the last, the very last evening with Phœbe.

Captain Howell had been hanging about all the morning. Not that he saw much of Phœbe, for she was too busy packing; and to-day for the first time she showed frankly any regret at leaving her early home. A stray sigh, or some hint of sorrow, had now and then escaped her; but either out of compliment to her future husband, or because she was really happy, they were very rarely heard. But at breakfast on this last morning her eyes were unmistakably red, and for fully a quarter of an hour afterwards she sat on a stool at my aunt's feet, her head bent in that motherly lap, while Aunt Mabel's rare tears dropped on her shining hair. But there was business to be done, luckily for all. "My aunt

and Phœbe disappeared till dinner, and Captain Howell and I prowled about, too utterly *désœuvrés* to pretend to be company for each other. Shortly before dinner Phœbe came down; she went to the gate with Captain Howell, who took his last leave of her and rode off, she wandering back to the house, her eyes very full of her coming happiness.

Dinner was a melancholy meal; we could none of us eat, and yet we could not hurry it—it was the last. When it was over Phœbe went out into the garden, and I presently followed her, determined to offer my parting gift with as few words as possible, and so strangle my misery. We walked up and down for some time, talking by fits, but oftener silent, till at last she sat down on a bench. It was near evening, the sun threw ruddy flickering patches of light through the trees, but as yet no stars promised consolation for his departure—and to-morrow she was going—by next sunset would be gone.

"Phœbe," I said, cold and sick, "I have got you a wedding present, a ring; I hope you will like it—to keep—wear—remember."

My pulses choked me. I put it in her hand, and she looked at me, as I stood intending to fly as soon as I had given it; but tears were in her eyes, and I dropped on the seat by her side.

"Kiss me once—my love—love of my life. Phœbe, I would have married you."

"Poor boy!" she said, gave me one deep kiss, and ran into the house. I sat like one frozen till I heard a bell ring, which startled me, and I went in. As I passed the drawing-room window I saw Phœbe, who had thrown herself on a settee, and with her face buried in a cushion—that cushion—was sobbing violently. By the time I went into the room my aunt had joined her, and they were engaged in a last silent conversation by signs.

I did not go to the church next

day, but I stood at the gate the last of Phœbe, as her mother carried her from the home of youth, and an intense bitterness as I rejoined my aunt, parted with her at the door.

That parting broke in Mabel's heart. No one ever not seen them together could what Phœbe was to her. I had grown into such a comprehensive that entombed soul; there many impulses in my aunt, telling no outlet in speech could known by one whose sympathies had been trained to read them, one a woman, that in losing she lost as it were the compass chord that made her life and she never was herself after Phœbe! were you right to do so?

I went back to school at the end of the holidays, and when I went to college, but my heart still with Aunt Mabel. Ever since I came home I saw her no more changed; as with a solitary confinement, solitude closing on her: she would not have a companion,—indeed at that time not wonder,—and in spite of gardening, and charity, she was visibly, and, without any disease, sunk into a state of which brought her to the grave. It was not all I might have been perhaps,—all I *could* be I thought Phœbe had absorbed me when I had no strength of mind above the occasion.

* * * *

Twelve years after this Phœbe turned; Captain Howell was married and she came home with a second girl—a second Phœbe, just like the first, May Queen. My Phœbe was in face, older, harder; in her coloring shade harder too, perhaps, the same light vivacity as in youth. Although we had at first corresponded—but letters for months in going to India I think she had not realized

the memory of my one first
I had never loved again;
I had never thought of it
of course I never said so to
a passion that had so in-
my whole life could not
times to betray itself, and
friendship after her return
ner and deeper.

I know whether she would
ried me—I never asked her
not insult her by supposing
me more than her dead

I would not have her lov-
ess; nor would I marry the
his child—Phœbe must be
e of mine.

ow for more than twenty
has been lying by my Aunt
Her daughter married be-
leath, and went to live in
land, and I am ending my

adding coat, never worn,
Aunt Mabel's cushion, my
picture, and the ring I gave
are my household gods;
not unshorn by the mower,
ombstone on either side,
spot where I shall rejoin
omen I have loved.

* * * *

kind reader, is the whole of

my old friend's manuscript, a record
of a gentle, weak intellect, subjugated
by feeling. I cannot, however, con-
clude without relating an incident
that occurred at the time when I
first met the Old Boy, and which
was never fully explained to me till
I read the foregoing story.

We made acquaintance at the
dinner-table of a mutual friend, who
had known Captain Howell for many
years, and whose wife, as I afterwards
heard, had been the intimate friend
of Captain Howell's lovely wife: it
was some years after Phœbe's death,
and I had never, of course, even
heard her name. In the evening,
Mrs. D— happened to want some-
thing from another room, and, turn-
ing to her daughter, she said:

"Will you fetch it, Phœbe?"

The Old Boy looked up.

"What, is there a Phœbe here
too?" said he.

"What else could I have called
her?" was the answer.

Thenceforth the young lady had a
devoted friend. He was always at
her beck for a walk or a drive; her
room was stocked with his little
presents, and at his death none had
more cause to mourn than the name-
sake of his only love.

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

G A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-
ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

SEVENTH LETTER.

SIR: As we proceed in the
ion of the edifice raised
brutal, blaspheming Henry
find it in complete keeping
foundation. The order of
uction keeps clear of even
est imitation of the church
founded on the Rock, Pe-
the other apostles. Nor

does it indicate any insurance that
"the gates of hell will not prevail
against it." On the contrary, the
thing dubbed "*Church of England
by law established*," shows in the
whole of the plan that the architect
is Satan, and the progress of the
work exhibits such material only as
the ingenuity of hell could devise

and human depravity would execute. Not only did the gates of hell prevail in the operation, but we find it an arsenal for antichristian warfare. Such is the evidence already produced, which will be corroborated by the further examination of the *pillar and ground of lies*.

HUME.—“To show how much Henry sported with law and common sense, how servilely the Parliament followed all his caprices, and how much both of them were lost to all sense of shame, an act was passed declaring that a precontract should be no ground for annulling a marriage; as if that pretext had not been made use of both in the case of Anne Boleyn and Anne of Cleves. But the king's intention in this law is said to be a design of restoring the Princess Elizabeth to her right of legitimacy, and it was his character never to look farther than the present object, without regarding the inconsistency of his conduct. The Parliament made it high treason to deny the dissolution of Henry's marriage with Anne of Cleves.” (Hist.)

HERBERT.—“The lady Anne of Cleves contented herself with the title of the king's *adopted sister*. The lady Catharine Howard was married to the king, and presently after showed publicly as queen.” (Life of Henry.)

COLLIER.—“Cranmer had now a difficult post to manage. His aim was to push the Reformation to a farther progress; but here he had reason to be discouraged. His instruments were disproportioned to the work, and his adherents, if they are rightly represented, unprepared to discharge their part.” (Eccles. Hist.)

BURNET.—“The other bishops that adhered to Cranmer were rather clogs than helps to him. Latimer's simplicity and weakness made him despised; Shaxton's proud and litigious humor drew hatred on him; Barlow was not very discreet, and

cherished, whether out of a bridled forwardness of temper or a *true zeal* that would not be *managed and governed by politic and sordid measures*, were flying at many that were not yet abolished. complaints were brought of to the king; upon which letter sent to all the bishops, in the name, to take care that as the should be instructed in the truth they should not be unwarily carried with *too many novelties*; sin publishing these, if it was not tempered with great discretion, raise much contention, and inconveniences, that might dangerous consequences. It seems this caveat did not prevent what was designed by it, or, at the opposite party were still bringing in new complaints.” (Hist.)

SOUTHEY.—“Many of the preachers were for hurrying forward to *destroy* rather than to reform. The Bible itself gave occasion for presumptuous and ignorant people to no sooner read, than they too themselves to expound it. They interrupted the church service by holding forth; discussed popery in ale-houses and taverns, quarrelled over them, and blasphemed about the reproachful appellations of papist and heretic. Those opinions also were abroad struck at the root of all authority, civil or ecclesiastical, and of the social order.” (Hist. of Church)

BURNET.—“A parliament was summoned to meet on 22d of Jan. 1542. Two acts of great importance to religion were passed. The preamble to the first set forth that being many dissensions about religion, the scriptures, which they had put into the hands of the people, were abused by many seditious persons in their sermons, books, rhymes, and songs, from which inconveniences were likely to arise. For preventing these it was enacted to establish a form of doctrine, conformable to that which

taught by the apostles. Therefore, all the books of the Old and New Testament, of Tindal's translation, (which is called crafty, false, and untrue), are forbidden to be kept or used in the king's dominions. No books were to be printed about religion without the king's allowance. None might read the scripture in any open assembly, or expound it, but he who was *licensed by the king or his ordinary.*" (Hist. Ref.)

The last speech Henry made in Parliament deserves attention, as entering into the construction of the singular establishment which he founded in place of the Holy Catholic Church. His speech was chiefly directed against those dissensions in religion, which were the natural offspring the new doctrine inspired by the vilest passions. Immediately the authority of the Church was destroyed, a multitude of conflicting parties sprung up in England, as in Germany, clamorous and violent in their contentions, and obstinate in their own opinions, however ill conceived or dangerous to the welfare of society.

The king spoke to this effect: "Sith I find such kindness on your part towards me, I cannot chuse but love and favor you, affirming that no prince in the world more favoreth his subjects than I do, nor no subjects or commons more love and obey their sovereign lord than I perceive you do. Yet, although I wish you, and you wish me, to be in this perfect love and concord, this friendly amity cannot continue, except both you, my lords temporal, and you, my lords spiritual, and you my loving subjects, study and take pains to amend one thing, which surely is amiss and far out of order, to the which I most heartily require you, which is, that charity and concord is not amongst you, but discord and dissension beareth rule in every place. St. Paul saith to the Corinthians, '*Charity is gentle, charity is not envious, charity is not proud.*'

Behold, then, what love and charity is amongst you, when one calleth another heretic and anabaptist; and he calleth him again papist, hypocrite, and pharisee. Be these tokens of charity amongst you? No, no! I hear daily that you of the clergy preach one against another, without charity or discretion; some be too stiff in their old *mumpsimus*, others be too busy with their new *sumpsimus*. Thus all men, almost, be in variety and discord, and few or none preach truly and sincerely the word of God, according as they ought to do. Shall I judge you charitable persons doing this? No, no! I cannot do so. Alas! how can the poor souls live in concord, when you preachers sow amongst them, in your sermons, debate and discord? Of you they look for light, and you bring them to darkness. Amend these crimes, I exhort you, and set forth God's word both by true preaching and by good example giving; or else I, whom God hath appointed his *vicar* and *high minister* here, will see these divisions extinct, and these enormities corrected, according to my very duty. Although, I say, the spiritual men be in some fault, that charity is not kept amongst them; yet the temporality be not clear and unspotted of malice and envy. For you rail on bishops, speak slanderously of priests, and rebuke and taunt preachers, both contrary to good order and Christian fraternity. If you know surely that a bishop or a preacher erreth, or teacheth perverse doctrine, come and declare it to some of our council, or to us, to whom *is committed by God* the high authority to reform and order such causes and behaviors; and be not judges of yourselves, of your fantastical opinions and vain expositions. In such high causes you may lightly err; and also, though you be permitted to read holy scriptures, and to have the word of God in your mother tongue, you must understand that it is licensed you are to do so, only to in-

form your own consciences, and to instruct your children and families, and not to dispute and make scripture a railing and taunting stock against priests and preachers, as many light persons do. I am very sorry to know and hear how unreverently that most precious jewel, the word of God, is disputed, rhymed, sung, and jangled, in every alehouse and tavern, contrary to the true meaning and doctrine of the same. And yet I am even as much sorry that the readers of the same follow it, in doing, so faintly and so coldly. For this I am sure that charity was never so faint amongst you, and virtuous and godly living was never less used, nor God himself among Christians was never less revered, honored or served. Therefore, as I said before, be in charity one with another, like brother and brother: love, dread, and serve God, to the which I, as your supreme head and sovereign lord, exhort and require you." (Life of Henry.)

To hear Henry "who never spared man in his wrath, nor woman in his lust," preach up virtue, naturally produces a blush of indignation! Though he pretends to inculcate peace and harmony amongst his subjects, yet he himself finds it difficult to continue long in quietness and happiness with his queens. While waiting at York, to have an interview with the King of Scotland, a matter occurred which very much disturbed his repose. This unpleasant business is exposed in the following portion of a letter from the lords of the council, to the English ambassador at Paris. "After our hearty commendations, by these our letters, we be commanded to signify unto you, a most miserable case, which came lately to revelation. . . . When the King's Majesty, upon the sentence given of the invalidity of the pretended matrimony, between his Highness and the lady Anne of Cleves, was earnestly and humbly solicited by his council, and nobles of this realm,

it pleased his Highness, upon a notable appearance of honor and maidenly behavior, to bend his affections towards Mistress Catherine Howard, daughter of the late Lord Edmund Howard; insomuch, as his Highness was finally contented to honor her with his marriage, thinking now in his old days, after sundry troubles of mind, which have happened to him by marriages, to have obtained such a jewel of womanhood, and very perfect love towards him, as should not only have been to his quietness, but also brought forth the desired fruit of marriage; and in respect of the virtue and good behavior which she showed outwardly, did her all honor accordingly. But this joy is turned into extreme sorrow; for when the King's Majesty, receiving his Maker, on All Hallow's Day last past, then gave him most hearty thanks for the good life he led and trusted to lead with her: . . . on All Soul's Day, being at Mass, the archbishop of Canterbury Cranmer, having a little before heard, that the same Catherine Howard was not indeed a woman of that pureness that she was esteemed, for the discharge of his duty, opened the same most sorrowfully to his Majesty, and how it was brought to his knowledge." (Herbert, Life of Henry.)

HUME.—"The queen, being questioned, denied her guilt; but when informed that a full discovery was made, she confessed she had been criminal before marriage; and only insisted that she had never been false to the king's bed. Henry found that he could not by any means so fully or expeditiously satiate his vengeance (and his lust) as by assembling a Parliament, the usual instrument of his tyranny. The two houses having received the queen's confession, made an address to the king. They entreated him not to be vexed with this untoward accident, to which all men were subject; but to consider the frailty of

human nature, and the mutability of human affairs; and from these views to derive a subject of consolation. They desired leave to pass a bill of attainder against the queen and her accomplices; and they begged him to give his assent to this bill, not in person, which would renew his vexation, and might *endanger his health*, but by commissioners appointed for that purpose." (Hist. of England.)

This act received the royal consent by commission, the queen and lady Rochford were beheaded on Tower Hill, on the 12th of February, 1542.

HERBERT.—"The separation or divorce betwixt our king and lady Anne of Cleves, now standing uncontroverted, and queen Catherine beheaded, our king bethought himself of another match. In the concluding whereof, yet he found some difficulty (for all young women stood off, knowing in what a slippery estate they would be in by such an alliance), . . . so that now he fixed upon the lady Catherine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer; who, as she was esteemed ever a lady of much integrity and worth, and some maturity of years, so the king after marriage lived apparently well with her *for the most part*." (Life of Henry.)

COLLIER.—"A letter which Cranmer wrote to Henry, January 24th, 1545, shows, amongst other proofs, the disposition of too many people; what a scrambling there was now for the church estates, and how much the loaves of the reformation were valued above the doctrine. Cranmer, in a postscript acquaints the king, how the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, were forced upon the alienation of their lands. That all this ravage was made under color of his Highness's commands; but he was sure other men, and not his Majesty, had gotten their best lands."

"In November, 1545, the king's last Parliament sat. By an act of this Parliament, seventy manors were assured to the Crown, belonging to

the See of York. By this statute, it appears, Cranmer had conveyed about a dozen manors and parks to the Crown, which sales are now confirmed. Bonner, bishop of London, had likewise sold, given, and granted to the king, the manors of Chelmsford and Crauden, with the park of Crauden, with all their appurtenances. This manor and park of Crauden, the king had granted to Sir William Peters." (E. Hist.)

HERBERT.—"This Parliament ended and notice given to both universities that the colleges were at the king's disposal; that of Cambridge first implored his favor, beseeching him to defend their possessions from the covetous and greedy minds of those who knew not learning. That of Oxford also petitioned to this purpose; and Dr. Cox, Dean of Oxford, writ to Secretary Paget, to represent the lack of schools, preachers, houses of livings for orphans, and since the dispositions of charities, etc., were in the king's hands, to obtain that the clergy might be provided for honesty, lest beggary should drive them to flattery, superstition, and old idolatry. Which saith he, I speak not, as if I mistrusted the king's *goodness* (cautious man); but because there are such a number of importunate wolves, as are able to devour charities, cathedral churches, universities, and a thousand times as much; adding, in conclusion, that posterity will wonder at us. When peace was proclaimed in London, the 13th of June, 1546 (between Henry and the King of France), a procession was there made, and all of the richest silver crosses out of several parish churches carried, and the bravest copes worn, for the greater solemnity. But our historians note it as fatal, it being the last time they were publicly used, since our king called them shortly after, together with the church plate, into his treasury and *wardrobe*."

COLLIER.—"About this time the king issued out a proclamation, to

forbid the use of Tindal's and Coverdale's translation of the New Testament. The books of Frith, Wickliffe, Joy, Baile, Barnes, etc., are likewise prohibited, and to be delivered to the civil and ecclesiastical officers, in order to be burnt. The reason of suppressing these books was, it is thought, to discourage that excess of satire and intemperate language, which was too common in the writings of these men." (Eccl. Hist.)

BURNET.—"The king was now overgrown with corpulency and fatness, so that he became more and more unwieldy. He could not go up and down stairs, but as he was raised up, or let down, by an engine. And an old sore in his leg became very uneasy to him; so that all the humors in his body sinking into his leg, he was much pained, and became exceedingly froward and untractable, to which his inexcusable severity to the Duke of Norfolk and his son (whom he put to death, and sentenced the father to die), may in great measure be imputed. His servants durst scarce speak to him, to put him in mind of his approaching end. And an act of Parliament, which was made for the security of the king's life, had some words in it against foretelling of his death, which made every one afraid to speak to him of it, lest he, in his angry and imperious humors, should have ordered them to be indicted upon that statute. He continued in a decay till the 27th of January, 1547; and then many signs of his approaching end appearing, few would venture on so unwelcome a thing as to put him in mind of his danger, then imminent. But Sir Anthony Denny had the honesty and courage to do it, and desired him to prepare for death, and remember his former life, and to call on God for mercy, through Jesus Christ. Upon which the king expressed his grief for the sins of his past life, yet, he said, he trusted in the mercies of Christ, which were greater than they were. Then Denny asked him if

any churchman should be : and he said, *if any*, it sh Cranmer; and after he had little, finding his spirits decayed, he ordered him to be sent to Croydon. But before he could go, the king was speechless. Cranmer desired him to give some sign of his dying in the faith upon which he squeezed his hand, and soon after died; after he reigned thirty-seven years and six months; in the fifty-sixth year of his age." (Hist. Ref.)

HUME.—"A catalogue of qualities incident to human nature, as violence, cruelty, profusion, injustice, obstinacy, arrogance, presumption and caprice."

BURNET.—"The vastness of his expense, and the many heavy exactions, which he extorted a public discharge of debts, embased the coin, with irregularities."

SALMON.—"The beginning of his reign appears to have been marked with masks, shows, revelling, and profuse and unbounded expence. As we advance further, we see a number of merable acts of injustice and cruelty, his beheading his queens; beheading the Earl of Suffolk, the Countess of Suffolk, the Earl of Bucks, the Countess of Suffolk, the Earl of Surry, Sir Thomas Fisher, and old Bishop Fisher." "The monuments in this kind (says Salmon) some urge two queens, one cardinal, dukes, marquises, and earl's sons, twelve; barons, knights, eighteen; abbots, monks, and priests, seven of the more common sort, one religion and another, heresies and heresies." "And then, if we consider his unexampled rapine and his destroying churches, monasteries, colleges, and hospitals, and the revenues, plate, and ornaments, to his own use, to that value, and at the same time that he sold out ten thousand of the realm to starve at once; his assuming

hority that Christ had, and commissions to bishops, to alter the sacraments, ordain, consecrate, and perform their spiritual function; I say, if we act on these things, *how can we say he was a proper instrument to effect a Reformation?*" (Higgon's Mod. Hist.)

We have now seen that portion of the work which Henry VIII performed in the erection of the *church established*. In the first, he altered the Catholic Church in England; he suppressed in his realm the authority of the Bishop of Rome, at this time was Clement VII, the hundred and twentieth in succession from St. Peter, and the head of Christ, and head of His Church on earth; he laid rapacious and illegitimate hands upon the property of religion and charity; he endeavored to absolve religious persons from their vows made to God, he trampled upon everything sacred and venerable which was subject to his depraved will and passions.

In the second place, he began the reformation with an act of assumed piety, which gave to himself and his successors the supreme jurisdiction and authority in his dominions. All matters of faith were settled by him, and not by the assembly in council. No one was to be consecrated without special consent; and when altered, they were not allowed to exercise any ecclesiastical jurisdiction without first receiving it from *the fountain-head of all spirituality on earth*." In this manner did he lay the foundation of the church so-called; and proceeded with many severe persecutions; made it high treason for any one to call in question his authority in the church by law established; and cemented the whole with every crime in the catalogue of iniquity.

We have heard the base motives which gave rise to this modern edifice, the bad passions of a wicked king; we have heard too the character of the founder and principal builder; and surely nothing is wanting to make it superlatively execrable, but that, perhaps, which he himself owned to his confessor: "*That he had never spared man in his rage, nor woman in his lust.*" (Higgon's Short View of Engl. Hist., p. 196.) Yet we are told by Dr. Burnet, in his preface to his History of the Reformation, that "if we consider the great things that were done by him, we must acknowledge that there was a signal providence of God, in raising up a king of his temper, for clearing the way to that blessed work which followed; and which could hardly have been done but by a man of his humor!" Are we not bound in the name of common sense to say, if the so-called reformation were a *blessed work*, a good man would not only have been able, but likewise the more suitable person, to begin, carry on, and complete it? And does not respect for the wisdom of God oblige us to believe, if it were truly a *blessed work*, that "signal providence" would have raised up an unblemished character for so important and excellent an undertaking? But if the pseudo reformation were in reality a bad work, then no good man could lend his assistance to it; then a man of Henry the Eighth's temper was necessary to be "*postilion in his waxed boots and oiled coat*" (as Burnet says), *lashing his horses through thick and thin, and bespattering all about him.*" Let every one, from these premises, draw his own conclusions. But I cannot restrain this exclamation: There was a signal operation of Satan, in bringing out such a monster of iniquity, for clearing the way to that execrable work which followed, and which could hardly have been done, but by a man of his infernal humor.

AN ANCIENT CHRISTMAS CHANT.

LAETABUNDUS EXULTET FIDELIS CHORUS.

<i>Original.</i>	<i>Translation.</i>
LAETABUNDUS exultet Fidelis chorus. Alleluia!	Now with Christmas joy abounding, Let the faithful chorus sounding, Hosannas sing!
Regem regum intactæ Profudit thorus, Res miranda!	Miracle astonishing! A spotless virgin forth doth bring Of kings the King!
Angelus consilii Natus est de virgine, Sol de stella.	Brings forth a maid immaculate, The Angel of the council great, A Star the Sun!
Sol occasum nesciens, Stella semper rutilans, Semper clara.	Sun that knoweth no declining, Star with fadeless beauty shining, E'er spotless one!
Sicut sidus radium Profert virgo filium, Pari forma.	As the ray that penetrates Through the star its light dilates, This virgin bears.
Neque sidus radio, Neque mater filio, Fit corrupta.	Like star by cleaving beam untorn, This mother's purity unshorn New lustre wears.
Cedrus alta Libani Conformatur hyssopo, Valle nostra.	The cedar proud of Lebanon Bendeth to the hyssop on Our lowly valley.
Verbum ens altissimi, Corpori passum est, Carne sumpta.	The Word made flesh comes from the sky, He, substance of the Lord most high, Hypostatically.
Isaias cecinit, Synagoga meminit; Nunquam tamen desinet Esse cæca.	Though by Isaiah's strains foretold, The synagogue doth yet withhold Its believing sight.
Si non suis vatibus Credat, vel Gentilibus, Sybellinis versibus, Haec prædicta.	If Israel's singers sing in vain, And Gentile poets waste their strain, Lends not the sibylline refrain Prophetic light?
Infelix propera, Crede vel vetera; Cur damnaberis, Gens misera.	Oh, Jewry's blinded nation! why Dost thus the prophecies deny? Arise, and believe! nor yet defy Thy fate forlorn.
Quem docet littera Vatum considera: Ipsum genuit puerpera.	He whom the Scriptures have described, And myth and legend typified, TO-DAY IS BORN!

Christmas, 1874.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

NOTE.—The original of the above is an ancient prose inserted in some places in the third Mass for Christmas Day. It has been taken from an old missal of the Paris rite. The happy facility with which the old ecclesiastical poets combined the most intricate theology with exquisite poetry, couched in the tersest yet most forcible and graceful language, is seldom exemplified to better advantage than in these beautiful stanzas. The closing appeal to the Jews to recognize our divine Lord as the expected Messiah, is as touchingly appropriate now as in the centuries past when it was penned. It has been the custom of the translator, for several years past, to give, in English verse, at each successive Christmas, one of the quaint old carols of the Catholic Church; and the favor with which they have been received has encouraged him to continued efforts in the same line. In the above stanzas, as on former occasions, he has endeavored to make the translation as literal as a florid style of vernacular would permit; while the metrical peculiarities of the original have also been closely followed.

ments with which I was to cope, and take new precautions to meet them. This morning I destroyed all traces of Lady B——, on seeing what I am aware you saw also in all the morning dailies, and, to show you how low one acting under the impulses of human passion alone can fall, I will confess to you, I had made up my mind to leave your house secretly to-night, notwithstanding my previous solemn promise to the contrary. But God placed it in your heart to conduct me here, and the little child's last words showed me the true way to place my sorrow above the touch of earthly feeling. I 'brought it to God,' and he mercifully guided me to the feet of his minister, who has taught me my duty as a Catholic wife."

"Not, not," stuttered Luke Lawton, overpowered by the magnitude of the sacrifice included, "not to go back, of your own free will, without being begged by that there sc—I beg your pardon, ma'am—Lord B—— on his knees, so to do!"

She smiled. "These would have been my sentiments this morning, Mr. Lawton, and it is true, no earthly power could have induced me to comply with this duty. As it is, when this blessed clay," and she kissed tenderly the face, smiling from the flower-decked pillow, "is consigned to its quiet grave, *I will return to my husband.*"

"Oh! mamma! dear mamma! I am so glad!" and Paul threw himself into her arms, to be held tenderly there.

"And I hope the end of it will be, that the Lord will convert that there double-dyed villain," muttered honest Luke, wiping his eyes at the sight, "for it's plain to the reason of an innocent baby, he don't de-

serve any sich extraordinary proceeding as that there ordered by the church. Well, the church always was, and always will be, extraordinary, though the Andes and the Falls of Niagara both pitched into the Mississippi River, as a kind of astonishing put-up job, couldn't come up to the Catholic church!"

"Did you speak to me, Mr. Lawton?"

"No, ma'am. I only wished to remark, I hope Lord B—— 'll be as happy as this extraordinary proceeding ought to make him. That's all!"

V.

It is a well-known fact in the fashionable circles, whereof Miss Belle Lawton is deservedly a bright, particular star, that "this Mrs. James" has lapsed in stylish gossip into "our particular friend, Lady B——, who corresponds regularly with pa, and gives us all the court news."

Across the water, in another fashionable circle of a different order, it is an equally well-known fact, that the beautiful and accomplished Lady B—— astounded the world by publicly professing the Catholic religion, on her return to London, after a temporary absence "caused by severe illness," and, after being persecuted by her noble husband therefor, in true, aristocratic style, had the temerity and evil power combined, to "proselytize" him. Alas! alas! the noble Samson was betrayed by a modern Dalila! Lord B——, pillar of Established Church, and prop of state in person, has "gone over to Rome."

But, in a circle higher still, angels rejoice that below, the now happy wife and mother has succeeded in "bringing" all "to God."

else in until the arrival of the favored person." Those who sought good luck in this way were willing to pay something for it also, as the same authority tells us that the dark-haired people "were regaled with spice-cake and cheese, and with ale or spirits, as the case might be. All the ill-luck, that is, the untoward circumstances of the year, would be ascribed to the accident of entering a dwelling in the mornings referred to, by a person of light hair."

Such persons, upon presenting themselves to wish the compliments of the season before their dark-haired neighbors, have been received with anything but gracious welcome. "The great object of dread was a red-haired man or boy." The rule was inexorable without regard to sex, being even more stringent upon the ladies, those having light colored hair being positively refused admission.

According to folk-lore, the year we just closed should have had a severe winter, and according to the same authority we need not expect hard times "the present twelve-month." Some consolation, if true, our readers will say. But we must give one specimen of the curious prognostications: "The year commencing on Thursday produces a long winter, with cold, dry winds, yet healthy." On the contrary, in this case, we are threatened with a summer in which "contentions will be very prevalent, and in which small-pox will be rife." A simple reference to the past year's experience will demonstrate the fallible character of the above suppositions.

One might imagine these quotations as exceptions: yet the fact is, that old books abound with instances that go to prove the generality of these superstitions. Here is one that will repay perusal: "A farmer in the north of England, having occasion to visit a town at some distance on the last day of the year, was benighted, and did not reach home

till two o'clock in the morning of New Year's day. Having succeeded in arousing his sleeping household, his eldest daughter put her head out of the window and inquired who was there. 'It's me,' said her father. 'Well, then,' quoth she, 'you mon go back to where you came from; I'm none going to let you in to-day.'" And the unfortunate man had actually to return until somebody blacker than himself had brought in the New Year.

A custom which has not yet died out, but which in barbarity, we think, is equal to any that have preceded it, is that of furiously discharging firearms on the eve of new year, as also on national holidays. The custom is almost discontinued on the former occasion, though as late as 1853, it was common in Philadelphia, but the custom is perpetuated now on the fourth of July and the twenty-second of February celebrations.

In South Wales, according to a writer in *Notes and Queries*, the children went about the streets on New Year's morning, carrying a pitcher filled with water, newly drawn from a well, and singing a song beginning thus:

"Here we bring new water,
From the well so clear,
For to worship God with
This happy New Year."

In other countries the custom prevails, that a band of musicians assemble, and perform some religious music during the waning hours of the old year, and as the clock strikes twelve, the musicians play loyal airs, and a long string of citizens march three times around some favorite spot, after which the younger folks dance to the livelier tunes that follow.

This is pretty much like the Mexican custom, of going about at Christmas and New Year's time, singing popular airs, and expecting a generous reception from those whom they favor by their serenades. To the average American reader, though, the sound partakes too much of the

nasal twang to be acceptable, and to the educated musician or amateur, the discords are insufferable.

The free-lovers might, by hunting up old MSS., find new arguments in favor of their peculiar opinions. Among others might be mentioned the Scottish toleration of promiscuous "hugging," allowed when parties met to see the old year off. This was tolerated only while the clock struck twelve, and ceased when the clock-strokes were hushed.

It would not be considered very charitable were we to refuse a favor because it was asked on New Year's day. Were we to do so, however, we would have very ancient authority for our conduct. Among the Eastern people, it was considered necessary "not to lend anything upon the first day of the new year, lest we should be unlucky for the whole of that year."

This list of New Year's customs might be indefinitely enlarged, but the foregoing will suffice to show that we have not all the fun to ourselves at the present day. We do not know that it would be an improvement to go back to these old-time customs. The generality of men most probably prefer modern drinks to the famous Scottish mixtures that were partaken of in earlier days, and the excellent dinners and modernized custom of visiting and card leaving are fair exchanges for the more hilarious sports of our ancestors.

For the following interesting items the writer of this hurried sketch is indebted to an article on "New Year's Day," which appeared many years ago in an English magazine.

Under the kings of France of the first race the year began on the 1st of March; under those of the second, on Christmas-day; whilst under the third, it dated from Easter. It is the general opinion among authors that the 1st of January was not fixed upon for the commencement of the year until the sixteenth cen-

tury, under Charles IX. This is a grave error, which it is important to correct.

In the fourteenth century the new year already dated from the 1st of January. This may be ascertained from the dedication placed at the opening of the Memoirs of Christine de Pisan, who wrote at the end of that century: "To the said much-revered prince, my Lord of Burgundy, on my part a new-year's gift, presented the first day of January, which we call new-year's day."

To this important fact we will add two extracts from the accounts or bills at the hotel of King Charles VI, kept from the 1st of October, 1380, to the 1st of July, 1381:

"Raoullet le Gay, for offerings made by the King, at High Mass at the Sainte-Chapelle of the Palace, the first day of the year; sent to him by the said Raoullet, Tuesday, *the first day of January*, to the King at the Palace, money, 4s. 4d. p."

"Jehannin Bricon, intendant of the chapel, Mons. de Valois, for offerings of the said lord made at High Mass, on the first day of the year, to the canons of the Bois de Vincennes; sent to him by the said Bricon, Wednesday, the second day of January."

These dates were, doubtless, not generally established; and it is not to be denied that Charles IX was the first who conceived the idea of publishing an edict decreeing that from henceforth the year should begin on the 1st of January. This decree, which was issued from the castle of Roussillon, in Dauphiny, the 15th of August, 1564, and registered at the Parliament the 19th of December, only came into force throughout France in 1567.

Fifteen years later a more important modification was made in the calendar. This was the Gregorian reform that corrected the Julian year, which, being rather longer than the real year, had ended by losing ten days; so that in 1582 the

spring equinox, instead of happening on the 20th of March, fell really on the 10th of that month. To equalize the time better, three leap years were omitted in four centuries. It was also decided, in order to bring back the equinox to the 20th of March, that ten days should be taken from the current year, and that the 5th of October should be the 15th. This reform was not adopted by Russia and Greece, and was only accepted in England in 1752.

Macrobius, who has written eight books on the Roman calends—the *Saturnalia*, the *Opalia*, the *Sigillaria*, etc.—says that these solemnities commenced about the middle of December, *Saturnalia xiv Kalendarum solita celebrari*; a date corresponding to the 19th of that month. Each of these festivals had its especial characteristics. Thus the *Opalia* were consecrated to the earth; and to the *Sigillaria* were presented statuettes and medals. There was also the festival of the winter solstice, *les étrennes*, etc.

The custom of *étrennes* was adopted by the Gauls, with all the greater facility that the 1st of January was with them a religious festival. The high priest of the Druids cut on that day the sacred mistletoe with a golden sickle. It was this custom, no doubt, that gave to the new-year's gifts the names of *guillenheus*, *haguilenne*, *aguilaneuf*, or *au gui l'an neuf*, which are still to be found in ballads sung in the Gaulic provinces.

Before the reign of Charles IX, although the year only began at Easter, new-year's gifts were given on the 1st of January. We find a proof of this in an item in the catalogue of the library of the Duc de Berry. It is as follows: "A large book of *Valerius Flaccus*, illuminated, furnished with four silver clasps, enamelled with the arms of his lordship, which Jean Couran sent him as a new-year's gift the first day of January, 1401."

The Saxon laws gave the 1st of January the name of *Wolfe*, because at this period of famished wolves entered the houses and attacked children, and men. At a later time, the Saxons or Druids gave presents on the new year's day of figs and dates wrapped in gilded leaves. Henry III and Edward IV obliged the subjects to make them presents of value on the new year. In the reign of Henry VIII, Bishop Latimer, to the king, instead of the usual gift of a purse of gold, a copy of the New Testament, with a letter down at chapter 13 of the 1st of the Hebrews, verse 4: "More honorable for all; but let us judge the adulterer."

Queen Elizabeth always distributed rich presents from her new-year's courtiers. Oranges stuck with cloves and other spices were given to the ladies of the fifteenth century; they were well pleased to receive at that time they had only hooks with which to fasten their dresses. They sometimes gave money instead of pins, from which originated *pin-money*—an sum husbands are in the habit of giving their wives for their expenses.

At another period it was customary to give gloves on new-year's day; a lady gave a pair of gloves and a gentleman pieces of gold in the lining. Thomas More, who had a lawsuit in her favor, Sir John wrote a letter of thanks to her in which he said, "It would be contrary to good manners to refuse a new-year's gift of a lady who is pleased to present the lord with where."

In the United States, on new-year's day, no ladies are to be seen in the streets. In France ladies content themselves with sending their friends innumerable cards; while in England they are more polite, and come home to receive visits from 10 o'clock in the morning to

night, and sometimes even later. The ladies of each household remain in the drawing-room in full evening dress; the younger ones by their side, also in ball costume. A side-board elegantly laid out, and amply furnished with cold fowl, ham, pâtés, fruit-tarts, and cakes of every description, is placed at the disposal of the visitors, with choice wines and liqueurs. It is the understood custom not to refuse the invitation of the mistress of the house to partake of some refreshment, were it only a glass of madeira and a biscuit. The single glasses of madeira, however, continuing to be taken throughout the day, form a very considerable total, often visible in the flushed faces of the most respectable gentlemen. But "these ladies are so fascinating," says the lively Oscar Cornettant, who has mixed for three years in the best society of the New World, "that it is impossible to refuse them anything."

The new year is one of the principal festivals of the Jews; but it would be no easy matter to give a clear idea of it, so complicated are their ceremonies. It is not without reason that one of their rabbis has said, "Were the entire sky parchment, the seas ink, the trees pens, I

could not describe all the customs and usages of the Jews."

In China, says the *Journal pour Tous*, the return of the year is celebrated by festivities. The first month is named *Yat-Youit*.* At its approach both rich and poor lay aside all business, and give themselves up to visiting the temples and theatres, and to feasting. On new-year's eve all pending business must be settled to the satisfaction of the parties concerned. The authority of the mandarins is suspended; and it may easily be supposed that at the settlement of accounts serious disorders almost always ensue.

The Persians have also, under the name of *Nourous*, their festival of the new year. This ceremony—founded by Djemschid, who regulated the solar year in Persia—takes place when the sun enters the sign of the Ram, that is to say, in the month of March. It is celebrated with much pomp and enthusiasm. This reciprocal exchange of gifts in Persia extends to every class of society. People greet one another with an offering in their hand, saying, "*Ayd-morback*"—an expression equivalent to our wishes for "a Happy New Year."

THE CHURCH OF THE CUP OF WATER.

It was on the sultry evening of a Spanish summer day, in the year 1815, that the aged parish priest, or *cura*, of San Pedro, a village a few leagues from Seville, returned tired out with his day's work to his humble home, where the Senora Margarita, his worthy old housekeeper, awaited his arrival.

Poverty is the rule among Spaniards; but the bareness of the good priest's lodging was the more strik-

ing because some few costly ornaments, offerings of piety, made the nakedness of the walls and the poor-ness of the furniture more conspicuous. Dona Margarita had just prepared for her master's supper, an unpretending dish enough, an *olla podrida*, a mysterious compound, in which, to tell the truth, in spite of sauce and the imposing name of *ra-*

* This month corresponds with the middle of our February.

gout, there was nothing more than the remains of the morning's dinner seasoned and disguised with all the skill at the worthy dame's command. The *cura* inhaled the savory odor and said:

"You have concocted an *olla podrida* to make one's mouth water, Margarita. Why, comrade, you ought to think yourself very lucky to have found such a good supper at your host's abode."

At the word "host" Margarita raised her eyes, and saw a stranger, whom the priest had brought in with him. The housekeeper's face clouded over with an expression of annoyance. She cast an angry glance first at the visitor and then at her master, who looked down and said in a low voice with the timidity of a child who dreads his father's reproof:

"Pshaw! If there is enough for two there will be for three. You would not wish that I should leave a Christian man, who has not touched food for two days, to die of hunger?"

"Holy Virgin! He a Christian? rather say a brigand!" and she went out muttering to herself.

The *cura's* guest during this not particularly benevolent display, had remained motionless, standing without on the threshold. He was a man of tall stature, clad half in rags, his dress stained with mud; his black hair, glittering eyes, and the carbine hung from his shoulder, could, in truth, only inspire suspicion and but little interest.

"Must I go?" said he.

The priest replied by an emphatic gesture: "Never shall he who asks me for shelter be driven away or coldly received. Put down your carbine, let us ask a blessing, and sit down to table."

"I never quit my carbine. As the Castilian proverb says, 'Two friends are one;' my carbine is my best friend, and I will keep it close to me, for though you open your house to me, and will let me go courteously how and when I wish,

there are others who might make me go in spite of myself perhaps head foremost."

"Now, my friend," was that of the ecclesiastic, "here is health! let us eat."

The pastor of San Pedro finished his repast, and re-
lost in astonishment at the
of the stranger, who not conte
devouring almost the whole
olla podrida finished up eve
that remained upon the table,
nothing of a huge slice of
The *cura* watched him with cu
as he cast anxious glances
him, starting at the least sou
grasping his carbine if the
breeze did but stir the leaves
ing round the window. Hi
thus ended, in haste, and wit
dation, the mysterious strange
ing toward the priest, said:

"You must put the finish
on your hospitality. I am w
in the thigh, and it is eigh
since the wound was dresse
me some old rags, and I wi
to trouble you with my prese

"You do not trouble me a
replied the priest, whom his
although always on the *qui-vi*
found means to divert by his c
talk. "I am something of a st
and you shall not have to u
the clumsiness of the village
nor have to put up with scar
unsuitable bandages. You sha

So saying he took from a
fashioned press a surgical c
which nothing was wanting to
it complete. The wound wa
a ball had traversed the thigh
unhappy man, and nothing
superhuman effort could ha
abled him to walk.

"You cannot resume your j
to-day," said the priest, whils
ing the wound, with the satis
of a professor of the art. '
here, night will repair your st
will diminish the inflammatio
make the swelling less."

"No, I must depart to-da

but in a manner stifled and overlaid with it.' Heylin cites another of Calvin's letters to the king, in which he acquaints his highness, that a great many things were still out of order in England, and stood in need of reformation. Bucer was a strong second to Calvin. Peter Martyr agreed to Bucer's amendments, as appears by his letter, in which there are some remarkable passages. For this purpose, 'He gives God thanks for making himself and Bucer instrumental in putting the bishops in mind of the exceptionable places in the Common Prayer. That Cranmer had told him they had met about this business, and concluded on a great many alterations. But that which pleases me not a little, Sir John Cheek acquaints me, that if the bishops refuse to consent to the altering what is necessary, the king resolved to do it himself and recommend that affair at the next session of Parliament. To proceed, the Common Prayer-Book was brought to a review, and altered to the same form in which it stands at present, some little variation, etc., excepted.''' (Eccles. Hist.) (It is little to be wondered at, that he who thirsted for his brother's blood, should find others to thirst after his. Hayward.)

SALMON.—"The Duke of Somerset was committed to the Tower, and brought to trial before the Peers, being indicted for high treason in conspiring to seize the person of the king, etc., and with felony in conspiring to imprison the Duke of Northumberland, and two other lords who were privy counsellors. A warrant being at length obtained for the execution of the Duke, on the 22d of January, 1552, he was brought to the scaffold on Tower Hill, where he made a speech to the people, and gave God thanks for the share he had in bringing about a reformation." (In pulling down, I suppose, so many churches, to furnish materials for his palace, and staining

himself with every iniquity, even the murder of his brother, to gratify the spite of his wicked wife.)

COLLIER.—"Notwithstanding the pretentious progress for retrieving the ancient belief, the people were little mended in their manners. We find the immorality of the times loudly complained of by Bacon, one of Cranmer's chaplains. To mention something of his remonstrance: 'What strange contradictions,' says he, 'is there between the life and practice of Christians! They profess that they know God, but in works they deny him, being abominable and disobedient, and unto every good work reprobate. How lamentably are we overrun with hypocritical and sensual gospellers! Men who have their tongues tipt with Scripture expressions, can dispute very copiously for justification by faith, talk with great assurance of forgiveness by the blood of Christ, and boast of their being entered upon the list of the predestinated to glory; but then how wretchedly wide do they live of the rule they pretend to! How are they bloated, and almost poisoned with pride! Envy, malice, and revenge, are pushed to the utmost excesses in these people; they are licentious to the last degree, and deny their appetites in no instance of scandalous pleasure. Their avarice is without measure or shame; they never think they have multiplied their lordships far enough, mounted their revenues to the pitch of their merit, or swelled their fortunes to a sufficient bulk. Indeed, if we read them by their actions, we would almost think they had a mind to show themselves *heathens*, and had made it their business to live counter to their duty. As for distributions of charity, prayers, fasting, and other exercises of true religion, these counterfeit gospellers won't trouble themselves with anything of the kind. All their religion lies in language and dispute; but as for virtue and real effects, they are altogether barren and unfurnished.'"

D'ISRAELI.—“Our English Bibles, until the year 1660, were suffered to be so corrupted, that no books ever yet swarmed with such innumerable errors. These errors, unquestionably, were in great part voluntary commissions, passages interpolated, and meanings forged for certain purposes, sometimes to sanction a new creed of a half-hatched sect, and sometimes with an intention to destroy all Scriptural authority by a confusion or an omission of texts; the whole was left open to the option or the malignity of the editors, who, probably, like certain ingenious wine merchants, contrived to accommodate ‘the waters of life’ to their customer’s peculiar taste. They had also a project of printing Bibles as cheaply and in form as contracted as they possibly could, for the common people; and they proceeded till it nearly ended with having no Bible at all; and as Fuller, in his ‘Mixt Contemplations of Better Times,’ observes: ‘The small price of the Bible hath caused the small prizing of the Bible.’” (*Curiosities of Literature.*)

COLLIER.—“The reformation was somewhat intemperately carried on at Oxford. The visitors were so fond of novelty, that they ridiculed the University degrees and discouraged the exercises. They called the universities a seat of blockheads, and the stews of the w—re of Babylon; and the schools had commonly no better name than the devil’s chapel; and, after having marked this society in such an opprobrious manner, it is no wonder they left them nothing to abuse. We need not be surprised at the visitors breaking open the public treasury, and making seizure of the money, plate, and jewels. In short, many records relating to the privileges of the University were destroyed, and little with respect to discipline or improvement, to ornament or treasure, left remaining. . . . The crown in this reign had great accessions of wealth; the chantry

lands, colleges, free chapels, etc., amounted to a great revenue; to which we may add the seizing a great many manors belonging to cathedrals and bishoprics. Besides this, the lands of several halls and companies in London were charged with reserved rents, etc. But notwithstanding all these extraordinary provisions for the Exchequer, the royal revenues were considerably lessened, and the government was in debt to the value of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Here it is plain, how untowardly the treasury was managed, and how far the courtiers served themselves of the king’s minority. The king’s fortune thriving thus ill, under such opportunities of improvement, it was thought fit to retrench the expenses of the court, and put down some of the tables, etc. But all this, though it carried a popular face, gave little relief, and fell short of the present exigencies. There was, therefore, a more serviceable expedient suggested. The council had been informed, that a great deal of the plate and furniture in churches had been lately carried off without warrant; that secular men’s houses were furnished with altar pieces and copes; that they drank in chalices in their entertainments, turned the consecrated plate to common use, and made a figure out of the plunder of churches. Now, to stop this invasion, and throw the remainder into the public channel, commissions were issued out to persons of condition in every county; that these commissions were executed to the length of their instructions, there is no reason to question. The king’s commissioners for gathering ecclesiastical goods held their session at Westminster, called the dean and chapter before them, and ordered them to bring in a true inventory of all the plate, cups, vestments, and other goods which belonged to their church. The piety of former ages, the solemnities of coronations, the funerals of princes

um José de Ribeira, and that
 elve years since, the brigand
 escaped from prison, re-
 ny life, and from a chief of
 am become the leader of a
 the state. Only within a
 have I returned to Madrid,
 een summoned to assume an
 post under government, in
 on with that which I have
 lding abroad. Hitherto it
 deemed more prudent for
 well at a distance from the
 my former life; but now all
 for precaution is past, and
 e to hasten hither, and fulfil
 e dreams of my life—to come
 k my benefactor. You were
 and you have acted as father
 ildren, let them come and
 me; let them come!" he
 xtending his arms to the two
 eople, who hastened towards
 he had embraced them fer-

vently several times, with unrepressed
 tears and sobs, he extended his hand
 to the aged priest. "Well! my
 father, will you not permit me to
 make the offering of the 'Church of
 the Cup of Water?'"

The *cura*, turning to Margarita, said
 in a voice tremulous with emotion:
 "Whosoever shalt give to drink to
 one of these little ones a cup of cold
 water, only in the name of a disciple,
 amen I say to you he shall not lose
 his reward."

"Amen!" ejaculated the old wo-
 man, who wept with joy at the hap-
 piness of her master, and of the chil-
 dren of her adoption, and wept again
 immediately after with sorrow at the
 prospect of losing the latter.

A year afterwards Don José de
 Ribeira and his two sons assisted at
 the blessing of the Church of "San
 Pedro of the Cup of Water;" one of
 the prettiest churches in the neigh-
 borhood of Seville.

HOW THE ESQUIMAUX LIVE.

of the most remarkable illus-
 of our subject, and pleasing
 : of the wisdom of the Cre-
 ovision for man, in all sea-
 l climes, is exhibited in the
 n of the Esquimaux. The
 cessities of that remote peo-
 be considered under several
 f food, clothing, dwellings,
 l light. The daily food of
 imaux, as well may be sup-
 s not directly derived from

The land, perhaps, in it-
 ile, and, at all events, inca-
 om the severity of the cli-
 f yielding a remunerating
 or its cultivation, is undis-
 y the hand, in all its origi-
 renness. Its spontaneous
 ons are few and of small
 When the snow melts from
 ice of the earth, it is found

clothed with a stunted herbage, con-
 sisting chiefly of short, coarse grass,
 affording a sufficient meal to the
 tribes of animals which, during the
 winter months, had migrated to less
 terrible countries, but offering little
 to satisfy the cravings of the human
 appetite, and still less to invite to
 the indulgence of a luxurious taste.
 A few of the vegetable productions,
 indeed, are occasionally employed
 by the natives; but they are neither
 depended on as necessities of life,
 nor cultivated for domestic purposes.
 Under these circumstances, this
 hardy people are driven to the re-
 sources afforded by the animal pro-
 ductions with which, happily, their
 country abounds. Of these we may
 mention several of the more remark-
 able. The smaller species of rein-
 deer which, in summer, are found in

considerable numbers over the most northerly districts of America, and even among the islands of the Arctic Ocean, which they reach in spring by crossing the yet unbroken ice, offer them a delicious banquet. These animals are tracked through the snow with that zeal and perseverance which generally characterize the hunting excursions of a barbarous people, and, notwithstanding their proverbial fleetness, fall victims in great numbers to the sure aim of the Esquimaux archers. The musk-ox is one of those animals peculiar to a very cold and inhospitable latitude, and though, being sometimes of a savage temper, he needs to be approached with caution, is constantly pursued, as affording a principal article of food to the inhabitants of these regions. At certain seasons, indeed, the flesh of this animal possesses a very strong and unpleasant flavor of that odorous production from which its name has been derived; but, in general, it is highly palatable, and has often been eaten with relish by Americans, who describe it as very similar in taste to beef. To these may be added the hare, the wolf, and the fox; the two last of which are caught in ingenious traps, baited with fish, or any sort of animal garbage, and are readily attracted to the neighborhood of the snare by setting fire to a little rancid oil or refuse fat. The flesh of the fox is not only much esteemed by the Esquimaux, but even by our own voyagers, who, when fresh provisions were scarce, have often partaken of it with relish. In addition to these quadrupeds, it need hardly be remarked that the Esquimaux are furnished, by the hand of their bountiful Creator, with an immense and most valuable supply of fish. The enormous whale, and the delicious salmon, the walrus, and the seal, are all made tributary to their daily necessities. They have exerted their ingenuity in the preparation of the staves, the spears, and the other in-

struments employed in their capture; and these, though far indeed from the perfection exhibited in the tackle of an American, manifest a greater share of the inventive faculties than we could easily have believed belong to so rude and ungainly a people.

It is generally admitted by physiologists that the activity of the human body in the generation of internal heat, though dependent, in a great degree, on the original constitution, is powerfully affected by the quality as well as the quantity of the food consumed. It would, moreover, appear that to excite the heating powers of the living principle in man, there is nothing found by experience so valuable as an oily diet. Any one can tell how much, on exposure to the cold of a winter day in our own climate, hunger increases the chilly sensations of the body, and how much comfort a sufficiency of animal food is calculated to afford. A meagre diet is adapted only to the heat of a warm season; suiting well the relaxed state of the body under an equinoctial sun, or the parching heats of summer, but affording no defence against the effects of a severe frost. It is providential then, that, in those very regions where the internal heat of the body needs most to be excited, an inexhaustible supply exists of the very description of food best suited to the purpose; and that, where the warmth of a summer sun never summons from the chilled and benumbed earth a vegetable provision for the calls of the human appetite, there should be found—what is far better—the oils and fat with which the Arctic province of the animal kingdom so peculiarly abounds; and that with this abundance there should also coexist a relish, on the part of the inhabitants, for substances the mere odor of which, in the chamber where they are to be partaken of, is sufficient to expel with disgust a native of this country, or, if he cannot make his escape very speedily, to af-

fect him with nausea or fainting. The incredible quantity of this description of food, often rancid as it is, which an Esquimaux is capable of devouring at a meal is truly astonishing. Twenty pounds of salmon, for instance, is no uncommon quantity to be devoured by an individual at a single meal.

The clothing of the Arctic tribes is almost entirely composed of furs. Providence, which has kindly adapted the coats of the lower animals whose lot has been cast in these regions to the rigors of their climate, has thus, at the same time, brought within the reach of man the means of a warm exterior defence from the cold to which he is exposed. Neither the flannels of more civilized countries, nor the skins of more southern climates, are at all to be compared to the valuable clothing with which, by the same exertion and ingenuity which are requisite to procure their food, they are furnished among the hills and islands of their icy home. The long hair, which gives to the white bear and musk-ox their shaggy aspect; the rough coat of the reindeer, the hare, and the fox, cover a close, warm, downy, inner garment of fur, rendered thicker by the first severe onset of winter, which effectually preserves the animal, for which it was originally provided, from the intensity of the northern storms, and when snatched from the first owner by the lord of the lower world, affords to him a similar protection. Clothed in a double garment of deer-skin, encircling the body, and reaching in front from the chin to the middle of the thigh, and behind to the calf of the leg, with sleeves so long as to cover the points of the fingers, with the hair of the inner garment, as a warm exciting covering, next to the body, and that of the outer one, from its roughness unfavorable to the radiation of heat, in the reverse direction; his limbs protected by two pairs of boots, and, above these, trousers of

the skin of the seal or of the deer,—an Esquimaux can face, without danger or inconvenience, a degree of cold to which we, in this temperate zone, are not only strangers, but of which we can hardly form a conception. Nor are we to imagine that the piercing climate, which has imposed the necessity for such defences, has had any effect in souring the dispositions or lessening the enjoyment of this singular race. On the contrary, they have generally been found remarkable for their good humor and easy temper. Their very dresses, frequently ornamented with fringes of leather or tassels of bone, bear testimony that the hardships of their lot have neither cramped their taste nor stifled their natural love of ornament. With an air of freedom and of personal comfort that can hardly be believed, while he enjoys the protection just described, the hardy native courageously braves an intensity of frost sufficient to congeal mercury. He proceeds on his journey, or pursues his prey, with a hilarity and keenness sufficient to testify that the Supreme Ruler, who ordained his lot among the horrors of his icy abode, has also afforded him the amplest means of defence and enjoyment.

In all climates, especially in the extreme North, it is a matter of indispensable importance to the inhabitants, to provide for themselves shelter from the inclemency of the weather. The lengthened journeys which these tribes are compelled by their necessities to undertake, the frequency of their removals, and the obliterating effects of falling snow, all tend to render it at once inconvenient and useless for them, even were it practicable, to erect permanent dwelling-places. Had they wood, stone, and mortar at command, these materials would be to them of little avail. The villages of to-day, deserted to-morrow, and next day buried many feet beneath the snowy covering, which envelops for so large a proportion of the year

the surface of their country, would ere their return be altogether useless, even if they were sure, at the end of several months, to find the spot on which they stood. But we need not say that such appliances as these are not within their reach. The wreck left by the southern wave when it washes their shores, may sometimes, indeed, provide them with a tree, a mast, or a spar; but these materials are too eagerly coveted, and too valuable, for constructing the smaller articles required by them, to leave any sufficient proportion for such purposes as building; while of the architectural purposes of stone and lime, they seem to be altogether ignorant. But for all these wants they are furnished by the protecting Providence of God, with a most ample and highly appropriate substitute, however strange it may appear to the inhabitants of temperate regions. The snow which covers the soil for by far the greater proportion of the year, offers them the refuge which their necessities require. Migrating as they do, from time to time, in search of food, at the close of each day's journey, they erect their temporary dwellings at little expense, either of materials or workmanship, and when they reach the station which they propose to occupy for a few months, even then their mode of building is of the simplest sort. It is thus described by Sir John Ross: "Having ascertained by the rod used in examining seal-holes whether the snow is sufficiently deep and solid, they level the intended spot by a wooden shovel, leaving beneath a solid mass of snow not less than three feet thick. Commencing then in the centre of the intended circle, which is ten feet or more in diameter, different wedge-shaped blocks are cut out, about two feet long, and a foot thick at the outer part; then trimming them accurately by the knife, they proceed upward, until the courses, gradually inclining inwards, terminate in a

perfect dome. The door, being cut out from the inside before it is quite closed, serves to supply the upper materials. In the meantime the women are employed in stuffing the joints with snow, and the boys in constructing kennels for the dogs." In the interior, the only furniture that is to be seen, consists of a sofa of snow, occupying nearly a third of the breadth of the area, about two feet and a half high, level at the top, and covered with various skins, forming the general bed or sleeping-place. The hut is lighted by a window of ice, nicely inserted in the building, and secured by frozen snow, and the entrance is by a passage, long, narrow, and crooked, the outer aperture of which is planned, and from time to time altered, so as to secure the inmates from the prevailing winds of the season. The stores are laid up in smaller huts, constructed to receive them; and they, and the kennels for the dogs, which invariably accompany the tribes, are formed of the same material. It will naturally be conjectured that such dwellings as have been described must be extremely cold, and liable on any accession of artificial heat to be rendered altogether uninhabitable, by the perpetual distillation of water from the icy walls. But there are several considerations which must be taken into account, to enable us to judge of the suitability of these habitations for the hardy race who occupy them.

It must be noticed in the first place, as a most important provision for their comfort, that snow is a very imperfect conductor of heat. The severe cold of the external air, therefore, makes but a small impression on the temperature of a chamber situate beneath a snow wall of considerable thickness. Then, from its extreme whiteness, it is, comparatively speaking, little liable to be dissolved by the heat of a lamp or fire, being much more ready to reflect caloric than to absorb it. These facts, however, striking as they are,

it is clear, could not prevent the most annoying effects, were a strong heat constantly kept up within their circumscribed apartments. But here we find another important provision. The bodily frame, in all latitudes, speedily becomes inured, by habit, to the climate to which it is exposed, and the standard of temperature requisite for comfort accordingly rises or falls, according as we live nearer the equator or the poles. While the African shivers under the summer warmth of the temperate zone, a degree of heat scarcely sufficient to raise the mercury to the freezing-point affords to the patient Esquimaux, in his snowy hut, quite enough of warmth to make him comfortable; and, even if the temperature should at times be raised so high as to promote a rapid distillation from the walls, his ideas of luxury do not render this a very serious inconvenience. When we remember that it is not luxury which these rude tribes value, but simply shelter, we shall be less surprised with their contentment, especially when we learn that their clothing affords them sufficient security against the wetting influence even of melted snow. They experience quite as much comfort as they desire, in finding themselves, during sleep, snug in their bags of fur, though the spot on which they lie be neither very dry nor very soft; for this defence, provided for them by the care of their Divine Preserver, answers to them all the ends for which it is needed.

In a region such as this, of frost and snow, of storm and tempest, it will easily be believed that the inhabitants are very dependent on fire as a means of sustaining life; and the question will at once suggest itself, whence can they derive fuel? Coals are unknown to them; and wood, as we have seen, is much too valuable to be used for such a purpose. But they are not left destitute. Their little chambers are illuminated, during the whole course of their lengthened

winter, by the cheerful, warm, and useful blaze of the lamp, which is replenished by oil from the seals yearly destroyed, in immense multitudes, by the native hunters. We have seen how valuable to the natives of these Arctic regions is the oily nature of their diet. Here we find that Providence had another end in view, in affording to the inhabitants of these countries so large a supply of fat and oil as that which is obtained from the several cetaceous tribes which frequent their stormy seas. Nor is this an endless essential to the preservation of human life. There, where no other fuel could be had, and where, without fire, the race of men must soon have been extinguished, were fixed these living reservoirs of combustible fluid, which it only needed the exercise of reason, of perseverance, and of ingenuity, to bring within the power of the human family, by which a provision has been made for their wants, infinitely better suited to the circumstances of their lot, in their inhospitable deserts, than any other description of fuel that could be named. Coals would have required the assistance of beasts of burden, and the convenience of roads to remove them from their pits to the places where they were to be consumed, and the very nature of the climate rendered both of these equally impossible to be obtained. Wood, even, supposing it could have been had, would have been almost as inconvenient; but the seals are to be met with readily, and killed with ease, affording for a moderate degree of labor and ingenuity, not only an ample banquet, but a considerable quantity of the best oil, to feed the flame on which their food, their drink, and their comfort mainly depend. How can we contemplate such facts as these, without admiring the goodness and the care of that God, who has so liberally furnished the means of subsistence, even in this wild, desolate, and barren country.

FATHER AND CHILD.

LONG, long ago a whitehaired blind old man
 Sought with a fair young guide the Ægean shore ;
 A rocky ledge along the margin hoar.
 He sat, and listened to the wild waves' roar ;
 They spoke to him of things that were no more.
 With lifted, sightless eyes he seemed to peer
 Into the vast unknown, that stretched before ;
 Then bent his hoary head and seemed to hear,
 As in a dream of heaven, sweet music whispered near.

Full o'er his soul the flood of glory burst—
 Bright visions of the mighty days of old,
 When heavenly powers with mortal man conversed,
 And men themselves were of diviner mould ;
 His parted lips the inward rapture told.
 In silence long he sat. Then, swift and strong,
 As though no feeble walls of flesh could hold
 The restless spirit, broke the tide of song ;
 And the great waves exulting glanced in light along.

The maiden gazed upon her noble sire,
 And caught each thrilling accent as it fell,
 And wrote on memory's page those words of fire,
 And like a sacred trust she kept them well.
 Aye ! to the end of time those notes shall swell,
 They breathe a spirit that no years can tame,
 And latest ages feel the wondrous spell.
 Sweet Poesy ! where'er thy sway is owned,
 Thy mighty Father reigns, in glory throned.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

eginning of a new year is a fit time to take our bearings, to see how in relation to the world at large, reference to our immediate occupational. No time suits us better to take those strong resolutions, the serious conviction, and nothing be- is more than the daily practice of ous thought, which will make us he intellectual sense of the word, he specific sense also, which indi- : we are possessed of that strength d determination of character with- h manhood is a by-word, and our as men a myth.

is much in the condition of the the present moment to render it t for us to become men of such alibre that we will not be victims kind of doctrine, political or re-

ords of the prophet, bewailing the the world was desolate because no ight seriously in his heart, were not : that day as in the present.

unately for the world at large, the of private interpretation, the prat- individual independence, the del- harangues which tell men of enlightenment, and similar undeter- neralities are such that people on the ve been thrown off their guard; they reason; fail to look ahead, are be- by the dust and smoke which sur- em, and leave themselves, unpro- the silly notions of their own hearts. ave been taught the most fatal of hen told that they have nothing rom the past. They received the igerous direction when told, in ut fallacious language, to "live in y present."

men have begun by forbidding ce of what is good, they may soon e to continue by encouraging that evil. This induces us to say just a passing, contrary to our custom, political crimes now being perpe- Louisiana, under the plea of pre- w and order. The latest evidence justice is fully given in the me- repared by some of Louisiana's ninent citizens, who assert that: ng failed in all our appeals to d the patriotism of the Presi- Congress, we now, as a last peal to the source of all power,

the people of the whole country, whose moral influence we invoke in the hope of awakening that justice to our wrongs and sufferings which is accorded to a brave and free people struggling for liberty, in confidence that a virtuous public sentiment may compel the unprincipled men who are preying upon the vitals of the State to let go their hold. We hope it may react upon the Executive and Congress, and compel them to grant us that relief which neither their sense of justice nor regard for the funda- mental institutions of the country has been able to effect."

The conduct of the prevailing power in Louisiana politically is a counterpart of what is being enacted in various parts of Germany, where unfortunate, persecuted Catholics are deprived of every right, religious or po- litical, because they refuse to bend the knee before that modern Baal, Bismarck. We hope, though, that having introduced him- self into the sanctuary of the Lord, for the purpose of robbing the sacred place of its wealth, the German trooper count may ex- perience the treatment visited some thou- sands of years ago upon the first of sacrile- gious thieves.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but grind exceeding fine," is an old saying; and without failing in charity, we are strongly in- clined to believe the day not too far off when the stone which the Chancellor has dared to raise above his own head will fall, and crush in its descent the hardy political fool who has learned nothing from the lessons of history, and whose pride would seem to be, as shown in caricatures that were numerous some time ago, to pull down in a few years the divine institution which the demon has sought during nineteen centuries to destroy, and against which Christ himself has promised the gates of hell shall not prevail.

Withal it is painful, despite the knowl- edge that these things will not last; it is painful, we repeat, to read, week after week, of the petty, annoying, and despicable treat- ment to which Catholics, whether clerics or laymen, are subjected.

It is not necessary to enter into particulars as to the spirit that animates this contest on the one hand, and the assured victory that is in store for the persecuted on the other.

The chances are not more in favor of Bis- marck than they were of Napoleon I; and notwithstanding his belief to the contrary, the arms did fall from his soldiers' hands, and the Pope lived to pity the man who had imprisoned him not long before.

Bismarck's hatred of Christ and his Church is no greater than Julian's; and the latter, when on the point of complete success, was defeated, and cried out, not in the spirit of penance, but in vexation, similar to that which already seems to possess the Chancellor, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!"

LIBERALISM has proved itself, in Mexico as elsewhere, true to its real nature. Everywhere in act it contradicts the spirit with which it professes to be actuated. It has assumed the name Liberal. In fact it is the quintessence of illiberality. In proof we cite the recent action of the Mexican Congress, a body ruled by this so-called Liberal spirit, in expelling from Mexico the Sisters of Charity.

The New York *World* in speaking of these devoted religious well says: "The daughters of St. Vincent are known and honored of all men, of whatever creed, who are capable of appreciating unselfish devotion, untiring benevolence, and that most intelligible of all forms of the love of God which expresses itself in loving service to the poorest and most miserable of his creatures." In their charity they know no distinction of color, race, or creed. The only condition necessary to elicit their sympathies and secure their charitable ministrations is to be in need of them. To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick, instruct the ignorant, is their constant and life-long work, and to that they devote themselves with a self-abnegation and zeal that have elicited the admiration of all except the infidel bigots, who style themselves *par excellence* Liberals, friends of humanity, and advocates of human progress.

The Order of the Sisters of Charity has been established in Mexico for upwards of thirty years. During all this period their works have been their most eloquent eulogy. But neither their works of charity nor the wants and sufferings of the thousands, who, through their expulsion, will be left without succor and help, had any effect upon the cold and cruel hearts of Mexican Liberals.

The number of Sisters whom they have expelled is four hundred and ten. Of these three hundred and fifty-five are natives of Mexico. Of the others, twenty-nine are from France, twenty-five from Spain, and one from Ireland. They had charge of forty-three charitable institutions in Mexico, and supported twenty-eight of these entirely by the contributions made to them for charitable purposes. In these institutions there were no less than twenty-one thousand one hundred and forty-five poor and infirm people, who were receiving help, succor, medical care, and nursing. All these are now thrown upon the cold charity of the world, or left to starve and die.

This is a fit commentary upon the real principles of Liberals in Mexico and elsewhere. *By their deeds ye shall know them.*

It is not strange that England should ape Prussia in her antagonism to the Church. The ties which bind the two dynasties are such as to create a sympathy in this work. It is not honorable, however, that the English Catholic lords, who have cast their lot partially with the "old Catholics," should have waited till these had stood the greatest brunt of the battle. They remind us strongly of those little curs which wait till their larger brothers have worried the victim, and who then rush in with eyes projecting, ears uplifted, and bark at highest pitch, to help to finish the work.

It may be as well for these gentlemen to understand that "old Catholicism" has no chance in England while such men as Manning, Newman, and others of that stamp watch the interests of the Church.

Their word is so fully accepted, that when they deny any assertion of their assailants, their assurance is taken by the better class of Englishmen; and the burden of proof being transferred to their antagonists, these sink under the very load that they have created.

In a few months these English lords will discover their mistake, and either come back to the mother whose breasts they have, perhaps, unwittingly torn; or, maybe, they will go out from a Church whose humility they cannot embrace, and to whose infallible chief they are unwilling to pay full allegiance.

On the other hand, among the distinguished families in England, the number of conversions is steadily progressing. God, who in his infinite power draws good from the evil which men commit, opens the eyes of those whose hearts are not hardened against the truth; and, through the very defection of a few, draws many into the fold, who, were it not that their attention is called by those delinquent children to the doctrines which these despise, would never receive that truth which alone makes men free.

No stronger proof of the insane policy pursued by Bismarck need be mentioned than that he no longer wishes German ladies to give evidence of their being possessed of those traits which adorn true womanhood, and whose absence would stamp princess or pauper as unworthy her sex. Now, what becomes woman better than to sorrow with the afflicted, to sympathize with the oppressed? Shall woman be blamed for following the partner of her joys as of her sorrows? Shall she be stigmatized because, forsooth, she waits at the prison door to welcome to liberty him in whom her heart is

centred? Still, such is the satanic barbarity of the modern Machiavelli that princesses, the spiritual daughters of the distinguished German prelates whose late imprisonment has added new laurels to their crowns, even on earth, must pay a fine or be incarcerated with the outcast, the person of ill-fame, for having had the audacity to show themselves ladies, when their persecutor had ceased to show the ordinary feelings of manhood.

There will be no brighter page in the history of this Prussian anti-Catholic crusade than that which will tell of the conduct of these noble ladies; while no more damning testimony can ever be brought against the Chancellor than the proved assertion that, in his desperate encounter with the Church, he wished her daughters to forget their sex and their rank to do his bidding, and thus become the pliant tools of his atrocious tyranny.

THE indications are, that in spite of the unusually mild winter we so far have had, we may expect considerable misery among the poor. It is usual for political economists to dilate, in an unchristian spirit, about the crime of poverty, and to assert that there need be none such as claim to require the daily and hourly assistance of their fellow-men.

We have no patience to argue the case with those *soi-disant* economists. Suffices it for us to know that Christ tells his Church, "the poor ye always have with ye." We accept the responsibility, knowing that to deny these objects of charity our meed of help would be to deserve the anathema pronounced against those who have seen Christ through his poor, naked, hungry, and thirsty, and have not relieved them.

The times are hard! No one thinks of denying this; but can we not do something to alleviate the sufferings of the distressed?

One new hat less; the deprivation of the latest-fashioned gaiters; the sacrifice of one evening's amusement; and only one, on the part of each of us, and what untold misery might be prevented! Let us not say that the asylums, the hospitals, and the almshouses will provide for the needy. Almshouses are a Protestant institution, erected to hide away Christ's poor, in receiving whom we receive our Lord himself.

An effort on the part of each is all that is needed. If we seek, and must have amusement, let it be taken where the cause of charity presents the attraction.

If we have the means, and are not called upon by the poor, or are in such a position as to be beyond their reach, we may fitly place our alms in the hands of some one of those excellent societies whose members devote themselves to the service of the needy.

And, let it not be forgotten, "that he who gives to the poor lends to the Lord."

PROFESSOR COPE has recently published a report of discoveries in Colorado of numerous fossil remains. Mastodons of species quite different from that so frequently found in the Eastern States, were found to be abundant; while camels and horses had evidently existed in droves. One of the most singular discoveries was that of deer which did not shed their horns as do modern species of that type; but there was abundant reason to believe that they were frequently broken off in combats. To keep the herbivorous animals in check, there were several species of wild dogs; while, to eat them when life had departed, a large vulture, allied to the turkey-buzzard, was prepared, as the fossil remains demonstrate.

About one hundred species of animals were obtained, of which two-thirds are mammalia, and a large percentage new to science. The crocodiles were very numerous, and turtles swarmed.

The largest species were those of the genus *Bathmodon*, of which five species were discovered, which range from the size of the Indian rhinoceros to that of the tapir. They resembled closely the elephant in the structure of the feet and legs, but the tapir and the bear in the character of the skull. They were armed with most formidable tusks, and their crania were solid and well-thickened to repel attack.

Besides these, there were numerous species more nearly resembling the tapirs, and in some remote degree the horses, of a more harmless type; while a numerous population of carnivora restricted the increase of the rest. Sixteen species of flesh-eating forms were found, some of them minute, and others of powerful make, but all far removed from the existing types, and more or less related in structure to other kinds of quadrupeds, especially to those of insectivorous habits.

THE international jealousies and fears of European governments may possibly lead to some improvement in the political status of Poland. In 1830 its constitutional rights were abolished by Russia. Since then its condition has seemed almost hopeless. There now appears to be a prospect that its local autonomy will be restored.

The motive which may induce the Russian bear to release his deadly hug is fear, lest in case of war with Germany, Poland might turn the scale from victory to defeat. In the altered condition of Europe brought about by the boundless ambition and lust for aggrandizement of Prussia, the governments of Russia and France have been brought together, and their united forces

might prove even more than equal to the German Landsturm. But Poland might paralyze all effective movement on the part of Russia. Nothing would be easier, and nothing more probable in case of such a conflict, than for Germany to promise independence to Poland. A host of armed men would spring up as in a night on Poland's soil, thirsting for an opportunity to avenge the wrongs of their country, and re-establish its freedom.

Russia is not blind to this, and has taken steps looking to a federal arrangement with Poland, which if consummated, will secure to her a qualified local autonomy.

At a late meeting in Baltimore of the "Methodist Episcopal Ministers' Association," the question "whether the encroachments of the Roman Catholic Church in this country form a just ground of apprehension, and whether there should be united and organized efforts of Protestants to resist the same," was discussed by Bishop Ames, Revs. C.W. Baldwin, J. H. Brown, and others. The general tenor of the remarks was *against direct organization*, but that there should be Christian effort to resist all injurious encroachments.

It is hard to imagine what our enlightened Methodist friends mean by "encroachments of the Roman Catholic Church." If it were said by Roman Catholics, we could easily understand. Some time ago we read a communication to one of our exchanges, complaining of the "encroachments" of "Romanists." According to the writer (and we suspect his statement is entirely correct), they were "encroaching" into kitchens and bakeries, hotels and railroad cars, into the boats that brave the dangers of the raging canals and the steamers that ply upon our rivers, into banks, and courts, and Congress. These terrible "Romanists" are everywhere, and everywhere, too, they are increasing in number, and making converts from every religious sect. No wonder our Methodist friends are terrified.

OUR Protestant exchanges are availing themselves of the "flushness" supposed to exist at New Year to appeal for missionary help. The *Reformed Church Messenger* publishes this suggestive paragraph:

"It is felt, however, by many that the Church has not come up to its full measure of duty in regard to the cause of foreign missions. It ought to have one or more missions in foreign countries, which it can call distinctively its own, and until this is the case, the Church can, in our judgment, never be properly enlisted in this particular kind of work."

"Until the Church has *one* or more missions in foreign countries!"

We would like to know how this sect can assume the name "*Church*," even after Protestant style, when it has not even one mission in foreign lands. Go ye and teach *all* nations, was the command. What a satire upon its own professions and assumptions on the part of this organ of a fragment of a sect!

DARWINISM REVERSED!—A somewhat remarkable pamphlet has been published in Germany, as a contribution to the literature of Darwinism. The writer, while admitting the principle of descent by evolution, contends that the carrying out of this principle, so far from leading, as is generally supposed, to a multiplication of species and to a gradual rise to more and more perfect organic forms, must necessarily result in a gradual diminution in the number of species, a fusing together of form after form, and a descent to more lowly, instead of an ascent to more highly organized structures. The succession of organized beings he compares not to a tree branching out into infinite ramifications, but to a river uniting in itself an infinitude of smaller streams. Whether the proposition is a serious one, or whether it is put forward as a *reductio ad absurdum* by a furtive opponent of evolution, it is difficult to say; but the argument is carried out with considerable ability, and a strong point is made of the acknowledged degeneracy of many races of men from the condition of their ancestors, and of the gradual dying out of tribes and the consolidation of the human family into an ever-decreasing number of types.

WITHIN the past few months a very marked effort has been made by the temperance societies to get the financial part of the Centennial Fountain project under way.

Catholics, more than any other body of Christians, will have reason to rejoice in the Centennial of American Independence; and one of the best exponents of this proud rejoicing, will be the unveiling of the great temperance fountain in Philadelphia.

Unlike the bold prophet whose figure will be the central point of attraction, the directors of the Fountain Fund should only have to strike once, and the streams of generosity that course through the Catholic heart shall gush forth, replenishing the coffers, and refreshing the hearts of those who have undertaken this praiseworthy object.

THE Suez Canal is working important commercial changes in Asia as well as in Europe. The importance of Damascus as a central meeting-point of Asiatic merchants has been seriously lessened. It was customary heretofore for the pilgrims to Mecca,

from Central Asia and Syria, to congregate at Damascus and supply themselves with goods, which carried to Mecca and laid upon the tomb of the false prophet, acquired a sacred character in the estimation of the Mohammedans, and were subsequently disposed of at greatly advanced prices. The completion of the Suez Canal has opened a more convenient route to Mecca through Egypt, and Damascus is rapidly losing the trade upon which much of its commercial prosperity depended.

"THE young ladies of the graduating class of the Convent of the Visitation, Frederick, Md., sent a specimen of their bread and biscuit to the Agricultural Fair held in that city in October, and were awarded the first premium for the same. This class has always learned to make bread, etc., and this year each one takes her turn for a week at general cooking, going to the kitchen and learning to prepare and cook the dinner every day. This is a branch of education that is sadly neglected, and one never touched upon by those advocating woman's rights; probably for the good reason that few among *them* are capable of making a good batch of bread or cooking a digestible dinner."

It is worthy the attention of all our ladies' institutes.

THE magnificent structure of the Cathedral of Boston, Mass., one of the largest and finest cathedrals in America, is now so near completion that all the vast staging, inside and out, necessary for the prosecution of such work, was removed last week, and the splendid edifice, in all its proportions and beauty, can be looked upon without let or hindrance. Upon entering the church, one is really lost in astonishment at its vastness. Before him stretches away three hundred feet of unbroken view, until an elevation of about three feet indicates the altar space of perhaps thirty feet in length. Looking from the altar wall to the entrance, one fully realizes its vast dimensions, and the beauty and completeness of the massive work, which will stand for ages to come, a monument of the zeal, energy, and devotion of the clergy and people who erected it to the honor and glory of God.

WE notice from our exchanges that Christmas was more generally observed in New England than in any previous year. The descendants of the Puritans appear to be in a fair way of becoming acquainted with the meaning and intention of the Festival of the Nativity. As to the extent of their knowl-

edge of "the Bible," of which they used to talk so much, a newspaper clipping is apropos:

"There is an old story of a divinity student at Cambridge who, when asked a question about Gamaliel, replied, after a few minutes' reflection, 'Ah! I know; a mountain in Asia Minor. People used to go and sit at the foot of it.'"

HER MAJESTY'S ship *Basilisk* has just returned to England after a commission of nearly four years, and brings word that a large archipelago of islands has been discovered in the neighborhood of New Guinea, and that two mountains in this region, each about 11,000 feet high, have been named "Mount Gladstone" and "Mount Disraeli." It would seem that the commander of the expedition was rather in doubt which Government would be in office when he came home, and thought to make sure of being on the right side by naming a mountain after each of the rival Premiers.

RECENT investigations in regard to the slave trade on the Eastern shores of the Red Sea, show that that horrid traffic is still largely carried on. They are usually first driven from ports on the Red Sea to Mecca, where they are sold to Mohammedan pilgrims from Persia, Syria, and Egypt. Not more than thirty per cent. of the slaves captured in Central Africa survive the hardships of the voyage and journey to Mecca.

MONSIGNOR PUGNIER, Bishop of Tongking, writes from the capital of French Cochin China respecting the recent massacre of native Christians. He says that the number of victims amounts to several thousands, including old men, women, and children. About 70,000 Christians or converts have been totally ruined and dispersed. "The material loss of the two missions," he adds, "exceeds 400,000 francs, and that of our Christians may be estimated at 15,000,000 francs."

THE French Academy of Sciences, it is announced, is considering the propriety of adopting the meridian of Greenwich, which is already recognized by the greater part of the Continent, in lieu of that of Paris. The meridian would touch the French soil at Tronville, and, in the event of the Government sanctioning the change, a column would be erected on the spot. An international meridian, it is urged, would be very advantageous for vessels which have to ask information as to their precise position at sea.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IRISH SINGERS' OWN BOOK. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1873.

The stray notes of the harp of Erin float through this volume in echoing battalions. It is a compilation of the most popular Irish melodies, good, bad, and indifferent. Indeed, we doubt if there is a lyric strain of any Irish bard which cannot be read in some one of its volumes, for it is really a binding together, in one musical embrace, of three different volumes. We have only to mention their respective names to make every child of Erin's heart throb, his ears tingle, and his feet involuntarily keep step to the national measures of the bard whose harp from Tara's ruined walls does shed the *soul* of music through every heart, all reiterated declarations to the contrary notwithstanding. These three volumes united under the above caption are, "*The Wearing of the Green Song-Book*," "*Songs, Comic and Sentimental*," and "*Tom Moore's Melodies*." The reader must not, however, suppose that this is an ordinary song-book. Both in style of binding, and as an exponent of the popular music of one of the most musically gifted people on the face of the earth, it is worthy of a prominent place in every library, public or private; in fact, it is a standard work of its kind, reflecting great credit on the enterprise of its publisher. We must not forget to add that it also contains a brief collection of anecdotes of O'Connell, and poetical pieces suitable for recitations.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY; or, The Catholic Church the Way of Salvation as Revealed by the Holy Scriptures. By Rev. Augustus F. Hewit, of the Congregation of St. Paul. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1874.

From that most charming of summer retreats, whose every breeze is redolent with scenic beauty, historic memories, and associations dear to every Catholic heart, St. Mary's of the Lake, Lake St. Sacrament (vulgariter Lake George), Father Hewit sends forth to the struggling world of ignorant doubters this little work like a dove of peace from the ark to the storm-tossed religious world. Its author's name is the guarantee of the excellence of the literary merits of the work. It may be asked, have we not in all conscience enough religious and controversial works? What need for another? We might reply, that Father Hewit, as a priest of God, and one

who has the care of vast numbers of souls, is a sentinel placed on the watchtowers of the church, surveying the field of her combats and struggles, and is therefore able to discern any parts of the defences that need strengthening, or any of the enemy's forces that need encouragement to enter the true fold, and he therefore is the best judge of the means for either end. He distinctly declares in his preface, that while a large number of our controversial works are written for the wavering members of the High Church portion of Protestants, who need persuasion rather than argument to make their "Romanizing" tendencies bear the good fruit of conversion, yet there is not so much attention given to the sincere seekers for truth, who, having doubts of their religious position, are so totally befogged by the radical vapors of evangelicalism, that they require a dogmatic explanation of their own fundamental errors; but who, because they belong to the despaired of sects, receive nothing but abuse or sarcasm.

The office, therefore, of the "King's Highway" is manifest, and we think Father Hewit has done well in turning his attention to a class of good people who are really the flower of our converts when once they embrace the truth. Nor is it without instruction for those of the household of the faith, for if they would win their separated brethren to their Father's house, they must possess themselves of the means appropriate for the various classes of individuals whom God may send in their way for the purpose.

May its glad inspiration exhilarate the souls of its readers like the visions of beauty that enrapture the visitor around sweet *Lac St. Sacrement*.

MANUAL OF THE SODALITY OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Second enlarged edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1874.

It is but three months since the first edition of this little work was published, and already it is exhausted, its sale being quickened by the rapid spread of the new Sodality of the Sacred Heart, for whose members this book is especially designed. The fact, however, that it has met with so great a sale at a time when so many similar works are being issued, proves that the public opinion about its merits has not waited for the judgment of the critics, and also proves more ably than any criticism the value of its contents.

three years she has labored in the city of Boston among the orphan children. She, in company with two other sisters, and with the approval of Bishop Fenwick, opened a day-school, which by degrees assumed the shape of an orphan asylum. The present St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum was opened in 1859, but the institution had been chartered in 1843. Sister Ann Alexis died on the Feast of St. Joseph, having just survived her jubilee one week.

THE steady advance of Russia in Central Asia is constantly causing alarm to England. The Khan of Khiva is practically a feudatory and vassal of the Czar; year after year Muscovite legions are sent into the Tartar country, and it appears that a section of territory as large as Persia has been an-

nexed within the last twenty years; absorbed by slow degrees, piecemeal and imperceptibly. When Russia and England confront each other on the banks of the Indus, can the peace of the world be maintained?

ST. PATRICK'S day was observed throughout the United States with the usual parades and festive celebrations. Very Rev. Dean Byrne, the President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, however, wrote a letter dissuasive of these displays.

At Newark the Cathedral was consecrated by the Most Reverend Archbishop Bayley, formerly bishop of that See, now the esteemed Primate of the United States. Bishops Corrigan (Newark), McQuade (Rochester), and Williams (Boston), assisted at the solemn ceremonies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DOMUS DEI. A collection of Religious and Memorial Poems. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street. 1875.

It is pleasant in these days of doggerel to welcome the genius of song. It is good in these times of impure literature to greet the Christian muse, and Miss Donnelly, we need scarcely remind our readers, combines both in herself. Not long since we had the pleasure of reviewing her first volume of poems, "OUT OF SWEET SOLITUDE," and now she brings us a second "DOMUS DEI." The name is aptly chosen for two reasons, first, because she seldom comes out of the sweet solitude wherein she holds converse only with rich inspirations, save to electrify the Church of God with the sweet religious songs which those inspirations have prompted her to give forth.

Again, this volume is published for the benefit of the magnificent church of St. Charles Borromeo, in Philadelphia, now rapidly approaching completion. What she has said to the reverend pastor in her beautiful letter of dedication, wherein she tells him that he has built into this church some of the best years of his life, may, with but a slight change of ideas, be repeated of herself, in that she has set into the material temple some of the brightest gems of her talents.

We would like to give copious extracts,

but can afford space only for the fine description of the character of the titular patron of the Church, the glorious Borromeo, and the beautiful appeal she makes in his name.

O friends! be generous; methinks, I see
A form go 'round among you timidly;

A shadowy form in mitre and in cope,
His saintly face illumed with faith and hope;

And as he stretches forth his holy palms,
And, like a noble beggar, asks for alms,

The angel of the past, with torch aflame,
Shows through the mist of centuries, his name,—

SAN CARLO BORROMEO! Him, the sage
Pius, the Fourth, raised, at an early age,

To such unwonted honors, that with pain,
The humble Charles protested,—but in vain;

For in his very meekness he displayed
The wisdom of the choice the Pontiff made.

And so the holy Will of God (not man)
Mastered the lowly prelate of Milan.

—No marble bishop in a marble niche,
But living poor that Christ's poor might be rich,

He, when the plague raged thro' his diocese,
At the high altar on his bended knees,

A rope about his neck—his meek head bowed,
And all the church a dense and weeping crowd,—

Offered himself, as no one else had dared,
A victim, that his people might be spared!

'Tis in *his* name and by his priest, dear friends,
We beg the means to work most sacred ends;

benefice. But whether it be carried on directly or indirectly, it is a war all the same, moved by a hatred which will never be appeased. We know that the Church has canonized men who perished in the defence of her material interests, and we have only to recall St. Thomas a'Becket, as an example. Whether the war be direct or indirect, is only a question of intensity. The war against the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, was always regarded by the Popes themselves as an indirect hostility against the Church. But the events of the past four years in Italy have given a sad proof of the inseparable relation which exists between the temporal dominion of the Church and her existence; not her absolute existence, but that *modus vivendi*, which, at all ages, has made her what St. Paul was to the Gentiles, "All in all to save all." Certainly the *annexation* of a province in itself is no great evil to an institution so divinely gigantic as the Catholic Church. But let us look at the event in its consequences, and we shudder as we behold the dearest interests of the Church in jeopardy. Is not the spiritual independence of the Sovereign Pontiff of vital importance to the Catholic Church? The religious orders, too, are they not the nerve and sinew of the ecclesiastical spirit? And yet the one is ruthlessly trampled upon, while the others are sent adrift on the wide world, to their own imminent peril, and the positive detriment of souls. The sacrileges which are daily wrought in the Eternal City, the insults offered to religion now, in the Holy Mysteries, then, in the clergy, all affect the Church of God to the core, and yet all are consequences of the *annexation* of the temporal domain of the Church, effected September 20th, 1870. Very little reflection, then, on the present condition of Rome, will suffice to convince any one that the war against the temporal power of the Popes is a war against the

Church. Our purpose, however, does not lie here. Ours is a juridical question. We are to bring forth our title-deeds, and prove the legitimacy of our prescription; not for the behoof of our despoilers, who recognize no right save might; but for those who, from ignorance or a want of reflection, confound the one with the other. The title-deeds of the States of the Church are traceable to the eighth century, when Pepin the Short, King of the Franks, and Charlemagne, his son, made the donations to the Church, which, in the present century, are the subject of so much controversy. This is the historical origin, so to speak, of the temporal power, which will be a subject for consideration in another paper. We will go farther back in antiquity than the eighth century—back to the time when Imperial Rome yielded the sceptre to her young rival, just mirrored on the glassy surface of the Bosphorus, and there we will find the foundation-stone of that beautiful edifice, which was afterwards raised by the masterly hand of a Pepin and a Charlemagne. To be concise, then, we affirm that the origin of the temporal power can be traced back to the translation of the capital of the Roman empire from Rome to Constantinople; from that time began that political and sovereign influence which the Popes exercised on the events of Italy for the four succeeding centuries, and which made them sovereigns in fact, though their right to be such was not formally defined until the last half of the eighth century. This is the philosophical origin of the temporal power of the Popes, so called because it is not derived from any particular event in history, but because we shall reason from a series of events, in which each succeeding event tends to explain its predecessor, and the whole series is beautifully developed and explained in the eighth century. Let us premise by stating that, in our reasoning, we will be guided by

e principle in the philosophy, established, first, by the, and afterwards evolved the genius by Bossuet, to the principal events of the have, for their efficient joint action of Divine and the free will of man; the cause of these same the propagation, growth, the triumph of the Church on earth. With this beaconing before us, let us examine the cause of the translation of the capital of the empire to the shores of the

Why should Rome be? A glorious tradition led to the fact, and the consequence proved, to an evidence it was a great political act it was untraditional, disavowed that Rome, which loaded with all that was great is in the history of the Rome was the favored spot, the time-honored residence of the heroes of the ancient Rome, of the republic that empire which extended to the farthest limits of the world. The thought of Thundering Jupiter on the, nerved the arms of her Africa, Asia Minor, and the dearest traditions of the subject were centred in had their being there. Should Rome be abandoned? No reason can be adduced. The removal of the capital did not deter the Barbarian hosts who began to show themselves in the civilized world. The Roman Empire were divided. The strength of the Roman Empire in its unity, and that Rome, the moving and living spirit of the whole empire. Add to this, the material wealth of the accumulated in Rome, thrived and fructified and. By the transfer of the

capital this treasure was divided, and what was left was exposed to the incursions of the Barbarians, who had already shown themselves in Europe. No political purpose was obtained by the translation of the capital, and subsequent events prove that it was the death-blow of the Imperial power in the West. This could not have been overlooked by a mind as far-seeing and as penetrating as was that of Constantine. He knew that an event so great and important as the change of the seat of empire, would produce effects proportionately great. Not in the whole philosophy of history can we find an explanation of this fact, if we do not recognize in the event a special interposition of Divine Providence, at whose beck Constantine retired before the rising majesty of the successor of the Humble Fisherman of Galilee. The events of the fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries prove, that the translation of the seat of empire was the first and most important step towards establishing the temporal independence of the Roman Pontiffs, which was definitely accomplished in the eighth century. After the departure of the emperor, Rome was governed by a duke, who was appointed by the emperor. This duke was, very often, a Greek, who came to Rome with all the corruption, avarice, and meanness of the court of Constantinople. Meanwhile the emperors gave themselves up to the luxurious mode of living in the East, to which they added an ungovernable passion for dogmatizing. What with their luxury and their theology, they soon became oblivious of the old city on the Tiber, which was a prey to the tyranny of the dukes. These persecuted the Romans with taxes, unjust exactions for the support of the court at Constantinople, and the execution of Imperial mandates, gotten up with the view of breaking the spirit of a people who had been too long accustomed to rule to descend to that

servile subjection demanded by the Cæsars in the East. All this was as nothing compared with the incursions of the Barbarians, who poured down into Italy in hundreds of legions, devastating and laying waste everything. There was no army to drive back such a formidable enemy, and a despairing people turned to one man for sympathy. Who more than their Father could feel for their misery, and pour the oil of consolation into their bleeding wounds? It was but natural that, in the midst of their misfortunes, all consequent on the abandonment of Rome, they should turn to the Sovereign Pontiff, who was not the slave of the emperor, and whose heart was open to receive them. He was vested with a power the highest on earth, and to the venerable majesty of the sovereign pontificate adds, that many of the Pontiffs were men of God, whose sanctity was the theme of everybody, and whose learning, sacred and profane, is even the admiration of more enlightened times. In the abandonment in which the Romans found themselves after the translation of the capital, they would have turned to the very Saracens for sympathy. The Romans, then, would have done violence to their own nature, if, in their misery and abjection, they did not throw themselves into the arms of the Popes, who alone, in virtue of the power and grace which they received from on high, could resist the unjust and ungenerous action of the Greek emperors. But, if the abjection of the Romans was great in the fourth century, what was it compared to the woes of the fifth century, when an army of Barbarians first appeared before the walls of Rome? It was then that the political influence of the Roman Pontiffs began to shine forth in all its glory.

Here Attila, with his myriads, rushed upon Rome, after having destroyed Aquileia, Milan, Pavia, and other cities; it was not the Imperial army, nor the Imperial representa-

tive, who went forth to meet him, and stop him in his march of destruction. Leo, surnamed the Great, had already, even before his election to the chair of Peter, given evidences of his political tact, and, hence, was sent into Gaul by the Emperor Valentinian III, to conciliate Oetius, general of the Imperial forces, and Albinus, prefect of the Pretorian, between whom difficulties had arisen which threatened the overthrow of the empire itself. It was while he was bringing his mission to a happy close, that the unanimous votes of the Roman clergy and people proclaimed him Sovereign Pontiff. As he saved the empire in Gaul, so did he in Italy, when Attila marched upon Rome. Not a word is said about the Duke of Rome in this great event; and though he was accompanied on his mission to Attila by Avienus, a man of consular rank, and Trigetius, prefect of the Pretorian, still all historians agree in giving the merit of the enterprise to Leo, who was hailed, on his return to the city, as the liberator of Rome. When, three years later, Genseric, king of the Vandals, pitched his camp before Rome, not the Imperial representative, but the same Leo made a treaty of peace with him, and a second time saved the city. That to the spiritual cares of Leo the Great were added also civil and municipal offices, appears from his letter to Pulcheria Augusta, wherein he excuses himself for not being present at the Synod of Ephesus. After saying that, for the sake of an ecclesiastical matter, which would be attended to all the same by his legates, he could not suffer his people to fall into despair by deserting his *country* and the Church at a time when everything was in a state of perturbation, he adds: "Therefore, you know that, for the public good, I could not be deaf to the voice of charity, and the prayer, of the citizens." (*Epistolæ Leonis Magni*, editio Ballerini.) This passage is in

confirmation of what we have seen above, that, in the public eyes of the time, the people resorted to the Sovereign Pontiff whose political influence was, then, regarded as sufficient to turn the tide of the Barbarians. In the interval between Leo III and Gregory the Great, we have no luminous examples of the influence of the Popes, yet there are not wanting facts which show that they wielded a power far more civil than ecclesiastical.

To condemn heretics is, of course, no doubt, in the province of the Pope; but to burn their writings, and to send them into exile, supposes the exercise of the secular power. St. Hormisdas and St. Symmachus, after condemning the Manichees, caused their books to be burned in public, and the heretics themselves to be sent into exile.

As regards the latter end of the sixth century that the Romans were so convinced that they had no other resource but to hope for the emperor.

In the year 577, they sent the ambassador, Paufronius, to the emperor Justinian the Second, with a costly present, begging the emperor to send an armed force to help them, which would protect them from the Lombards, who, even at that late date, were desirous of conquering Rome. The Emperor deigned to receive the gift, and bade the ambassador buy a Lombard Duke; or, if he failed in that, to beseech the Franks for relief. Pope Gregory III, in his letter to Gregory, speaks of Pope Gregory the Great, and gives a description of the misery which the Romans lived at that time.

He writes: "The perfidy of the Lombards has inflicted so many woes upon us, that no one is able to enumerate them." Gregory III, at that time, in Constantinople, was evidently in communication with the emperor; for the letter begins, "Speak, therefore, and make arrangements for aiding us in our

danger." Then he asks that soldiers be sent to Rome, because the "exarch (the Imperial representative at Ravenna) writes that he cannot assist us, and says that he is unable to defend these parts." (Pelagii Papæ II Epistola ad Gregorium Magnum, apud Mansi.) In this letter, also, it is evident that the Pontiff, together with his spiritual ministry, had also the civil welfare of his people to provide for. His petitions to Constantinople were left unheard. When Gregory the Great mounted the pontifical throne, his first care was to make a treaty of peace with Agilulphus, king of the Lombards. In this affair he was not only not seconded by the Imperial power, but the Exarch of Ravenna, making an alliance with a horde of Lombard rebels, spread desolation throughout Italy; nor did he halt in his depredations until he came to the walls of Rome, where death overtook him, and thus Providence saved the city.

... This is not the only act of civil power recorded of Gregory. We find him sending governors to the Imperial cities here and there, paying the soldiers, giving orders to captains, and performing a hundred such offices which are peculiar to sovereigns only. The reader who wishes to inform himself more thoroughly, can consult the letters of Gregory the Great, to be found in the *Patrology of Migne*, tome lxxvii. The letters to Velox, knight-at-arms, and to all the Neapolitan soldiers ("ad cunctos milites Neapolitanos") presuppose a civil authority proper only to the emperor himself. Thus, too, Honorius I sends Gaudiosus, the notary, and Anatolius, a captain, to Naples, with military instructions. "Idem (Honorius) Gaudioso, notario, et Anatolio, magistro militum, Neapolitanum civitatem regendam committit, et qualiter debeat regi, scriptis informat." (The same Honorius committed the government of the city of Naples to Gaudiosus, the notary, and Anatolius, captain of the

soldiers, with instructions, in writing, how it should be governed.) Cardinal Deusdedit, in his "*Collectio Canonum*," lib. iii, cap. 149.

It was in the year 633 that Rome again saw an emperor. But he came not as a conqueror to celebrate his triumphs and honor the ancient city, but as a robber, with the foul intent of despoiling the fair city of all her material wealth and beauty. True enough, the Roman treasury was drained, when Leo the Great concluded the treaty with Genseric. But what the ruthless vandal left was seized by the ungenerous Constans. He conceived the idea of bringing back the seat of the empire to Italy. Disembarking at Toranto, he laid siege to Benevento, whence he was shamefully repulsed by the youthful Duke Grimwald. In his rage, he turned towards unfortunate Rome and sacked the city. His unscrupulous cupidity did not spare even the bronze with which the exterior of the Pantheon was decorated. He stayed but twelve days in the city, and left with the maledictions of the Roman people upon him. The hatred of the people was at its height; and had it not been for the mollifying counsels of the Popes, the Imperial power in the West would not have survived the last visit of the emperor. As it was, there were scenes of bloody vengeance enacted in Ravenna, and even in Rome, which were anything but auspicious to the Imperial sway in Italy.

We have passed hurriedly to the end of the seventh century. We have not examined the pontificates of each succeeding Pope, but we have seen enough to establish the existence of a recognized civil authority and influence in the Popes. We have seen them exercise sovereign acts, and we may well ask ourselves, Whence came this authority? Not from ambition, surely, as some writers have not hesitated to affirm. But in that assertion they intimate how ignorant they are of the history

of the times and the character of a Pope. Let us take the most conspicuous among those whom we have seen exercising sovereign authority, Gregory the Great. He was so far from all earthly ambition, that, after having tried every possible means, even flight, to escape the honor of the pontificate, he complained bitterly, because, together with his spiritual cares, he was overwhelmed with temporal matters; saying that he was "discharging the duties of governor rather than of supreme pastor." It may be asked what right the Popes had to assume this authority! We answer, that they not only had the right to yield to the prayers of an abandoned people, crying for aid, protection, and sympathy; but charity itself, zeal for the public weal, nay, justice, imposed it upon them as a duty. Thus did Leo the Great understand the matter, as we saw in his letter to Pulcheria; thus, too, St. Gregory, and after these, so many other Popes celebrated for sanctity and learning. To these considerations we will add another which has its own importance. The Church of Rome was immensely wealthy. Long before Constantine gave peace to the Church, and made generous donations to her, she was possessed of no inconsiderable wealth, the result of the charity of the faithful. We do not presume to hold that Constantine made a donation of Rome to Sylvester I, as a fresco in the stanze of Raphael would lead us to believe, and as some assert. But the presents which he made to the Church of Rome were so rich and numerous that the Popes, who were the administrators of this wealth, were as powerful princes. The Deacon John, in his life of Gregory the Great, enumerates not fewer than twenty-three patrimonies of the Church of Rome, situated in different parts of Italy. Some of these patrimonies consisted of villages, towns, and often whole cities. In times of tribulation, public calamity

such as invasions, plagues, and ke, the Roman Pontiffs distributed princely alms, and we read of maintaining entire cities. They then, in addition to protection and sympathy, could also hope for material assistance, and this having been refused, endeared to the Popes more and more their misfortunes multiplied.

The Popes, then, up to this time, on account of the supreme dignity with which they were vested, untold wealth which they possessed, and the paternal charity which they exercised, were already almost sovereigns in fact, though they had not yet received the name, nor had their right been formally proclaimed. I say this, not with a view of insinuating that, from this sole fact, they derived the right of becoming sovereigns, but to show how natural it was that they should become such. What we have said now is applicable to the then known world; for Christianity was everywhere in ascension in those days. But the Roman people especially seemed to look for the whole Church, as the Pope provided for the whole Church. Hence, if God's will, throughout Italy, looked up to the sovereign pontiffs as temporal princes, with how much more should they be regarded and treated as such by the Romans, who had their being in the bosom, if we may so speak, of love and charity? The superhuman splendor of the Vicar of Christ ever gleamed in their eyes as a brightness which nothing could eclipse, and, if the great conqueror of Maxentius was obliged, in obedience to an unknown impulse, to withdraw from the presence of a majesty and retire to the deserts of the Bosphorus, how much so a pusillanimous duke, the representative of an effeminate emperor? This influence, then, call it religious, political, civil, or what will, first began to show itself as

soon as the emperors abandoned the city of the Seven Hills. Therefore, the power which this influence created began there, as in its first cause. We shall not give a name as yet to this power, but shall pass on to a review of the events of the first half of the eighth century; events which were modified and received a positive character from this very influence, so great and powerful had it become.

The heresy of Leo the Isaurian, or he is better known as the Iconoclast, is well known to every one. The mania for dogmatizing seized the rugged warrior from Isauria, even as it had the weak Imperial puppets who could not resist the flattery of the Greek patriarchs and bishops. His dogma was as rude and uncultured as his own nature, and the Church of the East paid a tribute of blood to his fury, of which a just estimate can only be found in the Book of Life. In the West, however, the foolish pride of the pseudo-dogmatic Augustus met with a rebuff, which was, in part, the cause of his losing, later on, the most ancient and most glorious province of the empire. The See of Peter was at that time occupied by the holy Pope, Gregory II. He began his reign (715) by providing for the defence of the city, and he it was who constructed that part of the walls of the city, extending from the gate of St. Lawrence towards Porta Maggiore. The saintly Pope, however, as long as the emperor persevered in the goodness which marked the first ten years of his reign, endeavored to sustain the Imperial power in the West, and spoke kindly of him to the kings in Italy and elsewhere. He writes to the emperor, "God is witness that we have read all your letters to us, in the ears and in the hearts of the kings of the West, obtaining their peace and good will for you." But when the emperor endeavored to introduce his heresy into the West, and wanted to convoke a general

council, he writes to him in a different tone: "You have written that a general council be convened, and it seems useless to us. You are a persecutor of images, a contumelious enemy, a destroyer. Cease, and do us this favor, to be silent; then the world will have peace, and scandals will cease. Cease, and be silent; then there will be no need of a council." This letter, instead of being received with submission and good will, only exasperated the emperor, and his hatred against the Pope became so violent that he resolved to have him murdered. He accordingly sent the patrician Paul, who was then Exarch of Ravenna against Rome with a considerable force (727). The Lombards who were at Spoleto, then joined in a league with the Romans, and entering the city with these they kept up a valorous defence. The troops of the exarch could not pass Ponte Salaro. After the exarch retired in disgrace, the Lombards too returned home, nor do we find them ever after united with the Romans. After this fact the emperor became more and more unpopular, as the Pope acquired new influence daily. This appears from a letter of Gregory II to the emperor, in answer to a vain boast, made by the latter, that he would come to Rome, break the statue of St. Peter, in St. Peter's, and carry the Pope off to Constantinople. After saying that he is unworthy of the fate of St. Martin, who was taken to Constantinople and had his eyes put out, the Pope adds, "Because the whole West beholds our lowliness, and has confidence in us, although we are not much; and in him whose image you threaten to break, in St. Peter, who is venerated by all the kingdoms of the West as a God upon earth. If you wish to come and make a trial, know you that the people of the West are most ready to vindicate, even the people of the East, whom you have outraged. If you send any of your followers to break the image of

St. Peter, bear in mind, we protest, that we are innocent of the blood which will be spilt; it will fall on your head."

These are the words, not only of the spiritual head of the Church, but of one who had a material force at his disposal sufficient to defy the threats of a vain emperor. Leo then sent an imperial edict to Rome, commanding the Pope, under pain of death, to consent to his heresy. Then the Italian people and the Lombards rose to a man, in defence of the Pope. The Italians refused obedience to the exarch, and they would have gone to Constantinople, with an army, to depose the emperor, but for the intervention of the Pope.

Luitprand, King of the Lombards, seized this opportunity to lay siege to Ravenna, whence he soon expelled the Exarch Scholasticus, and *annexed* Pentapolis. Though Leo, the Isaurian, merited such a punishment, still Gregory II not only was not a party to this *annexation*, but, notwithstanding that he suffered much from the emperor and the exarchs, he endeavored to reinstate Scholasticus. With this view, he wrote a letter to Ursus Participatius, Doge of Venice, in which he begged the doge to reinstate the exarch, and recover the province of Pentapolis for the Emperor Leo. In conformity with the wishes of the Pope, the power of the exarchs was again restored, and the Imperial sway in the West still prolonged. This fact, in itself, would be sufficient to vindicate the Pontiffs of those times from the slightest shadow of ambition. It proves, too, like the events of the preceding centuries, that the Popes did not seek after temporal power, but that it was forced upon them by the very necessity of the times. When in 728 Luitprand seized the castle of Sutri, Gregory wrote to him, and threatened him with the vengeance of God if he failed to make restitution. The castle was restored, *not to the emperor*, but to St. Peter,

and the act of restoration is called "*restitutio Sancti Petri*"—the restitution of St. Peter. Again, when the same doughty warrior, seduced by the Exarch Eutichius, marched upon Rome, Gregory II, like another Leo, went out of the city to meet them, and his eloquence was so touching that they swore to abandon their purpose. In connection with this fact, we would make an observation which cannot be avoided, and which establishes more and more what our purpose is to prove.

If Rome was ruled at that time by a duke subordinate to the emperor, the attempted attack of Eutichius, likewise dependent on the emperor and appointed by him, remains inexplicable. That Eutichius wished to arrogate to himself supreme power over the exarchy and the Roman province, to the utter exclusion of the emperor, is inadmissible, as subsequent facts prove. We read of him soon after, with the aid of the Pope, suppressing a rebellion in Tuscany, cutting off the head of the leader, Tiberius, surnamed Petasius, and sending it as a trophy to the emperor. Therefore we must conclude that, at the time of Eutichius's march on Rome, the province was governed by Gregory II. Gregory II figures in the history of those times as Pontiff and King. If he restored the walls of Rome; if he induced the Venetians to reinstate the Exarch of Ravenna; if he obtained from Luitprand the restoration of Sutri; if he appeased the same barbarian before the walls of Rome, what are all these acts but the exercise of a sovereign power? And yet he still endeavored to maintain the Imperial power in Rome, even against the emperor's own officials, who looked upon Rome as belonging to St. Peter. The remark of Muratori is to the point. Speaking of Gregory II he says: "If the holy Pontiff wished, it was all over with the Greek emperors in Italy; but it was sufficient for him to defend the cause of the

Church, and his own life, and to hinder a rebellious people from electing a new emperor." St. Gregory II is regarded by many writers as the first "Pontiff and King." He died in the year 731, and was succeeded by Gregory III.

After this period we hear no more of the persecutions of the emperors. They were not recognized any longer in the Roman province, while the power of the exarchs was rapidly dwindling away. From the day of his coronation to that of his death, Luitprand had one all-absorbing ambition. He wished to make one kingdom of Italy, with Rome as its capital. The Lombard war began in 738, and terminated with Desiderius, the last of the Lombard kings. Luitprand first began to ravage the province of Ravenna. Then moving towards Rome he stopped at Spoleto, where he endeavored to form a league with the Dukes of Spoleto and Benevento in the south. But they rejected his advances, saying, "*Contra Ecclesiam Sanctam Dei, ejusque populum peculiarem non exercitabimus; quoniam et pactum cum eis habemus, et ex ipsa Ecclesia fidem accepimus.*" (We will not war against the Holy Church of God and his favorite people, because we have made a treaty with them, and have received the faith from the Church.) (See letter of Gregory III to Charles Martel, Epistola I, Codex Carolinus, Editio Cenni.) The Duke of Spoleto, not being able to resist the Lombards, retreated to Rome, whither Luitprand followed, with the intention of reducing the city. It may be well to observe here, before going farther, that in the reply of the Dukes of Spoleto and Benevento, the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Church is clearly implied. "We shall not war against the Holy Church of God and his favorite people, because we have made a treaty with them." Therefore, to war against the Roman people was identical with warring

against the Church of God. Hence we conclude that the Church of God in those times governed the Roman people. This is abundantly proved in the celebrated letter of Gregory III to Charles Martel, King of the Franks, to whom the Pope appealed for protection against Luitprand. At the first appearance of the Lombards, the Pope had taken the keys of the tomb of St. Peter, with a part of his chain, which, with a letter imploring relief, he sent to the King of the Franks. Charles promised immediate assistance, but delayed to make good his promise. Gregory then wrote that celebrated letter, in which he conjured Charles by the living God to save Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter. "Conjuro te in Deum vivum et verum, et ipsas sacratissimas claves Confessionis B. Petri, quas robis ad rogam direximus," etc. (I conjure you by the living and true God, and by the holy keys of the Confession of St. Peter, which we have sent to you as a petition.) (Troya, Codex Diplomaticus Longobardorum, No. DXXII.) Meanwhile Luitprand, who had encamped in Nero's meadows, sacked the basilica of St. Peter, which, at that time, was outside the walls of the city, and seized many of the Roman nobles who lived at their villas without the city. Still Charles delayed, and Gregory sent him another letter. The chronicles of those times are silent about the means used by Charles Martel to induce Luitprand to give up the siege. They only tell us that soon after the fiery Luitprand was the powerful ally of Charles Martel in driving the Saracens out of Provence.

Gregory III died in 741, and was succeeded by Pope Zachary, whose name is but another for sweetness and gentleness. Soon after his accession to the throne, he sent legates to King Luitprand, demanding the restoration of the four cities, Blera, Bomarzo, Ameria, and Orta, which Luitprand had seized in the reign of

Gregory III. The king promised to comply with the Pope's request, but his cupidity was too strong to allow him to give up such a rich booty. The Pope seeing that the king had forgotten his promise, resolved to visit him in person. Setting out from Rome in state, he met the king at Narni, where he used all his eloquence and sweetness to induce the king to make restitution. The king was moved, and signed forthwith, not only the act of restoration of the four cities mentioned, but gave up to the Pope the patrimony of the Church which he had seized thirty years before in the Sabine country, together with the cities of Narni, Ancona, Osimo, Umana, and the valley called Val Grande. (See Troya, Codex Diplomaticus Longobardorum, No. CCCXXIX.) The following Sunday, after the celebration of Mass, the king dined with the Pope, when the royal barbarian, with rude frankness, confessed that he never ate so much before. (*Ubi cum tanta suavitate esum sumpsit, et hilaritate cordis, ut diceret ipse Rex, tantum se numquam meminisse comessatum, Anastasius, in Zacharia.*) This was in 742. In the following year, Luitprand laid siege to Ravenna, where the exarch still represented the mere shadow of the imperial power in the West. He seized the city of Cesena, and would soon have reduced Ravenna but for Zachary, who, moved by the prayers of Eutichius and the people of Ravenna, appeared once more before the rugged Lombard. He was not less successful on this mission than on the first, and Luitprand gave up Cesena and withdrew his army from Ravenna.

Luitprand was succeeded by Rachiz, who began his reign by seizing Perugia. But, like his predecessor, he was not proof against the sweetness of Zachary, and relinquished his conquest, and soon after abdicated and retired to the monastery of Monte Cassino. His brother Astulphus mounted the throne of the Lom-

bards, and the first deed recorded of him is the seizure of Ravenna with the final expulsion of the Exarch Eutichius, the last representative of Imperial power in the West. Constantine Capronimus, "*catulus patre crudelior*," as Zonard terms him (a whelp more cruel than his father), was too much occupied with the war against sacred images to grieve at this loss. The Exarchy of Ravenna began in the year 568, and fell in 751, after an existence of one hundred and eighty-four years. That it lasted even that long is due to the Roman Pontiffs, who, time and again, averted the deathblow, which finally fell under King Astulphus. Zachary died in 752. If the sovereign and political influence of the Popes was great in his two predecessors, it was greater and more glorious still in Zachary, and we shall see it in all its brilliancy in the successor of Zachary, Stephen II, in whom the right and title of "Pontiff and King" were finally and formally defined.

We shall stop here in our historical review, because subsequent facts have more to do with the historical and definite origin of the temporal power of the Popes. We have merely touched upon some of the principal facts of the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh centuries, with a few facts in the early part of the eighth century. But we have seen enough to establish the conclusion, that long centuries before the Popes were called Kings, they were such in fact. We have seen their influence on the events of Italy beginning to show itself, immediately after the translation of the capital from Rome to Constantinople. We have seen that influence increasing, and waxing more powerful, up to the eighth century, when it showed itself a power second to none in Italy. And now, with these premises, and the fundamental proposition of St. Augustine before us, let us draw our conclusion, which is this: the philosophical origin of the temporal power of the

Popes is traceable to the foundation of Constantinople. We do not draw this conclusion from the sole fact of the translation of the capital. But that fact, entirely incomprehensible in itself, for the reasons adduced in the beginning of this paper, receives light and explanation in the events which followed. Now the events of these four centuries bear testimony to a steadily increasing influence of the Popes in the political events of Italy. That influence had its origin in the abandonment of Rome by Constantine, in the state of utter helplessness in which the Romans found themselves after that event. Therefore, the power which that influence created in the course of time had its origin in the same event. This gradual creation of the temporal power of the Pontiffs is without a parallel in the history of nations. Not in the whole history of ancient or modern times, can we find a sovereignty, whose origin is so remote, or whose basis so firmly established. Its beginning was almost imperceptible, for it resulted from the very nature of things. It was spontaneous, and went on tranquilly increasing until it became a mighty element. Two very important observations rise from the consideration of this fact. First, that nothing could be more natural than the existence of this power, because its quiet and increasing growth could only come from natural causes in the moral order. Invasions, conquests, revolutions, and political tact are capable of raising up governments in a very short space of time. But this is art and violence. A steady growth with rule and measure is nature's work, and just because it was nature's work, the Papal sovereignty has lived so long, and defied so many aggressions. This observation is for the behoof of those who recognize no supreme principle in the philosophy of history, such as in the theorem of St. Augustine. We make the second observation in the light of a beloved proposition.

The temporal kingdom of the Popes, as it began, and as it increased, shows the directing hand of divine Providence. Certainly no king in this world can be such without the *grace of God*, or to put it more clearly, without the permission of God ; who, being the Supreme Ruler of human events, governs, in an especial manner, the actions of earthly potentates. But, in the elevation of the Popes to royal power, the hand of God becomes the more manifest, the less the Popes themselves contributed to such an event. They were raised to such an honor almost without their knowing, and certainly contrary to their own intentions, being carried thither by the force of circumstances over which they had no control, and which no one could foresee. Therefore, we must recognize the finger of God in the whole series of events, which gave rise to the temporal power. On the other hand, all this harmonizes perfectly with the end for which the temporal power was instituted. Since

this sovereignty was destined for his own Church, to render his own Vicar independent and efficient in the exercise of his apostolic ministry, it was only just that God should institute such a sovereignty. Hence, if the temporal sovereignty cannot be called *of divine institution*, like the spiritual sovereignty, still it cannot be termed a mere *human* institution, like other sovereignties. No, the temporal power of the Popes holds an intermediate place, and may, without exaggeration, be called a *providential institution*—providential, because it was the long but vigorously increasing work of centuries ; providential, because it arose from contradictory causes, over which neither the Popes themselves, nor any one else, had any control ; providential, in a word, because no man created it, for it began imperceptibly, away back in the fourth century, when Rome yielded the Imperial sceptre to her young rival, just mirrored in the glassy surface of the Bosphorus.

IN FEBRUARY.

WAIL, O wind, and shake the willows,
 'Neath the bleak gray sky ;
 Groan and roar, ye ocean-billows,
 While the gale is high !
 Violets, come not from your earth-cells,
 Though the spring is nigh ;
 Come not up, O tender blue-bells,
 No birds homeward fly !

All the land is robed in mourning—
 Ashes—garments rent—
 With no bud or leaf adorning,
 Nature keepeth Lent.

Out of sorrow cometh gladness ;
 To dawn night leads the way ;
 And from out these weeks of sadness
 Shineth Easter Day !
 Hope, O flowers, now in prison,
 Soon in spring's soft air
 Ye shall greet the Lord arisen ;
 Waiting ones, prepare !

"THIS MRS. JAMES."

SHE was Florry Lawton's governess, but beyond this fact and her name, no one in the circumscribed world wherein her lot was cast knew anything about her. She had been a month employed in the capacity mentioned above, and had given to Mrs. Lawton "entire satisfaction," chiefly because she never, by any chance, crossed that lady's path. With the exception of meal-times and the hours appointed for Miss Florry's studies, she was always as completely invisible to the household as if she did not belong to it. That she possessed rare capabilities for teaching, was evident from the rapid progress of her pupil, but except by this one circumstance, she gave to no one an opportunity of finding out what were her powers of mind, for she never spoke, except from necessity. By this faculty of keeping out of the way, she also won the approbation of Florry's older sister by courtesy, Miss Lawton, "governesses," as she confidentially remarked to her dearest friend, "are, as a general thing, so intrusive on one's company, and so pretty too, dreadful bores, I assure you! This Mrs. James is a jewel for minding her own business!"

To Florry, the spoiled girl of ten, "this Mrs. James" was a kind and patient teacher, who understood her duties, and fulfilled them strictly. To every one of the servants, she was "a real lady" that "they pitied," for whenever she met them, she had a smile or a courteous word to bestow, besides which, a great bribe for their regard, she gave them no trouble. She waited on herself, kept her own room in order, and attended to her own sewing; in fact, she seemed to wish to live apart from every one as much as possible. Quiet and solitude appeared to constitute the aim of her existence.

The only things connected with every-day life that interested her at all were newspapers, and for these she seemed to have a mania. The number that arrived for her every morning was astonishing; if she had been an editor, and had received but half the quantity, she would still have possessed a respectable list of exchanges. I have said, she seldom spoke or attracted the attention of any one; but if she heard the name of a paper mentioned, she was always sure to put the question immediately, "Can you tell me where it is published?" If informed where, in a few days after, that paper would come, directed to her address. This happened more than once, but was noticed only by the master of the mansion. He asked her one day, laughing, "what in the world she did with all the papers so collected?"

"Read them, Mr. Lawton," she answered, with a sort of gentle courtesy that always characterized her manner; "they form my only luxury."

Being of an inquiring turn of mind, he discovered, the very day he got this simple and satisfactory answer, that, from the time the budget arrived till the time it found its way to the waste-paper basket, scarcely more than an hour elapsed, as a general thing. And though by no means remarkable for literary talent, he was able to understand that a steam-pace in the way of reading could not compass the perusal of "Mrs. James's collection," as he called it, in that period. So he muttered to himself decisively, the polysyllable "*Extraordinary!*" and took an interest in the governess forthwith. This interest was curious, since it first found existence in curiosity, but it was kindly, too.

Luke Lawton was one of a large class to be found in this republican

land of ours, who from refined minds claim admiration and compassion. From Mrs. James, he had both, before she had been a week under his roof. The class is that of your wealthy, uneducated business men, with minds great enough to have grasped at, and mastered some noble science; but, for want of opportunity to do this, devoted, and successfully, to that one study open to all, making money. What ingenuity, what clear understanding, what practical sense, what unfailing energy, what mighty perseverance, they possess! How great, how amazing that success of theirs; what obstacles they crush down, what wonders they arrive at! They form an admirable spectacle. But the end? A town-house, a country-house, a supply of fine clothes, a luxurious table, a regiment of servants, a carriage and horses, a crowd of flatterers and parasites, a few fawning paragraphs in fashionable journals, a — carved, exquisitely designed, richly ornamented family vault. Ah! they form a pitiable spectacle! It is sad to see how great might have been the purpose of their strivings, and how little it was. But they could not help all this, they indeed "knew not what they did."

Luke Lawton once swept crossings, and now he was worth a million, likely to be worth two, in a very short time; had the ex-crossing sweeper a wish beyond this? The world said: no. Luke's secret soul contradicted: yes. The mind that had acquired that golden million, was empty even with it in its grasp, and cried, with all the pain the void caused, for knowledge. Its owner would have willingly given that acquired million, and the other in perspective, to be allowed to commence his battle of life again without a cent, and with education.

He could write and read; his signature was a bold, firm, peculiar-looking affair; he had taught himself first to trace it with his broom-handle in the dust. That was long

ago, of course, and it was an attempt at printing then, but though perfected into writing now, it still retained the impress of the first effort. The most skilful arithmetician could not have excelled him in solving mentally and speedily a difficult problem of figures in any of the rules necessary for business, yet he had never studied from a book even the first principles of the science. Men like him generally have a hobby of the mind, and strange to say, it generally consists of what they understand least. Luke's was geography, a study of which he knew nothing whatsoever, but as he imagined himself perfect in it, he was as happy on the subject as if he had really been so. Arithmetic for his hobby might have passed, but geography exposed him.

He was reputed to be stingy; money-makers always are. He was indeed often guilty of stingy acts, generally in petty things, too. These were the mere effect of habits acquired in the working of his life-task, and sweet flashes of generosity bursting out, now and then, in spite of these habits, showed the natural impulses of that warped mind of his. Cruel he was also said to be; the exactions laid upon his tenants, notwithstanding their poverty, formed ground for the accusation. But it was Peter Bare, the agent, not Luke Lawton, the landlord, who deserved it. The latter's cruelty was only ignorance of his own affairs; the former's was deliberate harshness.

So much for his mind; as to his outward man, it was in no way remarkable. Take a good look at any one of those short comfortably built gentlemen, with the most faultless of broadcloth suits, that you meet in the streets every day, and you have his likeness. Brown calculating face, gray-sprinkled hair and whiskers to frame it; clear, inquiring eye, solid forehead; they all have these. Prosperity written all over them, the sleek, shin-

ing hat to the well-polished boot; you read it whether you like or not, it stares you so persistently. The men take off their hats to it; the ladies salute it respectfully; the newsboys look reverentially upon it; the beggars are afraid to say: "Please give me a cent!" to it; the individual over whom it is so plainly written—Luke Lawton in the present case—he, well he is covered up in it, ignored! While it maintains its presence, it does not make the slightest difference who he is.

Such, then, was this singular Mrs. James's one friend, if, indeed, that curious, kindly interest he had resolved to give her could merit for him the name; and about the same as this which I have written was her estimate of his qualities. She did not know he had commenced silently to take note of her proceedings, wondering at her eccentricity, but willing to serve her if he could, so she merely kept out of his way as well as that of the rest, and went on steadily in her own, isolated and, as she supposed, forgotten. To an observer of human nature, it would have been a task fraught with interest of the rarest kind to note down the various phases of the silent watch set upon her by the taciturn, calculating business-man. It was so systematic, yet so perfectly unobtrusive; not one movement of hers but he managed to get knowledge of, yet no one knew he troubled his head about anything but dollars and geography. And his study of herself was so minute in its researches—those clear, inquiring eyes of his peeped, by degrees, into every nook and cranny of her so carefully veiled character, each fresh glimpse bringing a repetition of that meaning polysyllable, "*Extraordinary!*" It expressed everything: admiration for the wonderful, royal beauty of which she was so proudly unmindful; curiosity about the haughty reserve she kept up so strictly; reverence for the powers of mind she

never cared to display; pity for the tender suffering of a woman's heart that now and then, when she thought no one saw, was allowed to write its name in her sweet eyes. Ah! the study and the watch were softening ministers in his heart; the sharp ring of metal coins was finding a rival there that brought pleasure it had never offered him.

On a day when Florry was free from lessons, Mrs. James invariably went away in the morning and did not return till night had fallen. Then her cautious watcher would observe that, for several succeeding days, a little gleam of sunshine dwelt quietly amongst the clouds on her face; she was more cheerful, less silent, more inclined for society, and if he happened to catch a glimpse of her when she was thinking—an occupation of which she seemed very fond—a smile on her lips said her thoughts had some happiness to turn aside their usual bitter and sorrowful current. All these changes in her demeanor were so very slight, however, that to an ordinary observer they would have been entirely imperceptible. Where she went was, of course, a tantalizing mystery to him, and some method of penetrating it, a matter of serious deliberation on his part. To follow her was a thing his rude, but true, sense of honor forbade; to inquire of others regarding her, a fruitless effort, since it appeared that no one knew her, and no method but these could possibly occur to him. But on the day my story opens, Florry's birthday, chance or fortune favored him.

A friend of his, a stranger in the city, asked him to obtain for him the privilege of going through the Catholic Orphan Asylum for Boys. He knew the place well; it was one where his peculiar generosity had often found objects; memories of himself growing up in desolation and ignorance made his heart look kindly upon the home for such as he

had been in the days when he swept crossings. So he often visited the place, and as often left behind him solid tokens of his presence. He liked to watch the boys, and was allowed willing admittance to their rooms by the Superiors. To see him amongst them, you would indeed scarcely believe him to be the Luke Lawton denominated stingy and cruel by the public. The hard, brown face so softened, so lit by genial smiles; the friendly hand extended to the little crowd full of clamorous joy that he was there; the hearty, kind voice answering their welcome, would mystify you completely. He was metamorphosed as by a spell—a spell was truly about him there, for there, as he often said to himself, he always forgot there was such a thing in the world as The Dollar. Accompanying his friend to the place this day, he found a Sister to show the party through the house, and then betook himself to the boys' playground, saying, "A view of what went on there would interest him more than a view of the building."

After five minutes of hand-shaking, and five more spent in answering exclamations, he was informed by one busy little fellow, who held on to his coat, that they'd "got a new boy" since he was there.

"A new boy, Dick; why you often get new boys, don't you?"

"Yes, sir; we git 'em every day, but you wern't here for mor'n a month, and he's the only new un all that time, so you see he's awfully new."

"Where is he?"

"Why he's got a mother, an' she came to see him to-day, so he's with her."

"And what kind of a boy would you call him, now, Dick?"

"A precious queer one, I tell you, Mr. Lawton—not like us, no how."

"Is he good?"

"Yes, sir, awful good; he never plays, nor licks nobody, nor does

nothin'. Gosh! he's like a girl" (this with ineffable contempt).

A smile upon the listener's face.

"He's a swell, I think," broke in one of the larger boys; "stuck up, you see, Mr. Lawton, that's it."

"No, he isn't, Mr. Lawton," said a delicate little fellow; "he's good to me, and reminds me of my brother that died. And, to-day, his mother brought him two peaches, and he slipped away and gave one of them to me, because he thinks I'm sick." His thin cheek was flushed with the speaking, and he shrunk back as if he were ashamed of having said so much.

Luke Lawton patted him kindly on the head—

"Stand up for him then, boy, you're right." His voice was very tremulous—a vision of a ragged little crossing-sweeper long ago, sharing his crust with another, was conjured up by the child's words.

"Want to see him, Mr. Lawton?" cried Dick, the first speaker, "want to see Paul—that's the new boy?"

"Yes; but is not he with his mother?"

"She don't care; they're right down there," pointing to a little summer-house covered with vines.

"Come along then," he laughed a ringing laugh, and threw a handful of nickels in the air, "who'll leave now?"

How he enjoyed the scramble! how he rubbed his hands and roared, while they tumbled over each other, and "pitched into" each other, and performed that wonderful crowd of gyrations that no other known animal but a boy *can* perform!

"Soft, easy!" he whispered to himself, and on the backs of the stooping scramblers he sent a shower of nuts.

Did you ever hear a boy cry "ouch," a monosyllable peculiar to boys alone? If you did, you can imagine the extraordinary din that saluted his ears in return for the blows. But when the blows turned

out to come from nuts, what a scene ! Luke Lawton grew scarlet in the face with his merriment, and sat down to laugh comfortably. What were dollars to him then ? They were heaps of dust—he had made the boys happy.

Softly, softly, a wee, spare hand was laid on his arm. He turned and saw the pale-faced child.

"Mr. Lawton please—"

"Well, my boy, run get some nuts and cents."

"No, sir, thank you, sir ; they may have them all, if you'll only—"

"Well, what ? I'll do it. Out with it."

The upturned face was so wan, and lonely, and beseeching.

"Come," was the sweet, little whisper, "come get to know Paul, maybe you can do him some good, sir ; and he's so kind to me, and I can't—"

"Go on boy, go on ;" the voice was husky.

"I can't ever do anything for him, but get you to know him."

The beautiful tale in the eager face ! Ah ! what dimmed Luke Lawton's eyes as he looked and listened ? He stood up silently, half dreaming, and followed the guidance of the wasted little hand.

It led him to the threshold of the green summer-house, and there, with the back toward him, sat a stately figure of a woman all draped in black, her long, dark hair straying gracefully about her shoulders and bosom, and sometimes rippling into shining waves upon the way. Leaning against this, with face upturned, was a second, the figure of a boy, not round of form, and free of limb, and quivering with the quick life belonging to his age, but shrunken and stooped, and quiet in its wearied position. And the face looking up to the mother's ! Like one of a child made aged by some sudden blight ; one that could never seem young again, striking in its weird expression of that blight and that end to

youth. But the little forehead was a temple of intellect ; the large gray eyes were exquisite with thought beyond a boy's ; these were full of a beauty too grand for the looker, just then looking on, to find. A crutch lay beside the little form, and one limb hung useless on the mother's dress—poor Paul was a cripple.

"Mamma," said he, "I wish God would let me live with you and papa again."

"Papa ; never ! Oh, my darling, my poor child !" There was agony in the voice, and to Luke Lawton's ear it was not a strange one. She turned her face to hide it from the boy—it looked full upon him, pale, suffering, beautiful beyond words—Mrs. James's !

Astonished for the moment, she said nothing ; confused past expression, he was silent too. As the wonder slowly faded from her eyes, a deadly terror seemed to take its place ; her hand involuntarily grasped the boy as if she feared being deprived of him ; the movement spoke more eloquently than words, and to it Luke Lawton replied :

"Safe as ever, Mrs. James, safe as ever. The whole thing's an accident, 'pon my honor. I know no more now than before ; but—but," he hesitated and looked kindly into her eyes, "suppose you'd trust me, ma'am ?"

She cast a tender glance upon her crippled boy.

"In what?" faltered her pallid lips.

"In whatever you want help about," was the straightforward but very gently spoken reply ; "'pon my honor I'd be glad to do something for you."

"Come here, Paul—your little friend here brought me to see you."

His quick eye had found out that the proud woman was conquering emotion, and he wished to relieve her from an immediate reply by this mode. The child took his crutch and came over to him ; he stood be-

fore him leaning on it, and looking up into his face for a moment, then as if satisfied with what he read there, said courteously, with a well-bred air quite winning in itself:

"You are very kind, sir; I am sure I am obliged to you for coming."

"Not at all, my fine fellow; I'm sorry I disturbed your mother, though."

"She will not mind it," said Paul, "since you are her friend, and I am sure you are. It was I, sir"—and he pointed to her scattered tresses, "who tossed her hair so much; I like to play with it, and I didn't think any one would see us."

"All right," answered Luke Lawton, "no excuse needed for that, Paul. Tell me, boy, how old are you?"

"Twelve, sir."

"And suppose you were a man now, what would you like to be?"

The pale eager face glowed in a moment, the lips parted, but stopped in the act, and then a sigh came from them.

"No use," he said in a wearied way, "I can never be it now, never. Mamma," he turned, and was clasped to her heart, where he hid his trouble. She was quite calm now; her wonderful store of self-control had indeed been all called into requisition to make her so, but it had won the battle, and as she tenderly held her arms around the boy, she said to Mr. Lawton with the sweetest possible courtesy—it was easy to see, the same from which Paul's had been modelled,

"Mr. Lawton, if for the present you will excuse me from a longer interview, I will, at some other time, express my gratitude for your kind intentions."

"Certainly, Mrs. James, certainly; it is better to wait. Good-by, Paul, boy; we'll know each other better after awhile."

He walked away, and when he got beyond ear-shot of the summer-

house, gave vent to his feelings in one prolonged and astounded exclamation,

"Extraordinary!"

"Mr. Lawton," said the voice of the pale child.

"Well, boy."

"I know what Paul wants to be—ain't you as rich as the man that makes the greenbacks?"

He laughed. "Not quite, but what does Paul want to be?"

"One of them men that makes big pictures like what's in the chapel, sir, over the altar. He can make first-rate little pictures now himself, and you ought to hear how beautiful he talks about them. He says his mother's the purtiest picture in the world."

"Not far wrong," assented Luke, "though I guess he hasn't been quite all over it from Terra del Fuego to Australia, which bounds it. Right enough."

"He upsets her hair to make her look like one, he says. And, sir, he draws her everywhere. Couldn't a rich man make him be what he wants, Mr. Lawton?"

"Yes, if he'd be let, boy—but obstacles *will* happen to the best intentions. That mother now, as you say, is a handsome picture, but extraordinary, boy, extraordinary. Come, don't you want anything for yourself? You ask all for Paul."

"It is for myself," said the generous little heart, "when it is for Paul—please do something for him, sir."

"I will," and he cleared his throat, "if I'm let, that is to say."

The little face brightened, and the hot, wasted hand of the orphan grasped the moneyed one fervently.

"Thank you, sir," spoke the quiet, ailing voice; "I know you'll do it, and I'm very glad. *Paul will be great!*"

The thought seemed enough for him, and he was silent till Luke parted from him to rejoin his friends. More than once the rich man turned

to watch the little figure, as it slowly made its way to the playground; more than once, the beautiful tale its pleadings had written on his heart, drew him towards the past in his own life, when such another had loved him, as this poor orphan loved Paul. For the sake of that time he would do what he could for both. With this thought in his mind he went home.

When he arrived there, he found the house infested by innumerable young "sylphs," between the ages of twelve and fifteen, in full evening dress, upon which it suddenly struck him that Florry's birthday party was about to take place. He had hardly resolved this solution of the sylphs in his mind, when that young lady herself bounded into his arms, all dress and curls. He was pleased, for he was fond of her.

"What an old blunderbuss I am, Floy," he said; "I don't carry birthday presents in my pockets. What will I do; will you trust me?"

"Yes, Pa, but you carry something in your pockets that will buy presents."

"Oh! that's it, is it? Well, where's the mouth of the Orinoco?"

"Near Terra del Fuego, of course, Pa. Don't make me say geography to-day, please don't."

"There, then." He gave her two bank notes. "Don't dance them white slippers off to-night, Floy."

"What a splendid Pa!" and she was gone.

But the "splendid Pa" wandered about the great house till he came to a lonely supper, served out for him by a servant. As to any one in the shape of an affectionate wife or daughter to share it with him, or keep him company during the rest of the evening, he knew better than to imagine such a creature existed for him. His money had not bought him that—his feminine appendages were women of fashion, and to-night he was a cipher. So he took his cigar and evening paper, and sat

down for a comfortable "smoke." He read quietly enough for awhile, and puffed blue clouds around him most indefatigably as he went on. But suddenly this "even tenor" of things was interrupted; in place of a puff came a particularly emphatic "Extraordinary!" the cigar was laid down, the paper coned with an intensity of study speaking of no ordinary amount of interest; finally it was folded, put carefully into a breast pocket, and the following curt decision uttered:

"Something wrong somewhere! Extraordinary."

Then the solid brows were bent in thought; the dying cigar sent up its odor in vain; Luke Lawton smoked no more, he was solving a problem. The solution lasted half an hour, and another decision, uttered aloud, broke the stillness of the quiet room.

"Not on her side; the wrong is somewhere else—there's a rascal in the case evidently."

Another interval of thought, another short soliloquy.

"Wonder if she'll let me help her! Extraordinary woman."

Almost with the words came a knock at the door, and in a moment Mrs. James stood before him. She was as if nothing had happened that day, calm in voice, easy in manner, the beautiful light that he now knew came from seeing her child shining in her eyes, a gentle smile on her lips.

"Are you disengaged, Mr. Lawton?" she asked.

"Certainly, certainly, ma'am; sit down. I'm glad to see you."

"For which I offer you my thanks. You were good enough to-day, sir, to make an offer of help, which you thought I needed. I do need it: I have come to ask it."

"Very sensible, Mrs. James. Command my services, such as they are."

"You have my gratitude, sir; it is not my way to speak much of what I feel, but the feeling is none the less true for that."

"I believe you, Mrs. James. Now what can I do for you?"

"Act as if you did not know I existed."

"Extraordinary! But, excuse me, ma'am, I can't."

"It is necessary to my safety, Mr. Lawton. If you were less in earnest with me than I take you to be, my only comment on to-day's incident would have been immediate departure from this house. To live unmolested I must live alone, unnoticed either by kindness or by malice. This much explanation I offer to your goodness. If you condescend to act as I ask, I can remain here earning my bread in the security which is all I desire now. If you still persist in what, believe me, would be an injury instead of a benefit, I must go. This much do I trust to your honor."

"Extraordinary!"

There was silence then; she waiting, he pondering. At last:

"May I ask you a question, ma'am?"

"You may."

"The boy—wouldn't you prefer having him with you?"

Her calm voice changed, trembled; the stately manner thawed.

"Prefer! I would move heaven and earth to compass such a thing, but it cannot be at present. The same necessity that requires the obscurity I seek requires also that he be separated from me."

"Excuse me, ma'am, does it require too that he'll only get the education of a common charity-boy?"

At the word her proud cheek flushed.

"No," she answered.

"Then, Mrs. James, if you're not too proud to owe it to me, I'll put him where he can learn to be what he wishes—a painter, I understand."

Her lips, her fingers, her whole frame worked nervously; her face grew crimson, spite of all her usual self-command. But mother-love conquered in the struggle which

thus betrayed itself, and it answered him.

"I thank you from my heart, sir. I accept, for the boy's sake. If he lives, he shall repay you when I am dead. It will never be in my power to do so."

"Out of the question, ma'am; I would not *be* paid. Listen a minute now. You've probably heard me called a millionaire?"

"I have."

"Well, forty years ago I swept crossings. I grew up myself, and educated myself, so I am rich and ignorant. If, to-day, I could stand, poor as poverty, ma'am, but such a man as I hope Paul will be, forty years from now, I'd willingly give up my present position for it. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"But, you see, my gold can't make such a man of me now, and I'd like it to do for some one else what it can't do for me; it may have been of some use then. Paul's affliction makes education peculiarly necessary for him, and he shall have it."

"You are a good man, Mr. Lawton," she said with the most beautiful respect for him, speaking in her tone.

"No, not as I might be. Forty years ago, ma'am, I had a little friend, a pale, wornout little boy, who swept crossings with me. We shared our crusts together, and our poor lives. I fell sick, and he took care of me like my brother—" His voice trembled. "He was only my brother in poverty and toil. I'd have died only for him."

He was silent a few moments.

"Mrs. James, he was all the world to me once, but I've only a memory of him left me now. He's in his grave, ma'am, and to-day a child, a little orphan-boy, that loves Paul as he loved me when he swept crossings with me, asked me to do something for your son. I've told you now the two reasons why I wish to

te him. You understand them, e."

Most clearly, and honor them."

told them, ma'am, for fear you t go on thinking yourself under obligation to me. I hope you're

Jo, sir; and I hope I will never ch an ingrate as to *be* cured of

Vell, let it go. Remain here re as you please, ma'am, on ondition."

Jame it."

That you'll never leave, without g me notice."

promise. Good-night, sir. bless you."

e words lingered in her heart he went up to her own room, there she wearily sat down, with her bitter lot, whatever ght be. The usual package of papers lay on the table awaiting inspection. She pushed them, saying, "I will examine them morrow." She took a locket her bosom, and looked long tenderly upon the pictured face

it framed, manly and handsome, with false eyes of the most beautiful blue; a smiling mouth; a broad forehead like Paul's, set in light, waving hair. The third finger of her left hand bore a massive band of gold. With that hand to her heart, with fearful sobs shaking her frame, with bitter tears gushing from her eyes, that should have been tears of blood to seem fitting accompaniments for the face of anguish down which they streamed, her heart moaned out in a voice of woe, such as could never be written here:

"O, James! O, James! that it should have been so!"

That was all, but the tragedy of a life was veiled in the words. Half the lonely night they rang through the room, and then, sitting still with their shadow upon her face, she fell into the sleep of exhaustion. Ah! one prayer might have eased her heart, but it was unsaid. Poor mortal heart! how inefficient was its strength; how weak its pride!

(To be continued.)

THE STARRY HEAVENS.

heavens show forth the glory of God, and the firmament declareth the work of his hands."—Ps. 18.

THING is better calculated to the contemplative mind to the Author of all things than a view e starry heavens when night has a deep shade over the face of e, and the breath of winter has only converted the earth into , and the waters into crystal, as charmed the exhalations from ir, and endowed it with such a iful transparency that each little shoots its radiance on the eye, the whole sublime hemisphere s like an immense and gorgeous : studded with diamonds, a fit

temple for the worship of the Creator. The untutored savage, though he regards the stars only as so many lamps suspended from the azure vault to enlighten and cheer his abode, is struck with admiration at the gift, and, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, falls down to bless the Great Spirit who bestowed it. Ignorance and astonishment have gone still farther, and, in almost all nations, traces are to be found of the worship of the heavenly bodies, a rude, but not altogether unnatural form of religio to the uneducated

mind. The "Hosts of Heaven" are assuredly the most striking and appropriate visible emblems of the Almighty unseen, and where the mind has been unaccustomed to reflect on any objects but those which strike the senses the mistake may, without difficulty, be accounted for. Certainly such a belief is neither so strange nor so revolting as the notion of some modern atheists who contend that the world is a mere fortuitous concourse of atoms, inert matter being endowed with omniscience and omnipotence, producing the most beautiful and bountiful order and harmony.

Science, however, even in its earliest efforts, easily corrected this ignorance; and, as it advanced, opened up new wonders in the sky, which extended the views, while they intensely excited the curiosity of man, and excited his religious feelings in the knowledge and admiration of truth, like the kings of Araby and Saba, who were led by the star in the east to the adoration of "the divine WORD by whom all things were made." It does appear little less than miraculous that a puny creature like man, who is bound to a little spot of this remote planet; whose abode upon it is but threescore years and ten; whose bodily strength is inferior to that of many other animals; whose powers of vision are so limited; whose intellect, in ordinary circumstances, rises so little beyond a mere provision for daily subsistence; that this being, with faculties and means apparently so inadequate, should have been enabled, by dint of an insatiable desire of knowledge and an unwearied perseverance, to overcome so many difficulties, and to forge a key by which the mysteries of the universe have been unlocked, and a near view has been obtained of the secret springs which, under the fiat of the Creator, move the amazing machinery of the material world. Little did the early inhabitants of the earth think, when they gazed in

stupid surprise on the tiny sparks which bespangled the heavens, that each of these was a globe of fire, compared with which the earth they inhabited was but as a ball which a child tosses in his hand; or that the distance they were situated at was so amazing that a hundred millions of miles was but as the length of an infant's step. Yet these are truths now familiar to every mind, and established by demonstrations, on which skepticism itself dare not breathe a doubt.

On casting the eye across the heavens, it is arrested by a streak of faint light, which passes athwart the whole sky in the direction of east and west. This streak is called the milky way, in allusion to a well-known childish fancy of heathen mythology. When we regard the stars, with reference to this permanent band, we find that, in proportion, as they recede from it on either side, they gradually become less and less numerous, till, toward the extreme north and south, there is an obvious deficiency in the comparative richness of the garniture with which the mighty dome is adorned. On applying the telescope to the diffused light of this remarkable part of the heavens, the astronomer is lost in admiration to find that this appearance is occasioned by an amazing multitude of stars, too minute to be detected by the naked eye, and too numerous to be accurately calculated, "scattered by millions, like glittering dust, on the black ground of the general heavens." Sir William Herschel informs us that, on calculating a portion of the milky way, about ten degrees long, and two and a half broad, he found it to contain 258,000 stars, a quantity so great, in so small a space, that the moon would eclipse 2000 of them at once! Now, all these are suns probably at as great a distance from each other, as our sun is from Sirius,—a distance so incomprehensible, when stated in miles, that the best way of forming some clear idea of it,

is to compare it with the velocity of some moving body with which we are acquainted. We know of nothing so swift as light, which moves at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, and yet light would be at least three years in passing between the sun and Sirius. Let any one, then, comprehend, if he is able, the distances implied in the conception, that the minute and thickly studded sparks of the milky way, are suns, each so far separated from each other, that it would require three years for the light of the one to reach the other! And yet this astonishing view is not a mere gratuitous imagination, but a calm philosophical deduction from observed facts and obvious analogies.

But this stretch of mental powers is little, compared with what is required for comprehending the conclusions we are led to form, from other celestial phenomena. In various parts of the heavens, and in all quarters, there are discovered either small groups of stars, or certain dusky spots, called *nebulae*, which the power of the telescope has multiplied to several hundreds of greater or less distinctness and magnitude. Now, these *nebulae*, when brought under observation by a very strong magnifying power, generally are found to be vast assemblages of minute stars, "crowded together," as Sir Herschel expresses it, "so as to occupy almost a definite outline, and to run up to a blaze of light in the centre, where their condensation is usually the greatest." "Many of them," adds this astronomer, "are of an exactly round figure, and convey the complete idea of a globular space, filled full of stars, insulated in the heavens, and constituting, in itself, a family or society apart from the rest, and subject only to its own internal laws. It would be a vain task to count the stars in one of these globular clusters. They are not to be reckoned by hundreds; and a rough calculation, grounded on the

apparent intervals between them at the borders (where they are seen not projected on each other), and the angular diameter of the whole group, it would appear that many clusters of this description must contain at least 10,000 or 20,000 stars, compacted and wedged together in a round space, whose angular diameter does not exceed eight or ten minutes; that is to say, in an area not more than a tenth part of that covered by the moon."

Are these numerous spangles suns like our own, separated from each other by distances, similar to those by which our solar star is separated from the other stars of the group to which he belongs? And are we, then, to believe that the system of stars to which our sun belongs is nothing else than a nebula? And immense as are the bodies which that system embraces, and extensive, beyond all human conception, as is the space which it occupies, must we conclude that, if viewed from the distance of the other *nebulae* of which we have been speaking, it would appear but as a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand? Such is, in truth, the astonishing conclusion to which the study of celestial appearances seems inevitably to conduct us?

Now, if we are permitted, on such a subject, to argue from analogy, we may fancy to ourselves some such idea as this,—that each nebula or group of stars bears the same reference to other groups which our planetary system does to the globes of which it is composed; and that, while they may be impressed with a rotatory motion round each other, like our satellites round their primaries, there is some central point of unknown position and immeasurable dimensions, round which the whole groups of the universe revolve, like our little worlds around the sun. There are not wanting reasons for such a supposition, extravagant as it may appear. The two great laws of gravitation and inertia, by which

our own system is regulated and maintained, have been proved to exist with precisely the same powers, at least in some of the fixed stars. The probability, therefore, is, that these are universal qualities inherent in all material objects. This being granted, seems to imply the necessity of a balanced rotatory motion in every system of worlds for preserving the general equilibrium of the whole, because universal attraction must prevent any body from remaining absolutely stationary. Now, the same principle appears to apply to groups of systems which applies to systems themselves. Hence we may infer a complication of movements of the most wonderful and extensive kind, combining not merely worlds with worlds, and systems with systems, but *nebulæ* with *nebulæ*, embracing the whole material creation, and extending to infinity. What a magnificent view does this afford of

the works of the Eternal; and what a beautiful unity does it appear to give to his operations! Could we but stretch our faculties to the conception, we might figure to ourselves the Almighty, present, in some peculiar sense, in the centre of his works, and thence surveying the infinite machine which his hand had formed—groups upon groups, each containing tens of thousands of worlds, moving in constant succession before him, without confusion and without interference—rolling in an ethereal fluid, which bears light and heat in the waves of its never-falling tide, and which communicates life and intelligence and joy to organized existences over the whole, reflecting, whenever they move, the perfections of an eternal mind, and experiencing, throughout all their members, and in all their revolutions, the blessings of a Father's smile.

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

A REVERIE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

THE hundreds and thousands of travellers who are carried by the steam-winged Pegasus of the modern railroad track, in a space of time that almost annihilates distance, from one-quarter of the continent to another, are generally propelled hither and thither for the purposes of business, and the lightning-like rapidity with which they are conveyed is but a figure of the electric currents of practical thought which are circulating through their brains to the exclusion of mere pleasurable emotions. The natural vivacity always more or less evoked by travel even in the most preoccupied minds, is satisfied by what it can take in through the car-windows during the

transit from one locality to another, but rarely, indeed, save during a formal summer tour of recreation, does any one afford to stop long enough to investigate with a spirit of pleasurable inquiry the localities renowned for historical associations which may lie almost in his path. Seldom does his fiery Pegasus dart off on a by-way Helicon to strike with his iron hoof a fountain of pleasure from the rocky soil of practicality. How many thousands, for instance, who are set down in the capital city of the nation ever heed its architectural or historical glories after the first visit, but when their business is once transacted speed away as fast as they came. Some-

times, however, in these hasty transits a few spare hours come like friendly spirits with a timely admonishment, that we may improve the opportunity. So came they to us, when on a recent visit to the capital, we determined to fulfil a long-formed wish, but one which circumstances had on previous occasions prevented us from executing, namely, to visit the home and tomb of Washington. How familiar are not their gracefully shaded proportions to our eyes from earliest childhood through the instrumentality of fine engravings and homely prints? How often has not the desire leaped in our breasts to visit those sacred precincts? There is a natural emotion in the breast of humanity which hallows such spots even in the eyes of those whose souls are not always in sympathy with the reminiscences which sanctify them. How many of even England's sons and daughters, who certainly have no reason for reverencing the memory of Washington, yet knelt before his ashes with a feeling of almost holy awe, born of the simple respect which the majestic sublimity of his individual character inspires, but when native patriotism superadds to reverence the passion of gratitude and love, where is the wizard minstrel who can deftly express in comprehensible forms or figures the soul music that thrills along the awakened chords of the human heart?

We must candidly confess, however, that we were not in a particularly sympathetic or patriotic mood on the beautiful October morning, which we had selected for our pilgrimage to the storied urn and consecrated dust of our *Pater Patriæ*. Curiosity, simple, pure, and undefiled, was the prevailing sentiment which sat enthroned on that occasion, queen regent for the nonce of our mental kingdom, and not in the least ashamed are we to state the ungenerous fact, for the result proved how potent are the more exalted virtues to conquer the usurping pas-

sions of our more selfish moments. Had any of the more ennobling inspirations held sway at the time we took the cars for Seventh Street wharf, the outrageous conduct of the rival runners of the rival steamboat lines, which bid for public patronage on the Potomac, would have been well-nigh sufficient to have driven them entirely out of our minds. The dead body of Washington evidently held the same position in respect to their pockets as that of Jacob Faithful's father to his mean-souled son, since it was more profitable to them than his living form. The flaming advertisements in the Washington papers were but as smouldering embers to the lurid and red-hot appeals on the hand-posters scattered through the cars by the agents, who stood at every street corner, or rushed through the horse cars to entice the untutored and inexperienced excursionists into a firm believer of the superior advantages of the conflicting corporations they severally represented. It seems, that is if newspapers and posters spoke the truth, that the Mount Vernon Association, as owners of the estate, had given to Captain Frank Hollinshead, of the little steamboat *Arrow*, the monopoly of landing passengers at the wharf belonging to the estate, of which privilege, of course, the said Captain Frank took full advantage, charging, if our memory serves us rightly, \$1.50 for the excursion, and 50 cents as an entrance fee to the grounds and mansion, which latter the Mount Vernon Association levied as a tariff.

Now this extortionate arrangement did not at all meet with the approbation of certain parties, whose bosoms were afire with a flame of patriotic self-forgetfulness as bright as ever blazed in the breast of a Congressman, so they bethought themselves that they would build a boat for this route, and run her at less fare, and of course catch all the patronage of the patriotic pilgrimage.

The boat was built, a fine large craft, and named "Mary Washington." She was placed on the route, but where were the passengers to be landed? About a quarter of a mile below the regular steamboat landing is a little cove running into the estate, shaded by groves of fine old trees. Indeed we might remark in passing that the whole property is one magnificent grove. Near this particular spot, however, there is a little spring, or rather there is said to be one, for we did not visit it, so our disinterested opposers of monopoly, having secured a landing-place here, by what right or from whom the record sayeth not, proceeded to clear the surrounding ground, "fix up" the little streamlet, arrange benches and tables, and *presto*, their work was done. Those who contemplated a visit to the American Mecca were aroused by these clarion-voiced advertisements in the Washington journals:

"POTOMAC STEAMBOAT CO.

OPPOSITION TO MONOPOLY.

Passengers visiting the home and tomb of Washington will take the steamer Mary Washington from foot of Seventh, daily at 10 A.M., returning to the city about 4 P.M. By taking this line visitors will have a fine opportunity of visiting the beautiful *Mount Vernon Springs*, and a short stage ride over Washington's entire *farm*. Fare, including stage and admission to the grounds, \$1."

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good" is an old adage aptly supplemented by the other proverb, "When rogues fall out honest folks get their own," and the effect of running the Mary Washington to "Mount Vernon Springs," and giving her passengers a ride in an ambulance over "Washington's farm," was soon perceptible in the fact that Captain Frank Hollinshed, the pet of the patriotic petticoats of the Mount Vernon Association,

responded by a counter newspaper blast, advising the public to take the regular line, and avoid a *three hours' ride* in an ambulance over a dubious road, and thus gain that much time at the mansion and tomb. Very considerate! but the public evidently were more disposed to favor his claims on the more palpable ground that the fare was reduced for the round trip to \$1, including 25 cents admission to the house and grounds, which latter sum acted as a counter-irritant to the opposition "stage" fare, the "springs" and "farm" dodge being, to use a pure Shaksperian phrase, "too thin" to blind the public. But now, that both parties were fairly drawn in line, the battle commenced in hot earnest. The devotion displayed by them, in their zeal to convey the public, to show their veneration to the manes of Washington with the best advantage, was charming to the patriot heart, and only equalled by the venom with which they abused one another for endeavoring to gain the same end. From the moment the adventurous pilgrims set foot in the street cars which conveyed them to the wharf, they were fairly besieged with boys and men, who for squares and squares flaunted flaming posters, setting forth with Billingsgate minuteness the respective claims of their conflicting employers. At each street crossing the retiring agents were substituted by new reserves, till, by the time the wharf was reached, we felt as though our car ride from Pennsylvania Avenue had been one triumphal procession through overarching clouds of white pennons, and beds of supplicating petitions to our majestic potency. We hesitated; however,

Ere shaking our ambrosial curls,
And giving the nod, the stamp of fate,
And sanction of—a travelling patron,

to either party, we preferred deciding for ourselves rather than trust to the posters. We deeply regret that we did not preserve one of these

curiosity. It was about a foot and a half in length, embellished with a view of Mount Vernon, and reciting the whole history of the city, with the same candor that characterizes a recovered "sufferer" certificate in a medical album, proceeded to quote the decisions of the State of Virginia and resolutions thereon relative to the riparian and otherwise, of the rights of the land at the Association wharf, and the chartered rights of that body to make such regulations, the whole ending with a treatise of one of the captains that a few days he would have the *gates of Mount Vernon shut* against his brother salt, who retorted of his own boat were withdrawn without patronage, the public would soon see "the fare go up." But the fun did not end here after deciding to follow the land and go on the Arrow, the arguments of the captain were any but solemn. Success in gain-assengers had made him happy, the opposition could boast but two patrons, a man and woman, came from the deck, and looking much like a pair of lovers who placidly contented at the thought that they had it all to themselves.

We sail from Washington to Mount Vernon is exceedingly beautiful.

For fully one-half of the entire distance the glorious dome of the Capitol, enthroning on its summit the graceful statue of Freedom, soars above the rich green foliage of the Capitol Park. Yonder ancient-looking yellow building, on the hill to the right, is the far-famed Arlington House, surrounded by the hundreds of white headboards, where lie the nation's dead.

the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Here the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.

are the social glories of that ancestral home, yet fondly we

trust that angels watch tenderly over the consecrated spot where sleep the country's gallant sons,

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day.

On our left, as we glide along the sparkling river, is the Navy Yard, bordered with its long lines of graceful willows that kiss the water's edge, while in front of us lies the ancient town that rejoices in the high-sounding name of "the city of Alexandria, Va." Again to the left, upon a thickly wooded eminence, are perched, like old Rhenish castles, the so-called "defences" of our national capital, Forts Washington and Foote. Just below the latter the river makes a graceful bend, when suddenly everybody rushes to the side of the boat. What is the attraction? This is an interesting locality in our two hours' sail. We are just half way on our pilgrimage, and this bend in the river is famous for the fact that it gives us a view of the entire distance of nine miles between Washington and Mount Vernon. Looking back we still see above the distant trees,

The dome! The dome!
That wondrous dome!

while before us, embowered among the woody heights, a little flag, scarcely perceptible, save with the aid of glasses, marks the most sacred spot of American soil. The river is broad and imposing, the scenery on the left somewhat flat, but the entire Mount Vernon estate, now stretching before us on the right, is one lengthy hillock "wooded to the peak."

We said in the beginning that the prevailing sentiment in our mind on leaving Washington was sheer curiosity, and that we were not ashamed to state the fact, for the result proved how potent were the nobler emotions of the soul to assert the mastery over the lower instincts. That effect now began to grow apparent. The fact that we were nearing a point of so

much reverence was apparent in the straining eyes and excited movements of the passengers, who were composed of persons from all sections of the country, drawn together by a noted social event of the previous day, with a fair sprinkling of travelling brides and grooms, who were taking advantage of the glorious weather produced by the loveliest month of the year, and a day that for atmospheric beauty seemed to be presiding over the marriage of earth and sky, and to these we must add a few English gentlemen, who were about to do reverence to him who had received the surrendered power of Britain to her conquering Colonies long years before at Yorktown.

The Mary Washington is winding gracefully into "the springs," and we are winding into the landing place at the foot of Mount Vernon. It is a pleasing reflection that we touch for the first time the sacred soil of Virginia in its most sacred part. Slowly and solemnly, escorted by the guardians of the place and the gentlemanly officers of the boat, we wind up the gracefully running and oak-shaded path, mounting but a few steps, when suddenly the mausoleum appears before us, a plain, square, brick vault, projecting from the hillside, with massive iron gates, surmounted by the inscription, "WITHIN THIS INCLOSURE REST THE REMAINS OF GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON." A flood of sunlight is pouring through the bars, and covering with a golden pall the spotless marble of the sarcophagus, realizing in its fullest extent the exquisite line of Savage, which had for so many years run through our minds,

"The autumn sun caresses Vernon's tomb."

The sarcophagus, familiar to us by its numerous reproductions in pictures, is a plain marble slab; its only adornment being the eagle rampant supporting the flag-draped shield which is carved on the lid, and the

name WASHINGTON beneath. A sad detraction, however, to this stony coffin is an inscription on the foot, which has been painted out, leaving an ugly white band too plainly visible. In answer to our inquiries regarding this, we were told that it was the name of the donor of the sarcophagus, which was the gift of a prominent stone carver of Philadelphia, who engraved his name upon it. This was, perhaps, somewhat hypercritically regarded by the Mount Vernon Association as an advertisement, and derogatory to the sacredness of the place and the gift, which they nevertheless accepted and treated in the manner described. Beside this is another sarcophagus bearing the inscription, "MARTHA WASHINGTON." To the rear of the vault, in sealed apertures, lie the other members of the Washington family, the key leading to this portion of the vault having been thrown into the river, as a rather ridiculous but emblematic ceremony of the inviolability of the tomb. The outer apartment has been violated. During the rebellion a soldier of the Union army leaped the outer gate, and broke off one of the claws of the eagle described above. He was caught in New York with it in his possession, and it was then discovered that the deed had been done through no spirit of disrespect, but by a mind possessed with a mania for relics. This is the only instance on record of any direct offence to the sacred spot. Even during the hottest rage of the civil war the pickets of the rival armies met here and conversed, dropping their arms and mingling as brothers, as if by the natural instinct of affection over the ashes of their common father. On the left of the tomb are handsome marble obelisks to the memory of Eleanor Parke Lewis and her daughter, Mrs. M. E. Conrad, the former containing a beautiful but lengthy epitaph. On the right is a memorial shaft to Judge Bushrod

Washington. Opposite to this is the tree planted by the Prince of Wales, a sickly graft, that, without any desire to be disrespectful to the gentleman who so gracefully planted it, yet seems, to say in its mute language that the seed sown by a prince's hand cannot thrive near the ashes of the noblest exemplar of Republicanism.

Following along the winding path, we come upon the original tomb from which the remains were removed, according to the terms of Washington's will, by the executors, some forty years since, and of which it is our good fortune to possess a rare old engraving. Its tenantless depths are also viewed through latticed gates. It is in full sight of the house, at least from the third-story room on the south wing, wherein Lady Washington died, she having used that as her bed-chamber from the time of the General's death, because from its window she could always behold it. She did not regard it long, however; a broken heart having soon laid her beside him in the endless sleep of death.

But now we are at the portico of the fine old mansion itself, and quite unprepared for the charming but simple beauty of the place, disconnected even from the historic memories which would necessarily hallow it. The view up and down the Potomac from the lawn is superb through the vista of trees. To every room we do our duty; one of these, the grand dining hall, we, for reasons which we shall presently give, reserve descriptively to the last. We drink from the old Washington well the same crystal draughts he quaffed. Eating is prohibited in the main mansion, but from the old Washington kitchen we enjoy a splendid lunch, prepared daily for the visitors; the bread and butter being the product of the farm, and the splendid rich milk being distilled from its historic grasses. Then down to the cellar and wine vaults; thence

up to the parlor, which, save the historical relics it contains, does not demand particular attention. The bed-rooms next claim our notice; three of these are of peculiar interest, the one to which we have already referred, the General's room just below, and the Lafayette chamber. Most of the original furniture has been removed from the former, save the medicine table which stood near the bed, while Washington was in his last mortal struggle. On being questioned as to the reason for this, the guides told us that if suffered to remain, there would have been nothing of it spared from the ruthless depredations of the relic-hunters, which was proof against all watchfulness, so that the house is not as happily inviolate as the tomb. All the modern *imitation* furniture, even to the curtains, bed-cords, window-sashes, and sills, is yet the subject of the whittling harpies' knives and scissors, till now, to use the language of the guide, "*We just let them hack away, and when there's nothing left to hack, we give them a fresh supply of carpenter work.*" Before crossing to the Lafayette chamber, in the rear northwest end, we must inform our readers that each State of the Union has agreed to do its parts towards keeping the mansion in repair. So far New Jersey seems to have been the only one to have fulfilled this obligation of love. To the praise of that much-abused and satirized little State be it said, that she has done far more than her share, indeed, the lion's part. The old semicircular porticos, visible in almost every picture of the place, connecting the wings of the main building with the laborers' rooms and side dwellings, having been worn away by age, were being replaced during our visit, "at the expense of New Jersey," as we were told; but it is on Lafayette's chamber that this brave little State has lavished her affectionate efforts. The room is so called because it

was always occupied by him, whom Washington loved as a son, whenever he visited Mount Vernon. It is beautifully adorned, as it was in the days of the young chevalier's visits, and kept from relic-hunters by being necessarily inspected through a grating, no one being allowed to cross the threshold. The key of the Bastille, presented by Lafayette to Washington, hangs among the relics, which include a suit of Washington's clothes. In the room below, the grand dining hall, to which, from the cupola, we will now descend. Disregard we the antique furniture, quaint old mirrors, and various relics of old-time grandeur, for there is something which rivets our gaze and holds us for the time in spellbound rapture. It is Rembrandt Peale's celebrated equestrian portrait of Washington before Yorktown. We feel almost inclined to say that no one has ever seen a portrait until he has looked upon this masterpiece of painting, or at least the face of Washington, for the rest of the painting is very poor in delineation of figure, purposely so, perhaps, in order to make the hero's face more brilliantly conspicuous. It is a remarkable fact, one which, as an American, we confess with an honest shame, that to an Irishman belongs the honor of having written the only poem on Washington worth reading. That man is John Savage; and, as we gaze upon this other poem on canvass, that face so lifelike that we can scarcely realize it to be anything less than nature, the full force of Savage's majestic verses bursts like inspiration upon us:

"How vain the daring to compute in words
The height of homage that the heart would render,
And yet how proud to feel no speech affords
Harmonious measure to the subtle chords
That thrill the soul beneath thy placid splendor."

And yet this portrait does not represent the father of his country in what an artist would take or an admirer would select as his best mood, for here he is angry,—the only instance on record except that memor-

able day on the burning plains of Monmouth, when he was known to have been angry,—yet even Washington's anger was sublime. Here he is represented accompanied by his staff, with the gallant Frenchman at their head, riding forth on his massive white charger, and with a look of godlike dignity, such as could sit with grace only on his brow; he expresses the always mastered passion of his righteous zeal at the unwarrantable delay of the engineers, who have thrice dallied with his orders, as, addressing the chief of the corps, he exclaims: "*Sir, if these intrenchments are not commenced before ten minutes, I shall know the reason why!*"

Let us sit down before this sublime conception of the artist's genius. But no, we must up and away, for time presses. Out among the neat, tasty, and old-fashioned out-houses, with their queer little slanting roofs, to talk awhile with the servants, thence through the beautiful garden, blooming with the floral treasures so carefully cultivated by the Association, for the purpose of constantly furnishing a liberal supply of beautiful bouquets for the visitors, who can obtain as many of these mementoes as they desire for the small sum of twenty-five cents apiece, or if they prefer, they can choose from among the hundreds of choice pot-plants and exotics in the green-house, the proceeds of which go towards the maintenance of the estate. To-day this garden is gloriously beautiful, for nature has arrayed herself in the royal robes of majestic October to do honor to departing summer. But yet another pleasure awaits us; the old gardener hands us a few magnolia leaves, some freshly gathered, others preserved by varnishing, and in response to our proffered offering, shakes his head, and replies, "No, we do not receive payment for these." They are gathered from yonder tree at the back of the kitchen, the only one on the estate planted by Washington's hand; they are distributed

as a memento to each visitor, in order that he may take at least one gratuitous souvenir from a spot where ancient hospitality is only displaced by stern necessity, which needs the contributions of the pilgrims to this shrine to aid in the conservative work of love. In the early spring when the tree is in bloom, the flowers are donated instead of the leaves.

And now, as the afternoon sun begins to tint the western hills with its flood of autumnal radiance, we find ourselves again on the bosom of the broad Potomac, which has agreeably disappointed us by its imposing breadth and depth. Sociability begins to reign supreme among the hitherto distant passengers.

The inspiration of the memory of a common father of our common country has worked its effect. We are all aglow now with the gracious and high sentiments which were wanting when we started hither in the early morning. Our "lovers" on the "Mary Washington" seem to have discovered a new bond of sentimentality as they disappear far *ahead* of us towards Washington. We congratulate ourselves, however, for loss in time by the superior quality and quantity of the "Arrow's" company. Then we begin to tell each other about our ancestors who fought in the Revolution. One lady tells how her grandmother saw him ride over the Housatonic at Bridgeport, and we described how he acted when he made his "headquarters" at our great-grandfather's house on the eve of the battle of Brandywine. Then some one who wants to be witty suggests that the trite platitude about Washington being first in the hearts of his countrymen, was not true as applied to his wife, for he was *only her second love*. A sickly smile greets this weak pun, and all goes on smoothly until, as we suddenly round into the pier at Washington, a spiteful breeze relieves us of our hat, and donates it as an offering to the Potomac, much to

the malicious merriment of a group of young ladies on the deck, of whose presence we rather unsuccessfully endeavored to seem oblivious, and then as we step into a street car and try to look philosophical, our equanimity is rudely shaken from its fancied security by an urchin crying out, "*Look at that feller what's lost his hat!*"

We run the gauntlet of various similar comments until we reach our hotel, when with head covering renewed and mind at rest we sit down to ruminate over the beautiful memories of a day well spent. With hearts saddened with the tenderness of parting from the beautiful spot, we have left our mental benedictions on Mount Vernon, but it has given us an imperishable memento of our visit in that wondrous face of Washington, that will ever be carried like a miniature on our hearts.

Would that we could reproduce its inspiration on the minds of all our countrymen. Every year we celebrate his birthday with outward rejoicing, but do we honor him with the more practical homage of our imitation? Alas! we can too truly answer, No. He is the most sublime exemplar of merely moral grandeur that the world has ever produced. Yet even the man who believes in moral excellence apart from any peculiar religious obligations fails to follow his glorious footsteps. Dying rapidly, if not quite dead, are all the truths, moral, social, and political, which he left as a legacy to his country. We need not ask for proofs of this; they are too palpably evident in the ruins of public virtue and private worth which lie scattered around us. God save the land of Washington, and keep his memory green, for while it is fresh in the hearts of the people, there is yet hope that their virtue is not gone.

A few days later, and from the "royal seat of Woodstock," on the upper Patapsco, the splendid scholasticate of the Jesuits, we stand al-

most within the shadow of another mansion and tomb, dear to every American, but especially American Catholics, the home and resting-place of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. We will not describe Carrollton manor now, but standing near the almost mingling dust of Washington and Carroll, we will exclaim, Let the love of God and

country spring, Phoenix-like, from their ashes. Rear aloft their statues, chant their memories with endless benedictions, and from the embers of their tombs, as from the altar fires of devotion, glowing with the smothered but none the less potent ardor of highest emprise, light, with the vigor of a new flame, the Centennial fires of social virtue and political truth.

THE LEGEND OF THE MADONNA'S VEIL.

I.

At the entrance of the mountain pass called Bocca San Antonio, through which the road runs most from Bastia to San Fiorenzo, lies a straggling village called San Carlo. Its position is perhaps one of the most picturesque in Corsica. The mountain sides above it and below are clothed with oak, beech, chestnut, pine, and cork, mixed with the wild olive and the turpentine tree. The coloring of the foliage in spring and autumn is gorgeous beyond description, and the value of the timber is immense. From those woods—forgotten, it would seem, in the speculations of modern times, the Carthaginians drew the material strength which rendered their navy so terrible to Rome. Since their power passed away, many a master has borne rule over Corsica, whose blood has been mingled with the native race, but the mountains round San Carlo are still unchanged and clothed with beauty as of old.

The village is chiefly composed of poor dwellings inhabited by herdsmen, and some outlying farms, small and ill kept—rather worse, in fact, than those held by the so-called poor *statesmen* of Cumberland. The villagers in general are frugal though

indolent, and prefer the calling of herdsmen to harder work, and of such labor as there is the chief burden is thrown upon the women. The spirit of jealousy and revenge, inherent in the Corsican, is stimulated by the minute subdivision of territorial patrimony, and there is hardly a village to be found where some family feud is not fostered and perpetuated. If the father die and leave a wrong unavenged, it becomes the inheritance of the son, who accepts it as a sacred trust to be fulfilled at any cost.

San Carlo was no exception to the general rule. It had its grudges and its smouldering wrongs, and out of one of these arose a dismal story.

Diogo Hernandez had avenged an injury done to his father by killing the offender. Pursued for the crime, he fled to the woods, and there led the life of a brigand. His name became the terror of the country round, but for years he escaped the strong arm of the law. At last, a government officer having been killed in an affray with him, the authorities were roused, and an armed force was sent to watch every issue from the forest and cut off all possible means of escape. By extraordinary ability and address, Diogo continued to elude

their vigilance. One hour it was declared positively he was in such a spot; the next, as if by magic, he appeared in another; and then as suddenly left his pursuers at fault and was nowhere to be found. The truth is, Diogo had friends who played into his hands, and again and again misled the officials on the watch for him. But the government was firm, and at last his capture became only a question of time. Stringent orders were sent to take him dead or alive. The police redoubled their vigilance, and finally ascertained beyond doubt the limits within which he was concealed. There was not a road nor a pathway he could traverse but at the peril of his life. He was hunted up and down like a beast of prey.

On the borders of the wood was a small farm, rather of a better class than the farms in general about San Carlo. The owner, whose name was Paolo Falconi, had been Diogo's playfellow in childhood. He was a man of fierce and violent passions, and his household trembled before him when he was made angry. Since Diogo took to the woods, Paolo had grown richer, and whispers were afloat that if not a brigand himself, he knew more about brigands than an honest man ought to know. He had not been to the sacraments for several years, and held aloof from his neighbors, who, in their turn, seemed by tacit consent to shun his society.

It happened one morning, when the chase after Diogo was at the hottest, that Paolo had to go to a fair some miles off, and chose to take his wife Giacinta with him. A small load of hay, the scanty produce of ill-cultivated land, had been put down by the dwelling the preceding evening. Giacinta, while she was fastening her white linen veil at the back of her head, in preparation for her expedition, told her little Giuseppe to stack up the hay in some better order during her absence, and then, giving him a sort of sweet cake made of chestnuts, she went away to get

the mules ready for their share of the day's work. Paolo got his whip, and they were both just setting off when a thought seemed to strike him. He got off his mule and went back to Giuseppe.

"Giuseppe," said he in a low voice, "if Diogo Hernandez should come here and ask for shelter, hide him; the bloodhounds are close upon his heels." Then he mounted his mule again, gave it a little stroke with his whip, and they rode off, Giacinta turning round and nodding to Giuseppe as long as she could see him.

When he was left alone, the child did what his mother had told him to do before she came back. He stacked up the hay as well as he could, but he was only eight years old, and it took him a long time. He was quite tired when he had finished, so he fetched the cat and her kittens to play with, got out the chestnut-cake, and sat down to enjoy himself. He had quite forgotten all about Hernandez the brigand, and was quietly finishing his feast, when suddenly the gate was burst open, and Diogo rushed through, exclaiming, "Hide me, hide me! They are upon me!"

"Get under that great heap of hay," said Giuseppe with ready intelligence, "and I'll cover you up. They'll be sure to find you if you go into the house."

Quick as lightning, Diogo took the hint, and buried himself beneath the hay. Giuseppe smoothed it just enough to look as if it had never been disturbed, and then fetched the cat and her kittens and put them on the top of it. The cat liked the warm sun; and as she lay there dozing with her eyes half shut, no one would have suspected she was keeping watch over Diogo Hernandez the brigand.

Five or six minutes afterwards, Giuseppe saw a party of gendarmes pass and repass the gate. They spoke together for a moment. Then their leader came in, followed by two of

his men. He was a cousin of Paolo's, and his name was Antonio.

"Good morning, Giuseppe," said he. "Where is your father?"

"Gone to the fair with my mother, and I am to take care of the farm till they come back," said Giuseppe, with a little air of importance.

"O, indeed!" said Antonio; "is there no one within? Has no one been calling on your father?"

"There's no one in the house," said Giuseppe, "and no one has asked for my father. Would you like to walk in, cousin Antonio?"

"I'm convinced he's on the farm," said Antonio, turning to his comrades.

"Not a quarter of an hour ago he was on the road, and I know he can't have passed the bridge; they are keeping a sharp lookout for him there."

As he spoke, he went into the house, followed by the two gendarmes, with the air of a man who means to prove what he says. When he came out again, the search had been made, and made in vain. Antonio and his men stood looking at each other. The cat was sleeping on the hay, and Giuseppe was blowing soap-bubbles.

Antonio was perplexed. Still, *he must be here*, was the conclusion he came to internally.

"Giuseppe," said he, "I want to talk to you." Giuseppe came near.

"You have not seen any one go by the farm?"

"Go by the farm?" said Giuseppe.

"Yes; you haven't seen Diogo Hernandez — the brigand, you know?"

"Diogo Hernandez, the brigand," repeated Giuseppe. "I saw a man, and I saw a woman with a mule going along the road, and I saw Agnese carrying fagots."

"But, Diogo; didn't you see him?" persisted Antonio. "A tall man, with black eyes and a black beard?"

"Black eyes and a black beard?" said Giuseppe. "I saw a tall man driving a flock of sheep all with six

horns, cousin Antonio. I wish father would buy some six-horns; ours have only four."

"Well, perhaps he will, some day," said Antonio. "I'll talk to him about it. But what was the man's name?"

"I don't know," said Giuseppe; and he blew another bubble.

"Diogo is here," said Antonio to himself.

"Giuseppe," continued he aloud, "you haven't seen my new watch?"

"O, how pretty!" exclaimed the child; "how very pretty!"

"Yes, isn't it pretty?" said Antonio.

"It's beautiful, beautiful. I never saw anything so beautiful."

"Have you a watch, Giuseppe?"

"O no," said the child.

"Should you like to have one?" said Antonio.

"O, cousin Antonio, I should indeed; but a watch costs a great deal. Mother does not think she could save enough to buy me one even for my first communion."

"Suppose I were to give you this," said Antonio, "should you like it?"

"O, cousin Antonio, you know you are only making game of me. It is much too beautiful."

"Yes, it's very beautiful," said Antonio, "take it in your own hands and look at it. I'll show you the inside. Hark! it strikes the hours."

Giuseppe was mute between astonishment, admiration, and hope.

"Giuseppe," said Antonio, lowering his voice, "if you will tell me where Diogo is hidden, I will give you this watch for your own."

"For my own, cousin Antonio?"

"Yes, for your own. Now you know quite well Diogo came in here a quarter of an hour ago. Where did you hide him?"

"Came in here?" said Giuseppe. "Cousin, would you like to go to see the two little kids?"

"Very much," said Antonio, his tone of voice not betraying a shadow of impatience; "but first tell me

Diogo. He came in here, you and you hid him."

"Did he?" said Giuseppe.

"Yes, you hid him. I know all that. Isn't the watch a beauty? Now you how to wind it up, and you'll know how to do it every

There, turn the key gently tops. Why you do it as well as you had had a watch all your life. Now, where is Diogo hid? Now I'm going to give you the watch when you've told me."

Giuseppe looked at the watch and sadly at Antonio's musket.

"I don't wish to hurt him. I'll leave you to take the greatest care

"What I want is to keep him. Only tell me where he is hid;" and he put the watch into Giuseppe's

"You would like it, wouldn't

yes," said Giuseppe.

"But you don't like to tell me Diogo. Well then, if you rather not, I won't ask you to do so. Only just make me a sign. No, I won't take the watch back again, it's your very own. Now, show me."

For poor Giuseppe! He looked up in Antonio's face, and turned the watch slightly in the palm of the hand. In an instant he had taken the hint, but he could give the signal to his Diogo, springing from his lair, his desperate energy ran for his life, through the open gate, and for the wood. His sudden action, and the almost superstitious terror which his name inspired, led his pursuers for an instant to give him a momentary advantage. Antonio remarked, with a face and vexed smile, that in minutes more they need only look a little sharper to be sure of

He went out, and Giuseppe was left with the gold watch in his hand. He did not understand the nature of mischief he had done Di-

Diogo, but a vague misgiving of impending trouble took possession of his poor little heart. The cat and her kittens, scared from their resting-place, had slunk away, and he felt lonely and miserable.

Half an hour passed away. It seemed a much longer time to Giuseppe, and then he heard his father's voice.

"Has any one been here?" was his first inquiry.

"Yes, cousin Antonio has been here," said Giuseppe; "he gave me this gold watch."

"Antonio been here!" said Falconi. "He did not come here for nothing. He does not give away gold watches for nothing. Diogo has been here, and you have betrayed him."

As he spoke, the sound of fire-arms was heard in the wood hard by. Giacinta turned pale. Paolo went to the gate, waited there a second, and then walked out into the road. Presently he saw four of the gendarmes bearing a man on a sort of bier made of branches. He was not dead, but wounded and a captive. It was Diogo. They carried him into the court before Paolo's house and sprinkled him with water. He revived, and, raising himself up a little, slowly pronounced the words, "The son of Paolo Falconi has betrayed me;" and as they bore him past the dwelling on their way back to the town, he spat upon the door, exclaiming, "This is the house of a traitor!"

Falconi's brow grew dark. "The house of a traitor!" he repeated, compressing his lips; "that shall it never be." Giacinta looked at him, and shook from head to foot. He walked into the house and took down his gun. "Follow me," said he to Giuseppe.

Trembling with fear the child instinctively obeyed. Giacinta drew near.

"Remain at home," said Paolo, fiercely. Giacinta knew her husband too well to dare to offer opposition

to his will, but her heart died within her. "Mother of God," said she, turning to her Madonna and falling on her knees, "pray for me, pray for my boy." A voice within her seemed to answer, "None ever invoked the Mother of God in vain."

Paolo walked quickly to the wood and through the trees. There were traces in the pathway of the late affray. Branches broken down and trampled under foot, and earth torn up, told of a desperate struggle. Paolo took no heed, looked neither to the right nor left, but strode on till he came to an open space shut in by trees. There he set his gun against a tree, and made a grave. It was not a grave large enough to hold a man. Giuseppe was not nine years old, and slightly and delicately made. He stood by, white with undefined terror. Paolo took up his gun.

"Say your prayers," said he.

"Father!" said Giuseppe, in a choked voice.

"Say your prayers," repeated Paolo, in the same hoarse tone.

"Father!" sobbed the child, as his hand clutched at something which he wore round his neck.

"Say your prayers," said Falconi, sternly.

"Father! father!" shrieked Giuseppe, falling on his knees.

Falconi paused one instant, pointed his gun, fired, and Giuseppe fell to the ground bathed in his own blood. As he lay, the little hand fell, bleeding and lacerated; and Paolo saw that it had loosely held a now sadly defaced medal which he had himself tied round his child's neck the day of his baptism. Paolo had not always been a wicked man. He had abused the gift of faith till his own bad passions had got the mastery in his soul, but it was not dead. A sudden revulsion of feeling, bringing with it a horrible sensation of sickness, came over him, and he swooned away.

When Paolo came to himself again the sun was going down, and he no

longer saw Giuseppe. The grave had been filled up, and a rude wooden cross planted upon it. The gloom of the forest seemed intolerably oppressive, and he turned away to find the path that led towards the high road. He thought of Cain, and of Abel's blood crying from the ground to God. And then he had to face Giacinta! Her goodness and her griefs in contrast with his own wickedness and cruelty made his reflections unendurable. He could not stifle remorse, but he forced back repentance, and his heart grew proud and hard again.

Poor Giacinta! Giuseppe was her only child. The curé, at her prayer, had sought Falconi in the wood. He it was who had filled up the grave and planted the wooden cross, and then gone back to tell, as best he might, the direful tidings to Giacinta. Did she hear him? Did she understand his words? She hardly knew. She gave the gold watch into his hands, and told him to sell it for the poor; and then she tottered to the Calvary in the church, and lay before the bleeding image of the Crucified. There she made her sacrifice, and offered up her Giuseppe with Jesus on the Cross. She strove to say, Thy will be done; and again she seemed to hear the words, "None ever invoked the Mother of God in vain." A mighty strength seemed mingled with her misery and helplessness. As she lay there, stricken and stupified, hours passed away unheeded, but at last she got up and mechanically went home. A dreadful stillness reigned over the place. Giacinta shed no tear. She fetched food, bread, and fruit, and the bitter honey of the country, and spread them on the table ready for the appointed hour. When she sat down at the further end of the room, rocking herself to and fro, one thought chasing another through her mind without any power of the will to control them. Would her husband be brought up for judg-

? Would it pass for an accident? Could it anyhow be condoned? Common, hard pictures, the details of what might happen to-morrow, came and went before her—little imaginary incidents she would not for worlds have let run out aloud. She seemed to have no power to grieve, and asked herself whether her heart were changed to stone.

One evening Paolo came. He had only to look towards the door to see that she knew all. He took down a flask of spirits from the shelf, drank from it, and then lay himself on the bed in the room. No word was exchanged between them.

The next day it was all over the village that Giuseppe was missing. The father had left him in the wood, no trace of him was to be found. Giovanni, the herdsman, was of opinion he had been kidnapped. "Goats' men," he said, "would be sure to be on the watch for redoubt." "Of course they would," said the curé; and gradually it was a general impression that he had been carried off. Giacinta's face turned her neighbors into silence. She had never seen grief like hers. As strange, they said, she shed her tears.

On the third day they fetched the boy.

He found Giacinta in delirium. The Madonna, she said, had taken the boy; but Paolo had fallen into a horrible pit, and broken a watch, and they were going to fetch him. The good curé tried to comfort her, but in vain. The sound of Paolo's voice made her shake with terror; and once, when he discharged his gun as he came near the door, she fell into convulsions. The curé gave but faint hopes of her recovery; but on the evening of the day she slept, and, on awaking, she was cured. He smiled, and said to her, "None ever invoked the aid of God in vain." She looked at him with an expression of resigna-

tion indescribably sweet. The utter prostration of strength had only fortified her faith, and made her acquiescence in the will of God complete. The struggle of the body had purified the spirit, and given it undisputed victory.

When she was able to bear it, the curé told her there would be no proceedings against her husband. He had seen the préfet, who was his relation, and had much conversation, and they were satisfied Giuseppe's death could not be brought home to Falconi. Her child was safe out of the reach of wicked men, and now she must offer up her lifelong sorrow for the conversion of her husband. Giacinta could weep now, and she listened with tearful eyes. By degrees she got better, but day by day she missed the sound of little footsteps, and caught herself listening for the childish voice that so lately was like music to her ear.

II.

GIACINTA'S married life had been a hard one. She was the child of pious parents, and had been early trained to the practice of virtue. She had learned, when she knew God's will, to do it in simplicity; and the rectitude of character which springs from pure intention almost invested her with dignity, though she was only a peasant's wife. She had good sense, modesty, and beauty, and, besides, a larger dowry than was common in San Carlo, when she was given in marriage to Falconi; and at first she was happy with him, till his intercourse with Diogo had turned him from the Sacraments, and been a bar to anything like confidence between himself and his wife. She had not proffered empty words when she promised to offer up her sorrow for the conversion of her husband. She prayed alike in weakness as in strength; not with any measured length of words, but in the oblation of herself in union with her Redeem-

er, Paolo's Redeemer—Jesus, the Saviour of all.

Giacinta now saw little of Falconi. He went out early, and remained out late. At meals he rarely spoke, and his wife's patient grief seemed an incessant reproach, which stimulated his remorse, but left him still impenitent. He always avoided the curé; and if he came in his way accidentally, he refused to recognize him. The good priest took no notice; but one day, when he knew Falconi was at home, he called at the house unexpectedly, and said he thought it would do Giacinta good to have change of air. The curé at San Fiorenzo was his friend, and would find her a lodging by the sea; but she must be ready by the afternoon of the next day, when the diligence, which went once a fortnight, would pass through the village. Paolo made no opposition, and it was settled on the spot that she should go.

She stayed away several weeks, and came back an altered being. Her looks of fixed and settled grief had disappeared; and though she still smiled sadly, her countenance wore the expression of inward peace.

"Poor Giacinta is come back too soon," said Margarita to a neighbor. "It will be hard work for her to see all the children going to their First Communion."

"Well, she's off the church road," returned the neighbor; "maybe she won't hear of it. It's quite certain Paolo won't tell her."

But Giacinta was there, and walked by the side of the procession, carrying a crown of white roses to hang up in the chapel of the Madonna.

"Ay, she's thinking of that poor boy," said the neighbors to themselves, as they watched her kneeling there in prayer. And ever after, as the anniversary of the day returned, Giacinta carried a white wreath to the Mother of God.

Time passed, and the children of San Carlo grew up into youths and maidens. There was no change in

Falconi, none in Giacinta's outward life. Her husband was always morose and harsh, often unkind; but her patience was proof against it all. She prayed for him year after year with the same unremitting perseverance and the same simple faith. However long she must wait, her prayer would not be made in vain. What were five, or ten, or twenty years in the sight of the Lord God Almighty? His will was to be her will, and his time was the right time. One Sunday, the priest told the people of an ordination that was soon to take place at Bastia, and invited them to assist at the Mass he should say for the candidates. Giacinta went early to the Madonna's chapel, and hung up a white wreath; and when Mass was over, remained lost in prayer before the altar.

In the evening, when the villagers were drawing water from the well, some one said she had seen Giacinta going up the hill to night-prayers in the church.

"How that boy lives in her mind!" said another. "She always used to wish he might be a priest. Think of her carrying a chaplet for him to the Madonna after all these long years."

"Grandmother," said a young girl, "what is the story about Giuseppe?"

"Nobody knows rightly," said Agnese. "The old herdsman, Giovanni, who is dead and gone, God rest his soul! was in the secret. Some say that he was stolen; some that he was murdered in the wood, and that his own father knew of it. This I do know, that Paolo will drive his mules miles round, sooner than go through the woods after dark."

"Pity he does not drive them over the precipice, and go after them himself—an old brute!" said Filipa. "What a life he leads Giacinta!"

"He'll not drive them over the precipice," said another. "Paolo Falconi has never been the man to take too much drink. My man does

make zigzags when he comes from market sometimes, but Paolo never."

"A man who never goes to the Sacraments may well be afraid to go into the wood after dark," said the old grandmother. "Who would he be likely to meet there but the great Enemy?"

"I'll warrant he meets him wherever he goes. They've been fast friends for a long time," returned Filipa. "Why, how many Easters has he been away from Communion?"

"How many? Why, it's eighteen years since Giuseppe was lost. I remember it was that day twelvemonth Zita's mother was betrothed to Francisco, and Zita's turned sixteen. But Paolo left off going to his duties before that; from the time he grew so thick with Diogo Hernandez. But here's Giacinta going home again. Good-night, Giacinta."

"Good-night, madre," said Giacinta. "Give me your pitcher to carry, and I'll set it down for you at your own door."

"Thank you, Giacinta; and I'll say a chaplet for you in return," said the old woman, and the party broke up and took the road to the village.

An unexpected event took place in San Carlo about three years after the conversation at the well. The curé surprised the faithful one Sunday morning by announcing from the altar that a Mission would be given during the approaching Lent. It was a rare thing to hear strange preachers in a mountain village. Now and then, a friend staying with the priest gave them an exhortation or a sermon; but, as a general rule, they listened, when they kept awake, to their own padre all the year round. Now, two good religious were coming from France, and the village was all alive with expectation.

Giacinta had been at the presbytery for several days in succession, helping the priest's housekeeper with

some work for the sacristy, and was there when the two strangers arrived. Filipa and some other of the neighbors waylaid her as she came out, in the hope of being the first to hear any news she might have to communicate. Giacinta could only tell them that at seven in the evening the church bell would call them to the opening of the Retreat, and then they would learn all the regulations for the next eight days, and be able, moreover, to satisfy their curiosity about the French Fathers.

Long before seven the people were pouring into the church, and all the seats were secured before the bell began to toll. Those who had waited for its summons found only standing-room. As the last stroke ceased to sound, the curé came in, and the two Fathers with him. One was an elderly man, with gray hair, whose figure seemed bent with age and austerity. The other had not yet reached the prime of life. He was tall, and his countenance singularly beautiful. All three knelt for a few moments before the altar, and then the elder of the strangers went into the pulpit. When he began to speak, his eye lighted up, and his love of souls seemed to give him back for the hour all the fire and energy of youth. After a fervent exhortation, he explained the object of the Retreat, and fixed the hours for the different Meditations he proposed to give. F. San Fiorenzo, their countryman, he continued, would also catechize the children every afternoon, and both of them would be found daily in the church to hear Confessions.

Faith was not at a discount in San Carlo, though it might be true that charity had sometimes but an imperfect growth. The church was crowded day by day as F. Mèrigny spoke of the end of man, of death and judgment, heaven and hell. Once Paolo Falconi came in, and was seen standing near the porch; but when he heard the stern uncompromising ac-

cents which awarded hell to the impenitent, something seemed to stifle him, and he turned his back on the preacher, and went out into the open air. Giacinta's tears fell fast when she was told of it. Would he then resist this last grace? Yet, why had he come if no good impulse had stirred his heart?

The next day Paolo was on his way to his afternoon's labor, when a few heavy drops began to fall just as he went up the hill that led towards the church, and before he was at the top the horizon all around announced one of those sudden storms so common among the mountains of the South. When he reached the church, he took shelter for a few minutes in the porch, and then opened the door and went in. The catechizing was just over, and F. San Fiorenzo was beginning a little instruction. He was telling the children of our first parents before the Fall, of their beauty and dignity, their holiness and happiness. Then he told them of the angels who kept their first estate and of those who fell; then of the malice of the Devil in tempting Eve to sin; and then of God's goodness and man's ingratitude. He spoke with clearness, tenderness, and simplicity, and as he stood in the sanctuary, his figure rendered more distinct by the peculiar light which preceded the coming storm, Paolo's eyes were fixed on him with a gaze that seemed to search him through and through.

Now and then the Father kept up the attention of the children by some playful allusions to the manners and customs of the country. He seemed to know all their local habits, and used expressions almost peculiar to San Carlo. He had just returned to a graver tone, when a vivid flash of lightning illumined the church, followed by a peal of thunder that seemed to shake the very walls. It was succeeded by another and another. The Father broke off his instruction and said kindly to the

frightened children, "Come nearer to the sanctuary. We are going to sing the Litany of the Madonna. The storm won't hurt us."

"*Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison,*" sang the children as they drew round in loving confidence. Then came the sublime address to the Blessed Trinity, followed by the sweet appeal to the Mother of God for intercession: "*Sancta Maria, Sancta Dei Genetrix, Sancta Virgo Virginum, ora pro nobis,*" and the rest.

Paolo had hardened his heart for years, and refused to ask for mercy, but he had longed many a time to be other than he was. Now, the remembrance of the days when he too was an innocent child came upon him, and he felt his sin too heavy to be borne. Hardly conscious of the act, he knelt down, hid his face between his hands and wept. Again the strain changed:

"*Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, parce nobis, Domine. Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, exaudi nos, Domine. Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.*"

Paolo well understood the old familiar language, and every word pierced him to the soul. What claim had he to mercy? What mercy had he shown Giuseppe? He hardly noticed the war of elements without, so loud and vehement were the conflicting emotions of his own heart.

But the storm was not of very long continuance. By the time the children had sung a few hymns in their native tongue it had passed over the village, and though the ground was wet with heavy rain, the sun shone out as brightly as before. The sound of many little feet as they went down the aisle recalled Falconi to himself. He got up, and as he went out, made way to let the Father pass before him. The latter waited courteously for him to come up, and then walked with him as far as a cross-road that led back to the village.

That night Paolo went to F. Mérimond's Meditation. Some of the villagers looked at each other significantly when he came in, and Filipa her next neighbor to draw on to him. Paolo took no account of anything. Something had passed through his mind that afternoon that made him respect a thing of small account.

He knelt down with an air of reverence and recollection. All the while he had continually coming into his mind the picture of the young priest, and the men kneeling round the sanctuary. He had a strong desire to see him, as if to look upon him would be relief without any definite purpose of asking counsel. He came to the church the next day during the Mass and sat down in the place. The instruction was the Confession, and the way to it and profit by it. Towards the end the Father drew the picture of a soul going to the Sacrament of Penance, laden with the guilt of sin and leaving it absolved, free from its chains, restored to favor, and walking again in the sight of men and angels. He said how children should not strive to keep their baptismal robe unstained; it was so sad to touch the just, and no one ever knew how far one sin would go. Another's soul might remain unsullied if it had seen a sin to copy. The child that a good example fought God's will; the child that set a bad one he the devil's service. A fault not always trifling in its consequences. He knew a priest who thirty-two years had done penance for one committed in his childhood which had caused his father to die of mortal sin. If they loved their parents, they would understand the sorrow of that son must have he left off. The children again the same sweet litany had touched the stony heart of Paolo the day before, and then

went home. The Father and Falconi were left alone together in the church.

Half an hour afterwards, several of the villagers came in and placed themselves on the benches near the confessional, to be ready for the priest as the turn of each should come. Some one had been beforehand with them, and his confession seemed interminable. They waited and wondered, and wondered and waited, and at last began to ask each other in loud whispers who it could be. No one could tell. Six o'clock was the supper hour in San Carlo, and misgivings as to the fate of the soup and the stewed haricots began to mix themselves up with their feelings of contrition. One or two at last got up and walked off with their covered baskets in a determined way, that implied they were not going to put up with it any longer.

Filipa, whose effrontery was always a match for her curiosity, stole at last on tiptoe to the confessional, just lifted the curtain and peeped in. It was Paolo! Paolo, gasped she to her nearest neighbor, with a half bewildered look. "It is Paolo!" passed from mouth to mouth. Doubts as to the utility of staying longer presently caused some little restlessness. The priest became aware of it, and opening the door of the confessional, said, "Do not wait now at this inconvenient hour. I know you are wanted in your homes; come to me as soon as you like after sunrise in the morning." They all got up and left the church, Filipa remarking that if they had waited till Paolo Falconi had told all his sins they would have had but a poor chance of any supper.

"Hold thy tongue, Filipa," said Zita's old grandmother; "how long would it take thee, I wonder, to tell all thy idle words?"

"Well, a good while, madre, I do believe," said Filipa, good humoredly; "but how pale the Father looked! Paolo would have told him some queer tales, I expect."

"Peace," said the old woman, "don't mock! The angels rejoice when a sinner goes to confession. Give glory to God. No doubt the Madonna has been praying for him." Filipa for once made no reply, and the Angelus ringing at that moment, they all knelt down to say it, and then hurried to their respective homes to ward off impending danger from the soup.

A day or two afterwards the Retreat came to a close. The good curé was delighted with its results. F. Mérimy when he took leave of the people on the last night, told them that F. San Fiorenzo and himself hoped to be there again on Easter Day, when there would be two Masses early in the morning and High Mass at eleven, so that no one could complain of not having the opportunity of going to communion.

Easter Sunday came and F. San Fiorenzo said Mass at half-past five. Two persons assisted at the holy sacrifice, and received communion from his hand, for whom there was universal sympathy; Paolo Falconi and his wife Giacinta. Paolo's demeanor was simple, earnest, and humble, and no one doubted the reality of his conversion. Many kindly greetings met his ear as he went home from Mass.

That night peace, such as the angels sang of, was in Falconi's home. Three happy hearts had met together. Once more Giacinta spread the table, and this time with all her little wealth of rural luxury. Well might a bright smile light up her face as she busied herself with hospitable cares! Her husband was reconciled to God, and the priest who blessed the evening meal was her Giuseppe. She had not invoked the Mother of God in vain.

The mystery of Giuseppe's disappearance was never unravelled to the villagers. It is impossible to say whether the large bronze medal on his breast, against which a slug from the gun had flattened itself, had saved

his life: there had been a quantity of shot besides, much of which had pierced him in dangerous parts. The good curé at the first moment had believed him dead, then doubted, and finally had carried him out of the wood, when providentially he met old Giovanni, and a moment after saw the priest of the next parish riding back to his presbytery. The latter, with Giovanni at his side, carried the child home before him on his mule, taking an unfrequented road across the mountain, after making it a condition that no one should be told where he was. If he died, the truth must come out. If not, he must be kept out of Falconi's way. The priest of San Carlo would have made an exception in favor of Giacinta, but that increased the difficulty of keeping the secret from her husband. Giuseppe was tenderly nursed, and after a long period of weakness recovered. During his illness and convalescence he became the darling of the old priest who had so charitably befriended him, and through his interest a lady of noble family at Bastia offered to provide liberally for his education. As soon as it was safe to move him, he was sent to San Fiorenzo, and there Giacinta went to meet him. It was afterwards thought prudent to drop the name of Falconi, and when he went to France he was known only as Giuseppe di San Fiorenzo, a name he had continued to retain. He was ardently attached to the fathers who had brought him up, and, when old enough, had solicited admission, and been received into their body. Three years before his visit to San Carlo, he had been ordained priest at Bastia, the same day that Giacinta hung her wreath in the Madonna's chapel and the villagers talked about it at the well.

There is little more to be told; Paolo's conversion was sincere and lasting, and out of gratitude for having been spared the awful crime he believed he had committed, he built

a chapel to the Madonna on the spot where the wooden cross had been planted. It was afterwards known by the name of La Capella del Velo della Madonna, and became a favorite pilgrimage. Parents to this day, when their sons are sent out into the world, go there to pray for them. As pilgrims tell the tale, the child of a pious mother was on the point of being murdered in the wood, when

the Blessed Virgin appeared, spread her veil over him, and converted the brigand on the spot.

Giuseppe always said he had been saved by the interposition of the Madonna, and Giacinta never doubted it, and in order to explain a mystery which they could not understand, the piety and poetry of mountain imaginations invented the graceful legend of the Madonna's Veil.

LOVE'S REPROACH.

I.

THE blood-stained locks are tangled
 Beneath His crown of thorn :
 His blessed feet are mangled,
 His tender hands are torn.
 The burning Heart is mastered
 By death's strong agony :
 "Oh ! who" (the angels ask Him),
 "Hath done these things to Thee?"

II.

The red print of the lashes
 His sacred shoulders dye :
 "Oh ! whence these livid gashes ?
 Oh ! whence these wounds?" they cry.
 Alas ! the plaintive answer
 Reproach and longing blends :
 "The wounds wherewith they wounded Me
 In the houses of My friends !"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE JUBILEE.

I SHOULD not, says Father Faber, be obliged to lay down my life to defend my belief in the honor of my mother, but I should think myself worse than an infidel if I were to refuse the last drop of my blood to defend the honor of the Holy See.

Veneration for Rome has been the distinctive characteristic of all great men in the Church; whether their lot was cast in the disputations of the forum, in the reflective oratory of the pulpit, or in the silence of the convent-cell, their hearts beat to the love of the Mother Church, and they, like Ireland's great tribune, wished their hearts in Rome wherever their bodies might be placed.

These thoughts ran furtively through our mind while glancing over the paternal communication of the great and good Pius IX, announcing the special grace of a universal jubilee. We could not help thinking that it was not only a special grace, but a special honor to belong to that Church whose father is thus not only of the great, but also of the little ones in his fold; who, more than this, even prays for the humble and comparatively insignificant of his children while designedly omitting to mention the crowned heads who have been and still are, in spite of their professions of loyalty, plotting dire deeds against the Lord's anointed.

With the aid of memory we looked back through the unbroken line of Pontiffs, and as the days of grace approach, we find each *Pastor of Pastors* never too busy to forget announcing the year of prayer, the days of grace to the world, which in past days, as in the present, failed to honor the Lord their God.

From Boniface VIII, stern man that he was—not too stern, however, for the times in which he lived—till the days of our own Pius IX, these

glorious leaders of God's Church have not ceased to proclaim that: "If at all times it is necessary—now more especially is it so—most beloved sons, to cleanse the conscience from dead works, to offer the sacrifices of righteousness, to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and to sow in tears that you may reap in joy. The divine majesty sufficiently shows what he requires from us, while now, for a long time, through our depravity, we are laboring under his threatenings and under the inspiration of the spirit of his anger. In truth, 'Men are accustomed when they are suffering under a too hard necessity to send ambassadors to neighboring nations to receive some aid. We, as is better, send an embassy to God himself;' from him we implore aid; to him we turn with all our hearts, with prayers and fasting and alms. For 'the nearer we are to God, the further shall our enemies be driven from us.' (S. Maxim Torin. Hom., xci.) But do ye chiefly hear the apostolic voice because we are ambassadors of Christ. Ye who labor and are heavy laden, and who, departing from the path of salvation, are oppressed by the yoke of depraved desires and by the slavery of the devil, do not despise the riches of the goodness and patience and long-suffering of God; and while there is opened out before you so easy and broad a way for the obtaining of pardon, do not, by your obstinacy, render yourselves inexcusable before the divine judge, and lay up for yourselves a treasure of wrath in the day of wrath and of the revelation of the just judgment of God. Return, therefore, sinners, be reconciled to God; the world passeth away and the lust thereof; cast off the works of darkness, put on the armor of light; cease to be the enemies of your own souls, so that you may

at the last merit peace in this world, and in the world to come the eternal rewards of the just. These are our desires; these things we will not cease to ask from the most merciful Lord; and these same benefits—all the sons of the Catholic Church being united to us in this society of prayer—we trust we can obtain accumulatively from the Father of Mercies. Meanwhile, for the successful and salutary fruit of this holy work, let the auspicious omen of all grace and heavenly gifts be the apostolic benediction, which, from our inmost heart, we affectionately grant in the Lord to you all, venerable brethren, and to you, beloved children, as many as are numbered within the Catholic Church."

Enemies of the Church will maintain that at the beginning of the fourteenth century love for the eternal city and its relics had died out of the Christian heart. They forgot that it was owing to the very opposite state of sentiment that Boniface VIII proclaimed this universal jubilee:

"The Holy Father, perceiving that at the close of the century a great number of pilgrims arrived at Rome, because their fathers had told them that every hundred years, at the close of the century, they ought to visit the tombs of the Apostles to acquire the benefits of the jubilee, he, in the year 1300, did not institute, but renewed the plenary indulgence." (De Monton.)

When Clement VI, in 1342, took possession of the papal throne, the spirit of the faithful had not flagged; they appreciated the graces of the Church as had done their predecessors; and among three special requests made the Pope by his people, the last was that he would "reflect how few could enjoy the jubilee granted centennially by Boniface VIII, and to appoint the jubilee for every fifty years."

Perhaps this request was the movement of a few wise individuals. Let figures decide.

"From Easter to Christmas, twelve hundred thousand pilgrims were computed to have arrived." This, let it be remembered, in days when travel was difficult, and accommodation unsatisfactory.

Urban VI, amid all his troubles, thought of the wants of the Church, and, taking the brevity of life into account, further reduced the epoch in which the jubilee should occur. In a spirit that cannot be too strongly indorsed, he selected as the division of time that which marked the life of Christ, and ordered the next jubilee to take place in 1391, with the further declaration that the form should be repeated every thirty-three years.

At every recurrence of the privileged year, the concourse of pilgrims was the same. In 1450, when Nicholas V celebrated the jubilee he had announced the previous year, so great was the concourse that, in crossing the St. Angelo Bridge, several heart-rending accidents took place.

Paul II, deeply concerned at the ravages of the Turks, knew that if men refused their help to drive off the invaders, God's arm was not shortened, and the power of prayer, he thought, might supply the lack of human agencies. Hence, in 1471, he proclaimed that, as the trials of the Church were increased, so should the supplications of her children augment. He therefore ordained that the jubilee should occur every twenty-fifth year, and his decree in this respect has been preserved till the present time. Like many others, he gave a favor which he did not live to enjoy. He died before the year 1475, in which it was to be celebrated.

The year 1500 found Alexander VI in the pontifical chair. He made improvements in the eternal city, to give more comfort to the pilgrims; among others, he ordered that a broader and more convenient street should be made between St. Angelo and St. Peter's.

This Pontiff narrowly escaped

death during this year from the following circumstances:

While the Pontiff was seated in the Vatican Palace, on St. Peter's Day, an enormous chimney fell, crushing in its descent the ceiling of the room in which he was sitting. As a thanksgiving, Alexander went in solemn procession, shortly after, to the *Madonna del Popolo*, and there expressed his gratitude for so miraculous an interposition.

Clement VI, in 1525, celebrated the eighth jubilee from that of Boniface, this being also the second twenty-fifth year's anniversary. It was a sad time for the recurrence of so great a festival. Owing to the pestilence then raging, few pilgrims visited the Eternal City, a city so soon to be pillaged by the followers of the apostate Luther.

Julius III, successor to Paul III, celebrated the next jubilee in 1550, and gave proof of his fatherly sympathy by importing large quantities of breadstuffs to supply the wants of the thousands who were indigent, that year happening to be one of unusual scarcity of provisions in Rome.

Gregory XIII, not only an admirable Pope, but a far-seeing Prince, had the happiness of proclaiming the holy year, 1575. He avoided all the inconveniences attendant upon previous jubilees, and took means that not only Rome, but all the ecclesiastical states should be prepared to receive and protect the pilgrims. *Commissioners of abundance* were appointed, who were to procure large quantities of the necessities of life. Rents were not to be increased, and no one was to be turned away from lodging-houses till the end of the holy year. The churches were embellished, and a wide street was opened between St. Mary Major and St. John Lateran. The results were such as to repay the trouble thus taken.

In 1600 Clement VIII celebrated the next jubilee, and the year of grace was availed of by at least three and

a quarter millions, the number of pilgrims on Easter Day being estimated at fully two hundred thousand.

France, which we are told to believe was entirely lost to the Church at this time, sent no less than three hundred thousand pilgrims.

Urban VIII, a Pontiff known so well in history through his connection with the pretended persecution of Galileo, celebrated the twelfth jubilee.

Notwithstanding the political difficulties of the year 1649, the Holy Father, Innocent X, inaugurated the thirteenth jubilee, and pilgrims braved the dangers incident to a war between two Catholic countries, France and Spain, to profit by the grace of the Holy Father, and large numbers constantly arrived in Rome.

Clement X, to whom America is particularly indebted for having founded an Episcopal see in Quebec (Canada), inaugurated, and notwithstanding his age and infirmities, made several of the visitations referred to, to gain the indulgence of the Holy Year. He went no less than twelve times to Trinity hospital to wash the pilgrims' feet. What he could not accomplish in person, he did through his liberal alms.

Innocent XII, less fortunate than Clement X, could not formally open the jubilee in 1699, the ceremony being performed for him by Cardinal De Bouillon on Christmas-day.

Benedict XIII announced the sixteenth jubilee, on June 26th, 1724, and celebrated it in the following year.

Benedict XIV, noted for his writings and his general ability, proclaimed the next jubilee. In the announcement of the Holy Father, he also spoke of the necessity for proper attention to the keeping in the strictest neatness the house of God.

Pius VI opened the eighteenth jubilee, and provided for the wants of the thousands who flocked to the Seven Hilled City. It is asserted that

one hundred and thirty thousand pilgrims visited Rome without the slightest accident having occurred.

No jubilee was published for 1800, owing to the vacancy in the Apostolic chair in 1799.

"The great event of the reign of Leo XII," says De Montor, "was undoubtedly the jubilee of 1825, the first held in the century, and against which many arguments were then adduced." It seems there were *inopportunist*s in those days also.

"On Ascension-day," says the same author, "he issued the bull of preparation, clear, bold, and cheering as a clarion's note. . . . It speaks only as a Pope could speak, with a consciousness of power that cannot fail, and of authority that cannot stray. Its teaching is that of a master, its instruction that of a serf, its piety that of a saint. . . . When, after having warmly exhorted those who, in addition, recognize his temporal dominion, he turns to those who are not of his fold, . . . and in words of burning charity and affectionate forgiveness, he invites them to approach him, and accept him as their *father* too, his words bring back the noble feature with which he threw open his arms when he gave his first public benediction, and seemed to make a way in his heart for all mankind, and then press them to it in a tender embrace."

Stirring sermons were delivered previous to the jubilee, to prepare men's hearts.

The Holy Father, to prevent any fear that might be entertained about the feeding and sheltering of the poor pilgrims, sent word to various embassies that he did not wish them to take any trouble upon themselves, as he intended to defray all such expenses himself.

"The Holy Father," says the author previously quoted, "was the soul of the jubilee. . . . He had repeatedly to show himself to the crowds and bless them. They were instructed to hold up whatever they

wished to have blessed; and certainly scarcely ever did Rome present a more varied crowd, arrayed in every variety of costume, from the sober and almost clerical dress of German peasants to the rainbow hues of the Abruzzi or Campania. But the Pope manifested his hearty sympathy in his jubilee by a more remarkable proof than these. *He daily served in his own palace twelve at table, and continued this practice throughout his reign.*"

It is not possible for us now to enter into the details that would be required to narrate the history of the jubilees proclaimed by our present holy father, Pius IX. These might form a lengthy article in themselves, for it must not be forgotten that besides the ordinary jubilees, granted every twenty-five years, special occasions call for the extension of the great privilege.

Sixtus V, one of the greatest of Popes, was the first to publish a jubilee, at the opening of a pontificate, "to obtain from God a successful and a wholesome government of the Christian republic."

Pius VIII granted an extraordinary jubilee in 1829; Gregory XVI in 1833 and 1842; and the reigning pontiff in 1847, 1854, and 1858—that of 1850 being the ordinary holy year.

The ceremonies attached to the opening and closing of the Holy Year are worthy of attention.

"The Holy Year begins at first vespers of Christmas, and lasts till the last vespers of Christmas in the ensuing year—the moment of closing the Holy Door after remaining open a whole year. On that day the Pope proceeds in procession from the portico of St. Peter's, which is closed, as are also the other basilicas. There, surrounded by cardinals and prelates, and also by the Swiss guard, he approaches the Holy Door, which is walled up. He strikes it thrice with a silver hammer; then the grand plenipotentiary strikes it twice. It is

soon thrown down by the *San Pietrini*, and pilgrims from all parts seek, with eager devotion, to gather up the ruins. The threshold is then washed by twelve pilgrim priests. After the usual ceremonies, the Pope enters, as do cardinals delegated for the purpose the other basilicas, the cardinal deacon of St. Paul's and the two arch-priests, St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major. The same cardinals close the doors of these basilicas on Christmas eve the next year. During these ceremonies prayers are recited, having reference to the jubilee proclaimed.

Father Wenninger gives this epitomized definition of a jubilee :

"By a jubilee we mean a year of grace, in which our Holy Father the Pope grants an extraordinary plenary indulgence to those who make a pilgrimage to Rome.

"By the grant of Boniface VIII, the jubilee was to take place every hundred years ; by that of Paul II, every

twenty-five years. What the jubilee was for the Jews in a temporal point of view, viz., a year of deliverance from servitude, a year of rest, it was intended to be for Christians in a spiritual point of view, viz., a year of deliverance from the servitude of sin, and peace of conscience. The jubilee takes place first at Rome ; the year after the indulgence of the jubilee can be joined throughout the whole Church. This year is called the Holy Year. In modern times, the Popes are accustomed to grant a plenary indulgence in the form of a jubilee on other particular occasions. As in our days wickedness spreads more rapidly than ever, the Pope oftener affords these opportunities for penance and sanctification."

The reader who desires to study the close resemblance between the Jubilee Year of the Jews and that of the Holy Year in the Christian Church, can find an explanation in any good manual of Catholic instruction.

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

EIGHTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: The next person I have to introduce in the building up of the Church of England, founded on Henry VIII, and by law established, is the son and heir of the deceased supreme head of the antichristian institution, namely, Edward VI, who came to the crown at the age of nine years and four months. Before I proceed further, it will be proper to view the peculiar aspects of the edifice rising above the swamp of iniquity. They are portrayed in the principal prejudices against the Ref-

ormation in this first grade of succession, and are presented to us by a pseudo bishop of the Parliament agency.

BURNET.—"The first prejudice is, that the whole Church, being one body, the changes that were made in religion did *break that unity*, and dissolve the bond by which the Catholic Church is to be knit together ; and that the first reformers began, and we still continue, a *schism* in the Church. The second prejudice is, that the Reformation was

and carried on, not by the part of the bishops and the, but by a few selected bishops livines, who, being supported the name of the king's authority, same things as they please; and air interest at court, got them enacted in Parliament, and hey had removed such bishops osed them, then they procured onvocation to consent to what one, so that upon the matter, eformation was the work of ner, with a few more of his and not of this church, which agreed wholly to it, till the s were so modelled as to be iant to the designs of the court. d prejudice is, that the persons governed the affairs at court weak or ill men; that the king under age, things were carried ose who had him in their . And for the two great min- of this reign, or rather the ad- rators of it, the Dukes of set and Northumberland, as violent and untimely deaths eem to be the effects of the in- tion of heaven for what they so they were both eminently at in the administration, and are sed to have sought too much own ends. This seems to cast nish on their actions, and to some reason to suspect the were not good which had such merits to advance them. A prejudice is raised from the invasions which were made the church lands, and things ated to pious uses, which is a hated by men of all religions, randed with the odious names *privilege* and *robbing of God*, so ie spoils of religious houses and es seem to have been the secret es that at first drew in, and ngage, so many in the Refor- n. A fifth prejudice which to give ill impressions of our mation is, that the clergy have o interest in the consciences e people, nor any inspection

into their manners, but they are without yoke or restraint. All the ancient canons for the public pen- ance of scandalous offenders are laid aside, and our clergy are so little admitted to know or direct the lives and manners of their flocks, that many will scarce bear a reproof patiently from them. Our ecclesi- astical courts are not in the hands of the bishops and their clergy, but put over to civilians, where too often fees are more strictly looked after than the correction of manners. These courts are much complained of, and public vice and scandal is but little inquired after and pun- ished. Excommunication is become a kind of secular sentence, and is hardly now considered as a spiritual censure, being judged and given out by laymen; and often upon grounds which, to speak moderately, do not merit so severe and dreadful a sen- tence. There are, besides these, a great many other abuses . . . which yet continue, and are too much in use amongst us." (Hist. of the Ref- ormation, vol. 2, Preface.)

The reasonableness of these preju- dices may be judged by the evidence which will be brought forward as I pursue my history.

NEAL.—"Edward's father, by his last will and testament, named six- teen persons executors of his will and regents of the kingdom, till his son should be eighteen years of age, but of these the king's uncle was chosen protector of the king's realms and governor of his person. Among the regents, some were for the old religion and others for the new, but it soon appeared that the reformers had the ascendant." (Hist. of Puri- tans.)

The bishops were required to take out new commissions of the same tenor with those of the late reign.

BURNET.—"The substance of it (the commission) was, that since all jurisdiction, both ecclesiastical and civil, flowed from the king as the supreme head, and he was the foun-

dation of all power, it became those who exercised it only at the king's courtesy, gratefully to acknowledge that they had it only of his bounty, and to declare that they would deliver it up again when it should please him to call for it." (Hist. of Refor.)

COLLIER.—"If the king is the fountain of all manner of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, if his lay vicegerent might lawfully act in the room of all the bishops in England, provided he were at leisure, and able to do it in person; if the bishops, in the execution of their office, are only the king's representatives, and revocable at will; if these affirmatives are all defensible, as the commission sets forth, then without question the hierarchy can have no jurisdiction assigned in the New Testament, nor any authority derived from our Saviour. . . . The power of the keys is lodged with the secular magistrate, and if so, what independent right can the bishops have for the exercise of their function? How can they make any claim to a charter of government from our Saviour? Or what pretence can they have to admit or exclude from church communion upon this foot? And if their pretensions to govern must fall thus far, the powers supposed by the letters-patent to be given them in Holy Scripture must be of slender consideration." (E. Hist.)

To return to our history, preparations being made for the late king's funeral, his obsequies were performed with great solemnity. The 2d of February, the corpse was removed from the privy chamber and brought into the chapel. It continued there twelve days, with masses and dirges, and said every day. Norroy each day standing at the choir-door, pronounced aloud: "Of your charity, pray for the soul of the high and mighty prince, our late sovereign Lord and King, Henry VIII." February 14th, the corpse was removed and lodged that night at Sion.

BURNET.—"Sion having been a house of religious women, it was called a signal mark of the displeasure of heaven, that some of his blood and fat dropped through the lead in the night, and it was said that the dogs licked it next morning. This was much remarked in commendation of Friar Peto, who had threatened him, in a sermon at Greenwich, that the dogs should lick his blood."

COLLIER.—"When the funeral was over, the peers appointed executors of Henry's will were created. The Protector was made Duke of Somerset. In the late king's book, where the settling of estates upon this new creation was specified, the Protector had a promise of six of the best prebends that should fall vacant in any Cathedral, two of which were afterwards, at his request, changed for a deanery and treasurership. The disposing of ecclesiastical preferment to secular men may possibly seem somewhat odd, but it was not uncommon at that time. The others of the laity had spiritual promotions without cure bestowed upon them. To make them deans and prebendaries was a further step, and less capable of excuse, for these dignitaries were designed for a standing council to the bishop, and obliged to several duties in the cathedral peculiar to the priestly function." (Hist. of Refor.)

BURNET.—"These courtiers, like men that minded nothing more than the enriching themselves, took a certain course to make the mischief perpetual, by robbing the Church of those endowments and helps it had received from the munificence of the founders of the cathedrals, who were generally the first Christian kings of the nation; which had it been done by law, would have been a thing of very bad consequence, but as it was done, was directly contrary to the Magna Charta, and to the king's coronation oath." (Eccles. Hist.)

COLLIER.—"Instead of a sermon at the coronation, Archbishop Cran-

mer made a speech to the king, to the following effect: In the first place, he declares the king's right to govern did not depend upon any engagement at his coronation; that his crown, being given him by God Almighty, could not, by failure in the administration, be forfeited to either Church or State; that it is the part of the bishop who officiates at this solemnity, to remind princes of what God expects from them; and here Cranmer suggests, the king being God's vicegerent and Christ's vicar in his own dominions, was obliged to follow the precedent of Josias, to take care the worship of God was under due regulations, to suppress idolatry, remove images, and discharge the tyranny of the bishop of Rome, etc."

NEAL.—"The sole right and authority of reforming the Church of England was now vested in the crown, and by the act of succession, in the king's council, if he were under age. The reformation of the Church of England (by law established) was begun and carried on by the king, assisted by Cranmer, and a few select divines. The clergy in convocation did not move it, but as they were directed and overawed by their superiors, nor did they consent till they were modelled to the designs of the court." (Hist. Purit.)

COLLIER.—"The privy council, projecting a farther reformation, resolved upon sending commissioners into all parts of the kingdom, by way of visitation."

We may learn from these proceedings of the privy council, and from the persons appointed for the visitation, in conjunction with the proceedings of the former reign, how much more lay people were employed in the erection of the church by law established than the clergy; and how properly and how emphatically it is styled *a religion established by law*. A book of Homilies, or sermons upon the chief points of the Christian faith (as it was pretended)

drawn up chiefly by Cranmer, was printed, and ordered to be left with every parish priest, to supply the defect of preaching, which few of the clergy, at that time, were capable of performing. I beg particular attention to several observations on various parts, both of the 1st and 2d Book of Homilies, which in the thirty-nine articles (art. 35), are said "to contain a godly and wholesome doctrine necessary for these times," and which, with respect to the first book, we are told, were chiefly composed by Cranmer.

In the first place, I proceed to notice an instance of glaring contradiction and self-condemnation. In the homily for Whit Sunday, part 2, we are told, "Unless the Holy Ghost had been always present, governing and preserving the Church from the beginning, it could never have sustained so many and great brunts of affliction and persecution, with so little damage and harm as it hath." In the 2d part of the homily, against the peril of idolatry, we are furnished, in defiance of the protection and guidance of the Holy Spirit, with this sweeping and blasphemous assertion, of the total destruction of Christ's Church here on earth: "Laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and *children of Christendom* (an horrible and most dreadful thing to think) have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry, of all other vices most detested of God, and most damnable to man, and that by the space of eight hundred years and more." With this awful denunciation, the whole of the Church, "The pillar and ground of truth, the everlastingly beloved spouse of Christ (as St. Paul speaketh), is levelled to the ground; and all persons throughout Christendom, men, women and children, for eight hundred years, are declared to be no better than Pagans, immersed in damnable idolatry!" And these horrible falsehoods were

to be taught to the people from the pulpits of the new "Church" established by law. These blasphemous words, inasmuch as they contradict the promises of Christ with respect to the perpetual duration and perpetual faithfulness of his Church, were pronounced in the thirty-nine articles "to contain a godly and wholesome doctrine necessary for these times" of the so-called "reformation."

In the same book of Homilies, we find the character given to Henry VIII, in which he is styled "a faithful and true minister of God, who gave him the knowledge of his word, and an earnest affection to seek his glory, and to put away all such superstitious and pharisaical sects, by Antichrist invented, and set up again the true word of God, and glory of his most blessed name, as he gave the like spirit to the most noble and famous princes, Jasaphat, Josias, and Ezekias." (3d part of Sermon on Good Works.)

Now the men who could speak in this nauseous manner of Henry VIII when dead and buried, and when his wicked actions were matter of notoriety, were of a more detestable character than the hideous, bloody, brutal monster himself. People are to be taught from the pulpit to consider this extremely depraved prince, in defiance of his scandalous conduct to his wives, in defiance of the numerous murders which he perpetrated in cold blood, in defiance of the dreadful rapine and sacrilege which he committed upon religion and charity, in defiance of a long catalogue of wicked actions which have made his name the synonym of hellish iniquity, in defiance, I repeat, of all this, people are enjoined to consider Henry VIII a paragon of excellence, a true model worthy of imitation, a king endued with the same spirit as the most noble and famous princes of ancient times, a faithful minister of God! What becomes of truth, honor, and honesty in such satanical mendacity?

In the homily on idolatry we are emphatically told that "the law of God is to be understood against all our images, as well of Christ as his saints, in temples and in churches;" nay, that "our images also have been, and be, and, if they be publicly suffered in churches and temples, ever will be worshipped, and so idolatry committed to them. Wherefore our images in temples and churches be, indeed, none but idols (and further on, abominable idols), as unto the which idolatry hath been, is, and ever will be committed."

No language can be plainer than this; all images, which stand in temples and churches, are declared to be abominable idols.

How many thousand Protestant temples in England are condemned by this homily as places in which idolatry—a crime of all others most detested by God—is committed? We find in tracts, published by the Camden Society, Cambridge, and entitled "A Few Words to Church Wardens," these remarkable words: "Nothing is more strange than the modern taste in monuments; the same people who would gladly get rid of the few statues of saints and martyrs of old, which have been saved for us, will themselves put up images to modern preachers, and, perhaps, even to wicked men, and this over the very altar itself." Now it is of no avail to say, according to the book of homilies, that Protestants are instructed in the right use and purpose of images; for we are solemnly told, "that no remedy, as writing against idolatry, councils assembled, decrees made against it, severe laws likewise; and no proclamations of princes and emperors, neither extreme punishments and penalties, nor any other remedy, could or can possibly be devised for the avoiding of idolatry if images be publicly set up and suffered." Surely the infamous *government establishment* is self-convicted of knavery

and mendacity, in its frenzied opposition to the pious customs of the ancient and Christian dispensations. In the same farcical homily the dedication of churches to saints is compared to the Dii Patroni, the patron gods of the Pagans, "as the temple," it says, "of Diana, the our Lady of Ipswich, our Lady of Wilsdom, what is it but an imitation of the Gentile idolaters?" Yet we read every day of the dedication of Protestant churches (so called) to some particular saint or saints, the very practice here so audaciously condemned.

COLLIER.—"The gospellers, as they were then called, presuming on the countenance of the court, overrun the motions of the state, and ventured to reform without public authority; and under pretence of taking away the remains of superstition, took a great deal of unjustifiable liberties in churches and chapels. Of this we have an instance in Bishop Gardiner's letter to one Captain Vaughan. He complains to this gentleman that he was informed the images of our Saviour and the saints 'had been pulled down, at Portsmouth, with great contempt, the figure of our Saviour run through, and an eye bored out. That those heats went farther than the excesses of the Lutherans in Germany.' In May following he sent the Protector another letter: 'Upon the course of the letter he complains of the insufferable liberties of the press, of the stage, and the pulpits; and particularly that a scandalous ballad, called *Jack of Lent*, was lately published. That the duties of self-denial, the discipline of the holy season, and the solemn preparations for Easter were turned to a jest, and exposed in dog-grel. That notwithstanding these men pretend to combat superstition, and refine us to a more spiritual worship, yet it is plain their drift must be all for liberty and the animal life. They would fain have the privilege of talking and doing as they please, and unless their pens and

tongues are kept under restraint, the authority of the church will be lost, the distinctions in the state confounded, and we shall be reformed, in a little time, to license, luxury, and levelling.'"

BURNET.—"Some, anxious for a further reformation, were so full of zeal for it, that they would not wait on the slow motions of the state. So the curate and church wardens of St. Martin's in Ironmonger's Lane; in London, took down the images and pictures of the saints, and the crucifix out of their 'church,' and painted many texts of Scripture upon the walls, some of them *according to a perverse translation*; and in the place where the crucifix was they set up the king's arms (the lion and unicorn) with some texts of Scripture about it." (Hist. of Refor.)

This, I must say, was a very proper and judicious proceeding. For Christ and his saints had nothing to do with this conventicle established by law in England; therefore their images and pictures were not to be tolerated in it. But that the king, being supreme head of it in all supposed spiritual matters, it was both wise and decorous, in these impious destructives, to place his coat of arms, though images of animals, emblematic of ferocity and rapine; might happen to be upon it, in the place where the crucifix formerly stood in the holy Catholic church.

COLLIER.—"Before the visitors set forward in their work, Cranmer sent his mandate, by virtue of the king's letter, to the bishop of London. It was to give notice to the provincial bishops not to visit their respective dioceses, nor exercise any spiritual jurisdiction, nor preach anywhere but in their cathedrals, etc. By this inhibition the bishop's whole jurisdiction is laid asleep, and himself served with a citation to appear before the visitors. And which makes the case somewhat more extraordinary, the visitors are, most of them, laymen. They have a large compass

of jurisdiction in their instrument, and are empowered to visit the clergy and laity, to have all sorts of faculties and licenses and endowments laid before them, to examine the clergy's titles, and to inquire into the practice of the spiritual courts, and inspect, as it were, every part of the bishop's functions. Cranmer being now delivered from that '*too awful subjection*,' that he had been held under by Henry, resolved to go on vigorously in the work of destroying every vestige of the holy Catholic religion. He had the Protector firmly united to him in this design. Cox and Cheek, who were about the young king, the puling nine-year-old, were very careful to infuse irreligious principles into him. They succeeded in making the weak bastard, '*a pagan, who would not hear the Church*.'"

COLLIER.—"On the other side Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was for making a stand upon the old ground. He thought the Reformation was sufficiently carried on in the late reign, and was by no means for refining any farther. This prelate was supported with considerable interest both in the clergy and others. He was much shocked at the forwardness of Cranmer, and complained of the imposition of the new homilies. . . . Cranmer urged a resolution of the Convocation, held in the year 1542, that the bishops and clergy then assembled agreed to draw up some discourses for public instruction, and prevent the spreading of error occasioned by ignorant and indiscreet preachers. To this Gardiner replies: 'The late king, by publishing a *form of belief*, had superseded the use of this expedient.' He tells Cranmer 'this book was called the King's Book, and commanded one Joseph not to preach against it. This length of compliance,' continues Winchester, 'I conceive your grace would not have gone, if you had not believed the doctrine of this book to have been sound and serviceable.

And if this book contains truth, a man cannot be said to be seduced to it, but from it. If you had found any dangerous heterodoxies in it, I conceive you would have declared your dissent at first, and not have had a share in passing it through the kingdom, for you know *we ought to obey God rather than man*. Since, therefore, you have lived four years in the possession of the doctrine of that book, and raised no scruples during the late reign, I cannot but wonder to find you affirm in your letters, just after our late sovereign's death, that his highness was seduced.'

"There was also a form of bidding prayer prescribed by the visitors. It was to be used by all preachers, either before or in their sermons, as they thought fit. The last part of it, differing from what is used at present, runs thus: 'You shall pray for all of them that be departed out of this world in the faith of Christ, that they with us, and we with them, at the day of judgment, may rest both body and soul with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven.'" (Eccles. Hist.)

NEAL.—"Most of the bishops complied with the injunctions from the king (the nine-year-old), except Bonner and Gardiner. Bonner offered a reserve, but not being accepted, he made an absolute submission; nevertheless, he was sent for some time to the Fleet for contempt. Gardiner having protested against the injunctions and homilies, as contrary to the law of God, was sent also to the Fleet, where he continued till after the Parliament was over, and was then released by a general act of grace. In a letter to the Protector, Gardiner complains of harsh usage in prison; that he is not allowed the conversation of his friends; the convenience of servants; not so much as a chaplain to pray with him. He remonstrates against the rigor of Cranmer's proceedings; that he did not do well to apply to force, to borrow the Protector's authority to carry

the controversy, and support his
 sions, by committing those to
 on who argued against him." (

cles. Hist.)
 UNNINGHAM.—"The imprison-
 it and deprivation of Bonner and
 diner furnished them with an ex-
 : for the severe retaliation which
 r return to power enabled them
 iake. It is not possible to acquit
 nmer of the charge of intolerance.
 ompulsion might have been plead-

ed as an excuse for the part he acted
 in Henry's acts of persecution, that
 plea at least could no longer be urged
 in palliation of his conduct under
 Henry's youthful successor. Yet we
 find him employed to overcome Ed-
 ward's reluctance to sign the death-
 warrant of Joan of Kent, and within
 a few days thereafter consigning Von
 Paris, a Dutchman, to the flames for
 Arianism." (Life of Cranmer.)

ETERNITY.

WHAT is eternity? Can aught
 Paint its duration to the thought?
 Tell every beam the sun emits,
 When in sublimest noon he sits;
 Tell every light-winged mote that strays
 Within its ample round of rays;
 Tell all the leaves and all the buds
 That crown the garden, fields, and woods;
 Tell all the spires of grass the meads
 Produce, when spring propitious leads
 The new-born year; tell all the drops
 That night, upon their bended tops,
 Sheds in soft silence, to display
 Their beauties with the rising day;
 Tell all the sand the ocean laves;
 Tell all its changes, all its waves;
 Or tell with more laborious pains
 The drops its mighty mass contains;
 Be this astonishing account
 Augmented with the full amount
 Of all the drops the clouds have shed,
 Where'er their wat'ry fleeces spread,
 Through all time's long-protracted tour,
 From Adam to the present hour,
 Still short the sum; it cannot vie
 With the more numerous years that lie
 Embosomed in eternity!

Was there a belt that could contain
 In its vast orb the earth and main;
 With figures was it clustered o'er,
 Without one cipher in the score;
 And would your lab'ring thought assign
 The total of the crowded line,

How scant th' amount ! th' attempt how vain !
 To reach duration's endless chain !
 For when as many years are run,
 Unbounded age is but begun !

Attend, O man, with awe divine,
 For this eternity is thine !

ELLEN MAYLAND.

"COME in from the window, Ellen, and draw the curtains. Tea is ready ; and I am in a hurry."

The words were spoken by a middle-aged gentleman, who sat in an easy-chair before a bright, glowing fire, on a cold night in January. It was a cosy little room in which our story opens. Soft, velvety carpets adorned the floor ; elegant furniture, of the most costly description, was tastefully arranged round the room ; and the firelight danced and flickered on the huge pictures that hung on the walls.

It was the abode of luxury and wealth ; and the gentleman, who was evidently the master of the house, was not out of place with the elegance of the apartment. Mr. Mayland was a true picture of a town-bred gentleman ; and his face, still handsome, bore traces of the pride and self-will that, at one time of his life, might have reigned triumphant over every other feeling.

At one of the windows, with her back towards the gentleman, stood a lady—still fair and lovely, but past the springtide of youth. About twenty-six summers had passed over Ellen Mayland's head ; and the face that, in her girlhood, had beamed with mirth and vivacity, now wore a sad, pensive look, that matched well with the sweetness and purity of her nature.

Bands of rich dark hair were drawn from her white forehead, and lay in graceful braids on the back of her

head, adding a still greater charm to her pale, sweet face. She seemed lost in thought till the gentleman's voice reached her ; then she turned from her station, and, drawing the heavy crimson hangings over the windows, she took her place at the table, where the evening meal was laid out.

In silence she poured out tea for her father, and helped him to what she knew he liked ; and the meal was nearly finished before either spoke.

The gentleman had, occasionally, cast furtive glances at his daughter's grave face ; and, at last, he broke the silence, saying :

"Well, Ellen, have you thought over what I spoke to you about this morning?"

A bright flush passed over Ellen's face, but it was gone in a moment, leaving her even paler than before. After a short silence, she answered :

"Yes, father, I have considered it."

"And what is your determination?" he asked.

"That, if it is necessary to save you from ruin, father, I will marry Mr. Broughton. But oh ! if there is any other alternative, father, pray take it, and do not force me to marry a man I do not love!"

"There is nothing else before me but ruin, Ellen, unless you help me in this matter ; and, as to the rest, why I think any girl might be proud of such a husband as Henry Broughton. What more could you need in

a man than he possesses? He is rich, noble, and good; beloved by every one."

"I know, father," said Ellen timidly, "that Mr. Broughton is all you say. He is a true gentleman at heart, and I esteem and honor him more than any one next to you; but, father, I do not love him."

"You may learn that in time, child," said Mr. Mayland.

"Never, father; I can never love again," said Ellen.

"Would you wish to live and die an old maid, then?" asked he.

"Better that than to marry and be miserable, father," she replied.

"But I cannot see how you will be miserable, Ellen," persisted her father; "any one might love Henry Broughton."

"Yes, if they had not loved before," was the reply. "Father—once for all—I tell you I can *never* love again. My heart is buried with another; *you* know with whom."

He knew! Yes, indeed; who better?

Could he not see then in fancy the handsome, noble youth, who had boldly asked him for his daughter's hand; could he not remember with what harsh, cruel words he had scorned his request, because he was but a poor clerk in a city firm, whilst Ellen was the rich merchant's daughter. And, even now, could he not see, as he did then, his child's pale, agonized face, when she heard he had driven her lover from her.

Ellen was a gay, merry, light-hearted girl before that time; but, though years had gone by, she had never wholly recovered from the deep grief and melancholy that her father's severity to her lover had thrown her into.

And when, two years before this story opens, by chance Ellen had heard that young Wilmot was dead—could her father not remember her violent heartfelt grief—as deep and sincere as though she had but then lost him.

Mr. Mayland finished his tea in silence, and then rose from the table, and prepared to go out.

"Shall you be late, father?" asked Ellen, as she rang the bell for the servant to take away the tea-things.

"No. I'll try not to be, but if I am, Ellen, you need not wait up for me."

He stooped, and kissed her brow in a cold, business-like manner, and passed out of the room.

Ellen's thoughts were far from pleasant that night. Since she heard of Wilmot's death she had determined never to marry—to remain with her father always—yet when he told her that Henry Broughton had asked for her hand, and that by marrying him she would save her father from the ruin which must inevitably come upon him if she refused, she felt it would be best to sacrifice her own happiness rather than bring ruin and misery on her father in his old age. She had met Mr. Broughton for the first time about six months before this story opens, and though their acquaintance was but slight, she knew him to be a true, noble-hearted gentleman.

* * * * *

Ellen had sat about an hour after her father's departure when a loud ring at the door-bell roused her from her reverie.

In a few minutes the servant came into the room with a card, saying,—

"The gentleman wishes to know if you will see him now, Miss?"

Ellen glanced at the card, and her face flushed and her voice trembled, as she replied,—

"No. No, I cannot see him to-night, Mary; tell him to come to-morrow."

The girl left the room, but in a moment she was back again,—

"Mr. Broughton says he will not detain you long, Miss, if you will only see him."

Before Ellen had time to reply she heard a light tread in the room, and

a gentleman advanced, bowing, and saying in a low voice—

"Pardon me, Miss Mayland, for this intrusion, but, if you will not mind, I would rather have our interview over to night."

Ellen did not speak, but, motioning the servant to leave the room, she sat down again, and Mr. Broughton took the chair lately vacated by her father.

"I suppose, Miss Mayland," he began, "you know the object of my visit?"

Ellen bowed assent, and he went on—

"We have known each other but a short time, but, Miss Mayland, I have learnt to love you dearly. I come to ask you to be my wife, and, if you give me a favorable reply, rest assured your happiness shall be the one object of my life."

"Mr. Broughton, I will be frank with you," said Ellen; "my father mentioned to me that you had asked his leave to pay your addresses to me, and he told me also that you had promised, on condition of my marrying you, to forgive him a debt due to you. I do not know how he contracted this debt, but he told me that all he possesses now will not cancel it. Therefore, to save my father from ruin, I will marry you. I promise to fulfil my duty towards you, but you must never expect love from me."

"And why not love?" he asked in a low voice.

"Because I can never love you," she replied. "I loved once dearly as ever woman loved, but that is past—I can never love again."

"Miss Mayland, will you give me your attention whilst I tell you a story?" asked Mr. Broughton.

"Certainly," said Ellen.

"There was once a youth," he began, "who belonged to a good family, but who, through family misfortunes, was reduced to utter poverty. The loss of his wealth had broken his father's heart, and he was left with a weak, delicate mother to support and

care for. He obtained a situation as clerk in a large firm, and drudged on there for three long years after his father's death.

"Then his mother died too, and at the age of twenty-two he found himself alone in the world, uncared for, and unloved. By chance this poor lonely youth met the daughter of a rich gentleman—a beautiful gentle girl, who, in herself, would have been a fortune to any man. What was more natural than that my hero should fall in love with this fair young girl, who always treated him with kindness?"

"She was distantly related to the master of the firm, where the youth worked, and she often came to the house on a visit. Thus these two, so different from each other in a worldly view, were thrown together often, and, strange to say, the poor lonely youth had won as much interest from the wealthy heiress as she had won love from him. By and by, encouraged by the increasing gentleness of her manner towards him, the youth was bold enough to tell her of his love, but what was his delight and happiness when she acknowledged to him that he had won her whole heart.

"Despite his poverty, my hero was noble and good at heart, and, no sooner had the gentle girl told him she loved him, than he went straight to her father and begged to be allowed to win her. He did not wish to marry her then, he would not have taken her from her high position to make her a poor clerk's wife, but he asked for time, he promised to work hard to win a name and fortune to share with her. But alas! her father was a cold worldly man, and, when the youth had told the object of his visit, he treated him with bitter scorn and contempt, laughed at his idea of winning a name in the world, and blamed him with harsh words for daring to aspire to his daughter.

"Crushed by the cruel words the gentleman had uttered, and wounded deeply in spirit, the poor clerk de-

terminated to leave the place to seek somewhere else the rest and peace he could never find there again. But before doing this he had one last interview with the one he loved so vainly, and then she promised that as long as he lived she would never marry another."

Mr. Broughton paused and glanced at Ellen; she had buried her face in her hands, and now the gentleman could see her form was shaking with sobs.

"Miss Mayland," he said gently, "have I pained you?"

"Where did you learn my story?" she cried, "and why bring back that time long past?"

"There is a sequel to the story, Miss Mayland," said Mr. Broughton, "may I repeat that too?"

Ellen raised her head and without speaking motioned him to continue.

"When my hero left, he went abroad, and was fortunate enough to obtain a situation as companion to a gentleman, who was travelling for his health. With him he remained some years, till at last unable to stifle the longing after home in his heart, he returned, and—"

"Stop!" cried Ellen, "I know the rest; he died, my poor Henry!"

"Ellen," said Mr. Broughton in a low voice, "he died to the world as Henry Wilmot, but he lived still as—Ellen, Ellen, do you not know me?"

Ellen rose from her seat, and gazing wildly at Mr. Broughton she cried—

"I do not understand you; speak plainer."

"Henry Wilmot still lives, Ellen, and it is he who has come back unknown, and asked the rich merchant again for his daughter."

"You Henry Wilmot," cried Ellen. "No! no! it cannot be."

"Did we ever dream, Ellen, when we parted that a time would come when you would not know me?"

He stood up before her, and held out his arms.

"Ellen! my own Ellen! have you no word of welcome for me?"

She flew to him, and with a cry of stifled joy, she buried her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, Henry!" she cried, "how could we meet so often, and I not know you? Yet, now when I look back, I remember that, the first time I saw you, I fancied there was something strangely familiar about you. But, Henry, your changed name? What caused that?"

"I told you, Ellen," he said, "that I was of good family. Well, when my father lost his riches, his relations turned against him, and would have nothing to say to him. There was one relation on his mother's side, who had been very fond of him in his youth, but who took offence at his marriage, because my mother was of poor family. This was an old bachelor uncle, and it appears when he heard of my father's death, he was sorry for his harsh conduct to him. He died himself two years ago, and in his will he left his fortune, which was very large, to me wholly and entirely, with but one condition, and that was, that I should give up my own name, and take his. So you see, Ellen, the poor clerk, Henry Wilmot, was changed into the rich gentleman, Mr. Broughton. Now, Ellen, I have but one question to ask you. Do you still love me enough to marry me?"

"I have never ceased to love you," Ellen replied.

Mr. Mayland was not late that night, and Ellen and her lover were still sitting together, she listening with earnest interest to the account he was giving her of his life abroad, when her father entered the room. After the words he had with Ellen at the tea-table that night, he could not understand the shy glow of pleasure that rose to her brow, as his eyes met hers. He stood still in the room for a moment in astonishment, till

Mr. Broughton rose up, and in a few words told him what Ellen already knew.

Mr. Mayland was surprised beyond measure, and he acknowledged that his conduct, before, had been harsh and severe, but he hoped the past would be forgotten in the happiness of the future.

Two months later Ellen Mayland was married, and thus she secured her own happiness for life, as well as saved her father from ruin. Truly the first bright years of youth had fled forever, but she looked forward to a future of peace and happiness with the one she had loved so truly and so well.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE following extract from the Catholic *Citizen* paints a picture of the growing corruption of the age, which we fain would believe too dark, but which we are compelled to believe is not. It speaks in language which should find its way to the heart of every Catholic parent.

"It is rare now to find a young man or a young girl of perfect purity of heart. Their minds are filled, first, with the miserable New York story trash; and next they find a secret corner in which to hide some obscene book or pamphlet, in which illustrations are used to explain things which they should not know, and to place before their minds images which corrupt, first, their hearts; afterwards, their daily language; finally, their morals, and sometimes ruin both mind and body.

"But a great deal is owing to neglect of parents, who are often worse than Cain, without even the shadow of excuse that first murderer offered. Whenever a Catholic father says, as we often hear them say, 'My children will not read Catholic newspapers,' then that father is tried, judged, and condemned. Had he taken care to supply them with wholesome food they would not have acquired an unnatural taste for forbidden and nauseous things. Will it be believed, in a Christian land, that fathers born of Irish and Catholic parents are to be found in this city who take in these New York filthy weekly newspapers to the exclusion of Catholic papers, and who present to their children and read to their children, or have their children read to them accounts of murders and suicides and seductions and vices of all kinds, and that most frequently on the Sunday.

"These fathers are the monstrous Cains of our days before whose soul-murdering deeds the crime of Cain of Holy Writ appears to be but a venial offence. Their poor unhappy children have to go to the work-

shop and to the factory, and to run all the dangers which are ever to be encountered in cities; they return at night to their homes where the poison cup is again presented to them by hands which should guard them from the breath of impurity. Poor children! well, indeed, might they cry out: 'You, you at least, oh! my father, have mercy on me.'"

THOSE who are inclined to regard Don Carlos's prospect of ascending the Spanish throne as desperate, will find in the following figures reason for being less positive in their opinion. Three years ago his force consisted of 300 Navarre peasants, undisciplined and wretchedly armed. The following is an estimate of his present forces by a writer who seems to be well informed: "Infantry, Navarre, 14 battalions; Catalonia, 12; Tarragona and Lerida, 10; Moestrazgo, 9; Guipuzco, 9; Alva, 6; Aragon, 6; Valencia, 6; Biscay, 5; Castile, 5. Cavalry, Catalonia, 6 squadrons; Lerida and Tarragona, 5; Castile, 3. Besides these there are two regiments under the names of No. 1 Del Rey and No. 2 de Bourbon. Their artillery, which at first was composed of only four poor mountain pieces and of six old mortars, picked up no one knows where, has been increased in a year to six batteries, completely organized, to which must be added twelve cannon from the foundry of Azpeitia."

To this must be added the advantages of strong military positions, an organized commissariat, increased financial resources, and the prestige of numerous victories.

Respectable, however, as is Don Carlos's army, it would be unreasonable to suppose that he could ultimately triumph should Spain unite in supporting Alfonso. But of that we see not the slightest probability. Nor do we regard it as at all desirable. At the utmost it would only settle the affairs of

ted kingdom for a very brief government based upon principles, which are fundamentally and antichristian, can by any assess the elements of stability. s becoming daily more evident, ol of the liberals.

ussions elicited by Mr. Gladstone's "expostulation" furnish another of the truth that the Catholic the "city that is set upon a hill and cannot be hid." If he had similar attack upon some religious he "Greek Church," or the Anglican, Presbyterianism, or Methodism, ism, it would have been the subject of comment, and in a week's time been forgotten. But referring, to Catholicity and the relation in the minds to the state, the discussion attracts the attention of all intelligent

widely circulating secular newspapers in England and the United States, their columns to articles *pro* and *con* readers of every phase of religion are brought to make it a subject. In this we find matter of religion. The more closely and thoroughly doctrines of the Church are examined, the more clearly their errors appear.

As there is lamentable ignorance of the principles of civil government and the true relation of the individual to society in proportion as the teaching of religion in regard to these subjects is neglected, it will become evident that religion furnishes the only real basis for government and for personal freedom. Gladstone's controversy, therefore, to produce good results, very different from what Mr. Gladstone expected.

Catholic ladies of New York have received a sympathetic address to the Bishop of Nesselrode and the other German who were prosecuted and sentenced and imprisonment for presentment to the Bishop of Munster. By the American Catholic ladies, we are protesting against religious persecution that the Catholic Colony of Maryland as the first in these United States example of that religious liberty was the first to proclaim. We are, therefore, the right to speak in the name of religious liberty." Another instance of that comely interest and feeling which exists among the children of the Catholic

Church. When one member of the mystical body suffers every other member suffers with it. The state tyranny under which our German fellow Catholics suffer excites the strongest abhorrence in America.

THE Jubilee, which was proclaimed by our Holy Father on Christmas Eve, for the year 1875, marks the completion of another cycle of time. Not only has the Pope lived to see even more than the years of Peter, but has also been permitted to proclaim one of those great periodical celebrations which are calculated to rejoice the hearts of the faithful, and to exhibit the unity of the Catholic world in the most striking light. Rome becomes, in this year of grace, 1875, even more than ever the centre of Catholic love and sympathy, the spiritual treasures of indulgence are copiously dispensed, and everything is done to excite faith and nourish contrition. Pope Boniface the Eighth instituted the festival of the Holy Year in A.D. 1300. Clement VI appointed it to be kept once in every fifty years, and Paul II in 1470 appointed it to be kept every twenty-five years.

THE London *Times* makes a number of statements respecting India affairs which augur very unfavorably for the continuance of British rule in India. The Anglo-India government has nominally a military establishment of two hundred thousand men; but from these it cannot put thirty thousand reliable and efficient troops into the field. A number of the native rulers have armies of from fifteen thousand to thirty thousand men, which are rapidly improving in discipline and effectiveness. Their united aggregate strength far exceeds that of the Anglo-India army. There is deep and widespread discontent and hatred of their oppressors in the hearts of the natives. This may at any time burst forth, and England may have a rebellion which, if it does not eventuate in the independence of India, will tax all the energies of England to prevent it.

THE progress of the Catholic religion in the United States, indicated by the continued erection of new churches and repairs of old ones, by the rapid multiplication of schools, both parochial and collegiate, and by the creation of new Episcopal Sees is very remarkable. The number of Catholic churches, as compared with those of other denominations, is greater in the West than in any other section of the country, ranging from one in three to one in six. There are few Catholic churches in the South, Virginia having only one to one hundred and forty Protestant churches, and Georgia one in two hundred and forty-five.

IN Switzerland, as elsewhere, liberalism is illustrating clearly its deadly hostility to true liberty. The pass to which it has brought religious matters in the European "home of the free" may be gathered from the fact that the St. Imier correspondent of the *Liberte* announces, as a matter for the greatest jubilation, that they actually had a priest there to say Mass on the preceding Sunday! The spectacle was most affecting, thousands of the mountaineers from all the surrounding districts trooping in in swarms to worship their God after the manner of their forefathers. Men, women, and even children, thronged to the sacraments in vast numbers, and the day was one of general rejoicing. At one time people might pray as they liked in Switzerland—now public worship is almost an unheard of luxury, and only to be indulged in at long intervals. What a "free" country!

THE Catholic clergy of Oregon have published a protest against the policy of the Indian Department, which has assigned thirty reservations to the Protestant missionaries and but eight to the Catholics. It is a patent and undisputed historical fact that the Catholic missionaries were the first to carry the truths of Christianity to the Indians of the great Northwest. More than eighty thousand Catholic Indians have been transferred to the Protestant missionaries. Such outrageous injustice, which is only one example of many like similar cases, induced his Grace, the Archbishop of Baltimore, to recommend, in the early part of last year, the establishment in Washington of a Catholic Bureau of Indian Affairs, whose object and mission is to watch over the interest of the Indian missions.

FACTS are constantly transpiring which reveal the rapid drift of Germany towards paganism. A Protestant minister at Berlin recently published a statement that, according to the records of marriages, the proportion of marriages celebrated in the Church for the current year was only *eleven* as against *sixty-three* during the corresponding period of last year; the civil officer officiating in a vast majority of instances.

What is still more grave, he adds that out of *fifty* infants only *twelve* are baptized. The writer well adds: "If this lasts, Berlin will soon have nothing but a population of pagans."

ON the 21st of December, 1874, His Holiness made the following American appointments:

The Episcopal Church of Dulma, *in part*, for the Rev. Father Domenico Ma-

nucci, Vicar-Apostolic of Brownsville, Texas, newly erected.

The Bishopric of Bolina, *in part*, *infid.*, for Right Rev. Ignatius Persico, formerly Bishop of Savannah, United States.

The Bishopric of Saint Antoine, in Texas, United States, newly erected, for Mgr. Andre Pellicier, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Mobile.

Bishops Pellicier and Manucci were both consecrated at the Cathedral of Mobile, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and the former bishop took possession of his newly erected See on Christmas day.

THE Right Rev. M. A. Corrigan, D.D., Bishop of Newark, has lately issued a circular to the clergy of his diocese, announcing to them that he has decided to call a theological conference at the Catholic Institute, Newark, on February 3d. The object of these conferences is to promote the study of theology, cases both of conscience and of dogma being submitted to the consideration of the Reverend Clergy, and their opinions on them asked. The custom of holding these conferences is an ancient one in the Catholic Church, dating as far back as the tenth century. It was recommended for adoption in the United States by the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, and its advantages in promoting the study of theology, both dogmatic and moral, ecclesiastical discipline and ritual, are obvious.

THE Catholic portion, or "centre," as it is usually styled, of the German Parliament has sustained a severe loss in the death of Herr von Hoensbroech, Count of the Empire, and a rich landed proprietor of Westphalia, and brother-in-law of the Baron Felix von Loe, the illustrious President of the General Association of the Catholics of Maintz. The deceased was a member of the Prussian House of Lords, and he was the owner of a country-house and lands in Holland, which he placed at the disposal of the German Jesuits after their expulsion. He had rendered great services to the Catholic cause in his native province. Such men can, humanly speaking, ill be spared in these times.

ARE Catholics in the United States generally doing their duty as regards the colored population? The question is suggested to us by reading of the arrival of Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, England, with four more missionaries, from Mill Hill College, near London, whose field of labor is destined to be amongst the colored population of this country. England itself is a missionary country as regards the Catholic re-

ligion, and yet she sends priests to the United States. Is there no college or seminary in our country which can furnish priests for this class? Thousands and thousands of baptized colored Catholics are yearly lost to the Church; can we not put forth a hand to save them?

THE literary societies which have been formed in different parts of the United States, and which are doing a fair amount of good among Catholic young men, are summoned to send delegates to a National Convention at Newark, to meet on February 22d.

They appear to have been studying the progress of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union and the Temperance Union, and to have become convinced of the advantages of union. That "union is strength" is a motto, the truth of which is becoming daily more and more seen and acted on. The

enemies of the Church unite in their schemes and efforts against it, and Catholics may learn a lesson from their example.

THE death of Frederick William, of Cassel, ex-sovereign of Hesse, is the extinction of another, and the last representative of the "Holy Roman Empire in Germany." There is now no longer an "elector." The deceased was a person of no merit. One of the results of the Austro-Prussian conflicts and the consequent aggrandizement of Prussia was to deprive Frederick William of his principality and territorial possessions. He retired into Bohemia, and was allowed the proceeds of the crown lands for his maintenance. Subsequently protesting against his dethronement, his interest in the crown-lands was sequestered, and he was left to subsist on his private means.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DAILY LIFE OF THE SICK (*La Journée des Malades*), or Consolation in the Hours of Suffering. By M. l'abbé Henri Perreyve with an introduction by Rev. L. Petetot, Superior of the Oratory. Translated from the French. Philadelphia: Peter F. Cunningham & Son. 1875.

Have any of our readers ever perused that most charming of lovers' memoirs, *Rosa Ferruci, her Life and Letters*? A compilation of love-letters, telling a sweetly sad story, yet so pure and exalted in its sentiments as to throw all the dignity of religion around a subject usually treated with levity, if not stained with the infectious breath of grosser passion, a book that proves that there is not only such a thing as Christian marriage, but also Christian *courtship*, and that under the refining influences of religion it can reflect the celestial interchanges of that exalted and pure love that thrills the bosoms of virgins and seraphs. To those who answer "Yes" to the above question we need only say here is another work from the pen of the biographer of *Rosa Ferruci*; and, presto! the critic's occupation is gone. We will not, therefore, attempt the pleasing labor of warmest commendation; we will simply say that, if *Rosa Ferruci* was beautiful, *La Journée des Malades* is sublime. 'Tis true, the subject of the latter is in a certain sense

more exalted, but then the author's labors were increased, from the fact that administering consolation to the sick, at all times, from the essential nature of the task, exceedingly difficult, has been rendered still more ungracious by the well-meaning but trite exhortations about "patience under affliction," "bearing the cross," etc., which have well-nigh lost their efficacy by being administered *ad nauseam*.

The charm of l'abbé Perreyve's work is not in the novelty of the ideas, but in the new departure from the beaten track which he takes, or rather the grace of genius so peculiar to him, in common with most French writers, of investing those ideas with a dextrous charm of sentiment, evolved from them with a newness and simplicity which is so common with French writers—so uncommon with those of every other tongue. All the *poetry of sickness* is dextrously drawn forth by the skilful touch of religion, till the sufferer's Calvary becomes glorified into a Tabor, and he can from his couch of anguish cry out, Lord, it is good for us to be here! Let it not be supposed, however, that the poetry of affliction is pressed from the pangs of suffering; that would indeed be a commonplace act, and prove but half the effect, and that the inferior portion of the work, for the patient could not display the resignation referred to until he has likewise been im-

pressed with the sanctifying properties of sickness, graces which hover as special guardian angels around the extended cross to which he is nailed.

The translation is well done, though done by a life-long sufferer, Mother St. John, of Chestnut Hill, and is appropriately dedicated to another invalid of many years, Mrs. Bernard Henry, of Germantown, formerly Miss Pauline Vanderkemp, a lady well known to the higher social circles of Philadelphia for her many graces of heart and head. We regret that want of space prevents us from giving a detailed review of the beauties of this work, but the attempt would be futile unless we had many pages at our command; we can, therefore, only add the wish that it may soon be found in every sick-room in the land.

YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Boston: Lee & Shepherd. 1875.

We have received the specimen sheets of this book and are decidedly pleased with it. The theory of the book is briefly stated in the declaration of the publishers: That American history is in itself one of the most attractive of all subjects, and can be made interesting to old and young by being presented in a simple, clear, and graphic way, instead of that in which (up to the present time) most school histories have been written, which may be called the technical style. In this book only such names and dates are introduced as are necessary to secure a clear and definite thread of connected incident in the mind of the reader; and the space thus saved is devoted to illustrative traits and incidents, and the details of daily living. By this means, it is believed that much more may be conveyed, even of the philosophy of history, than where this is overlaid and hidden by a mass of mere statistics.

One means of securing fresh and graphic delineations has been the use, where practicable, of the original language of the historic personages themselves; their own vivid phrases affording a taste of the charm of those early narratives. To induce readers to pursue for themselves the interesting themes thus presented, a full list is given of books relating to each period, including poetry and fiction.

The author of this history is well known as a popular writer, and he has developed his theory in a style which proves his fitness for the task and earned our commendation. We are only disposed to question one portion of his statement, with regard to the treatment of the Jews in the Maryland colony, which is, we think, more captious than correct.

The woodcuts are very fine, and the entire style of publication reflects great credit on the house which puts it forth.

DRAMAS AND DRAMATIC SCENES. Edited by Professor W. H. Venable. Illustrations by Farney. Cincinnati and New York: Wilson, Hinkle & Co.

The author of this book has given fresh proofs of his fitness for his professional work in the good taste and judgment exhibited in this second volume of his dramatic readers, a book which supplies a long-perceptible vacuum in this kind of literature. The excellent illustrations, and other evidences of the publishers' proficiency, are worthy of more notice than we have space to give. The author, in his preface, expresses his thanks to our good friend, Mrs. Robert E. Rogers, of Cincinnati, for the use of her splendid collection of dramatic authors, and the lady and library are both eminently deserving of the graceful compliment.

We have received the following books from the respective publication houses:

THE VEIL WITHDRAWN. The beautiful translation of Madame Craven's "*Le Mot de l'Enigme*," which has been running through the pages of the *Catholic World*, and now published by the Catholic Publication Society, in book form, to correspond with the rest of the issue of the *World's* serials.

Also, **THE METROPOLITAN CATHOLIC ALMANAC FOR 1875**, with its usual store of valuable information and statistics, and this year prepared, it seems to us, with more than usual care and accuracy. D. & J. Sadlier, New York, publishers.

Also, **DR. NEWMAN'S LETTER TO THE DUKE OF NORFOLK**, in reply to Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees, which is, as usual with its learned author, an able and exhaustive review of the late premier's lucubrations. Catholic Publication Society, New York.

From P. O'Shea, New York, **THE STRAW-CUTTER'S DAUGHTER.** A neat little juvenile; edited by Lady Fullerton, and from the press of the Catholic Protector, West Chester, *New York*. The twelfth annual report of that institution, which we commend to all our readers as likely to counteract the many falsehoods circulated by the Protestant press, about misappropriations of public funds to Catholic charities, is a report of which any Catholic may be proud.

For all of the above our thanks are due to P. F. Cunningham & Son, through whom they were received.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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THE MISSION TO THE COLORED PEOPLE.

A DOCUMENT.

EARLY in the year 1845, as I was wending my way to the private apartments of the Rev. Father John Roothaan, General of the Company of Jesus, I overtook Rev. Father Villefort, private secretary to his Paternity, and the lamented Dr. James Ryder, S. J., mounting the same stairs. At my approach both fathers turned, and the former greeting and pointing to me said: "That's the man!" Whereupon, after being duly introduced to the American missionary, I was told that the Father was in search of young men who would accompany him to the United States. At that time I enjoyed the great happiness and high honor of being a soldier of the same glorious company; and, strange to say, the purpose of my errand to the General was to conclude arrangements for my departure for the Mission of Calcutta, to which I had been appointed. After proper explanations and a clear statement of matters and things, I acknowledged the finger of God in the apparently casual interview, and authorized the Doctor to give my name

to the General, as first in the list of his recruits. Father Roothaan approved the change of destination, and from that moment I became a kind of secretary and general agent for the American Father. He subsequently made an excursion to Naples, where he recruited several young companions, among them the venerable Father A. M. Paresce, since Superior of the Maryland Prov. S. J., founder and rector of Woodstock College, truly a seat of learning, and the great nursery of Jesuits in the United States; Fathers C. Vicinanza, for the last twenty-three years a missionary in the lower counties of Maryland; L. Vigilante, late of New Mexico, and Eugene Vetromile, the learned and zealous Indian Missionary of Maine. In Rome he secured the services of Rev. Fathers A. Ciampi and B. Pacciarini.

It seems that on his departure for Rome, the lamented Dr. Reynolds, of Charleston, S. C., had earnestly recommended to Father Ryder to procure some zealous priest who would devote himself to the care of

the negroes in his diocese. The scholastic last named in the above list was suggested as *the* man for that mission. Self-denying, zealous, very pious, and endowed with an enduring frame, and a stock of common sense above the average, Basil Pacciarini, then in his twenty-eighth year, and a student of divinity, was the chosen one. He went to work at once girding his loins with the armor of prayer and penance, and getting a large supply of such articles as he thought would captivate the mind of his future wards. Rev. George Blackney, since dead (A.D. 1854), in New Orleans, La. (æ. 37), a young Irish Jesuit, of extraordinary gifts, strove his best to be detailed for the same post, but his hour had not yet come.

Father Pacciarini consented most readily; and, surely, he had given an earnest of his adaptedness to the work in the tender zeal which he had always displayed whilst teaching catechism, and showing a preference for the poorest of the poor.

However, for reasons which it is not necessary here to state, the mission was not then undertaken, and Father Pacciarini had to content himself with the cultivation of other fields. The Federal troops stationed at Point Lookout, St. Mary's, Md., where during the late civil war a great depot of Confederate prisoners was established, and the ten thousand officers and privates confined there, to whom Father Basil ministered as a priest and as a father, will be witness to this day of his heroic devotedness and sublime piety.

After the choice of my poor self for the American mission had been resolved upon, Dr. Ryder called upon me to draw up the following memorial, which I wrote in Italian, under his Latin dictation, and was presented to Rev. Father Roothaan in May, 1845. Fortunately I have preserved the Italian copy, and here I give it dressed in English, for the first time:—for when I wrote it first I

was wholly unacquainted with that language.

I publish it, *first*, to show how the spirit of Blessed Claver has never ceased to breathe in the bosom of the Company of Jesus; *secondly*, as a proof of the interest which the Church has always felt in the welfare of the negro; and, *thirdly*, because its publication may prove of some interest, especially now, when an English prelate has been enabled to carry out the cherished plan of a distinguished and universally esteemed and beloved Jesuit, the pride of the American pulpit in his day, and an humble and zealous Apostle.

THE MEMORIAL.

“In these days, when the Company of Jesus is ruthlessly exposed to so many trials in the Old World, as to endanger its very existence,* God in his providence has opened to it a safe haven in the New. The several governments of South America are earnestly beseeching† the rehabilitation of that body, which in former days had with such devoted generosity brought back to Chili, Peru, and Paraguay, the happiness of primitive Christianity; a body of men who, by their success, had repelled the calumnies hurled against the Church of God, and, by the grandeur of the monuments raised amongst

* The question of the existence of the Jesuits in Switzerland was then hotly debated. The government of Berne wanted the General to withdraw them. The General refused (although the members of his company were cruelly harassed), for the reason, and a stringent one, that the withdrawal of the Jesuits would be the signal of a persecution and ostracism of all religious orders. The Jesuits were finally expelled, and the religious orders, with bishops and priests at their head, followed in the wake. Louis Philippe had inaugurated a new era of persecution in France. The history of the trials under Clement XIV was repeating itself. I have it from the very best authority that the subsequent appointment of Rev. J. B. Miege, S. J., to the apostolic vicariate of Kansas, was made in view of the apprehended general ostracism of the Jesuits from Europe, that an asylum might be opened for them in those remote missionary regions.

† The minister from New Granada was most persevering in his instances. The notorious Charles Passaglia (then a star of his order) was at the head of the list of such Jesuits as were asked for by that government. Father Roothaan told the writer, with a puzzling smile, that Father Passaglia was required for the particular purpose of establishing a *Chair of Botany*.

those nations, had given additional proof of the undying vitality and divine origin of that same Church.

"In the United States of North America the widest field is open to the same Company. Therein its members will have the amplest scope to their highest and holiest ambition; therein the sown seed will far better, peradventure, than in other soils, take, grow, and give fruits, ripening in the healthiest maturity, and reproducing themselves ever more robust and fair, with the growth of a republic full of life and vigor.

"But, unhappily, not many in Europe do perceive, or appreciate as it behooves, the importance and advantage whereby proper means would speedily give existence and durability to Catholic institutions in the United States. Let then the wide-awake attention of the Company be drawn to those distant shores, so that a portion, at least, of its zeal, so profusely spent in many lands, with a success not wholly adequate to its intensity and generous efforts, be devoted to fields where it cannot but prove successful, and where the wonders of its ancient name can be surely perpetuated.

"The United States government embraces *twenty-nine* (A.D. 1845) States, sovereign and independent, yet covenanted in one confederation, with a population of twenty millions, spread over an area by far larger than the whole of Europe. The fundamental principles of the general Constitution guarantee freedom to every worship, and to the education of youth; the character of the people is reflective, inquiring, and sagacious; and at this moment there exists amongst all classes a desire to know thoroughly the nature and tendency of Catholic institutions, and this investigating disposition has already been the source of happy results. But the scantiness of an American clergy thwarts the endeavors of the American mind, the diffusion of Christian knowledge is

hampered, and consequently the progress of truth is retarded, where, in fact, there are no trammels in the way. The people are increasing and multiplying, but the Church does not increase her joy, nor are her domains dilating in proportion. The spirit of error overshadows everything, the souls of the rising generation are informed by such principles as are instilled into them by the numberless sects, marshalled by active and intriguing ministers, who swarm all over the country. In the meanwhile, Catholicity, which should reign supreme among such people, is comparatively unknown, or shamefully travestied and misrepresented. Nevertheless, in the teeth of such difficulties, and in spite of them, the cause of the true Church gains steadily—men and women of the highest standing in society, highly esteemed for the brilliancy of their mind, distinguished by education and position, wealth and name, swell the Catholic ranks, and with their personal influence supply in part the lamentable deficiency of legitimate ministers of the Word.

"The Catholics are a million and a half at the lowest; although politicians, who have of late taken an interest in the matter, reckon them at three millions two hundred thousand, with only seven hundred ministers of the Lord. Thus, even at the smallest calculation of one million and two hundred thousand, we have one priest for every two thousand Catholics, assuredly an unbearable charge, heavy even for apostolic shoulders, the more so as we must take into consideration the distances at which Catholics live from each other—eighty, ninety, one hundred and more miles. Yet they must be visited when sick, instructed in their duties, and comforted with the healing balm of religion!

"Then take from this number such as are employed in colleges or seminaries, or do not know the language, or are worn out by age and

infirmity, and it is clear that short of a miracle even the most urgent wants can hardly be attended to, whilst millions who sit by the roadside begging for the bread of life must needs be left uncared for.

"The Company of Jesus has already done much pioneer work, and fought the battles of the Lord in Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. Leaving aside the Western missions, where the Jesuit missionary was the herald of both civilization and gospel, the above-named provinces will forever bear testimony to the apostolic deeds of those indefatigable laborers who first scattered the seed of Christianity amongst their inhabitants, even when galled, hunted, and martyred by the unceasing persecution of British tyranny. Sweet, indeed, and refreshing to the heart of the Jesuit is the knowledge that where within the last hundred years the indomitable energy of a Farmer, and Schneider, and Frambach, and Molineux roamed over hundreds of miles of pathless forests to carry the comforts of religion to a handful of Catholics widely scattered around, now (A.D. 1845) Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and New York count the children of the Faith by the tens of thousands. This wonderful development of faith is mainly due to the foresight and prudence of the Holy See, ever on the alert to found episcopal sees, around which priests gathered, congregations crowded, and as if by enchantment the Catholic Church cast strong roots, and prospered in most consoling results. This wise prevision should stimulate the Company of Jesus to aid the Holy See by increased efforts to strengthen its outposts, even at the sacrifice of other places, pitching new tents, and providing for the wants of the rising American church.

"The need mostly felt in the United States is education; thus the Company cannot mistake the lines of operations drawn and defined as

the work for which she is detailed. If the training of youth is a specialty of her vocation everywhere, in no part of the world can she employ her strategic talents more successfully than in America. Catholics and non-Catholics look to the Jesuit for the light of classical and scientific education. In fact the appreciation of the Jesuit system on the part of non-Catholics may call for tokens of her gratitude. Amongst the alumni of our institutions the non-Catholic percentage is very large, and drawn from the elite of society. The last three honored chief magistrates of the Union have placed their children, and the children of their connections, under the training of Jesuit teachers at Georgetown; governors of States, senators, representatives, and ambassadors of foreign powers, have preferred and indorsed our system in preference to their own institutes of learning. These alumni attend the Christian instructions in our colleges and the Catholic worship, the same as the children of the faithful; many with their parents' approval enter the pale of Catholicity, and almost all leave our colleges with correct ideas of what the Catholic Church teaches, prejudices are done away with, and ever after the graduates remain steadfast friends and defenders of Mother Church. Hence the paramount importance of establishing new colleges and schools, as many arsenals of faith, and seminaries to train youth in morality, and religious schools and colleges can be opened in every important place, city or town, of the Union. But it should be our chief endeavor to compete, at least in equality of merit and efficiency, with the best non-Catholic institutions in the country.* The palm of efficiency in mathematics and natural sciences is generally allowed to Protestant schools, whilst in the department of

* In Rome the greatest anxiety was felt, lest the University of Georgetown, D. C., should be dimmed in her glory by the new foundation of the Smithsonian Institute.

lassic literature the first place is fairly won by the Catholic. Accordingly, we need members skilful in teaching the exact sciences, and a well-regulated system must be adopted to gain the confidence of aspiring youth, up to the point of graduation. With a supply of apt scholars, such a system could be easily established. By such combined and energetic efforts the education of youth in that vast empire would be easily and speedily secured to the hands of Catholicity. The growing generation would be trained in Catholic doctrine, and the pupils, as it has been proven in many instances, would become apostles of the faith and teachers thereof before their parents.

"O let then the youthful teachers of our Italian schools, who are so well qualified for their important work, aspire to the honor of becoming heralds of the Cross in transatlantic colleges! Theirs will be the glory of propagating the domain of faith in the language of Greece and Rome, and strewing the path of religion in the West with the flowers of Parnassus. The science of the stars was the key that opened Chinese hearts, and the Company dispatched her Ricci and her Shalls to lead legions of a barbarous but noble nation to heaven. Botany, medicine, and music were the arms of the pioneers of the faith in the East and in Southern America. The soldiers of Loyola became botanists, physicians, and teachers of music, to gain the hearts of the infidels, and the leaders of blind people to walk by the light of Christianity.

"Shall we then prove less wise or less energetic than our sires in our zeal for the conversion of the United States? Science is the instrument of faith to gain the American, and the Company of Jesus would prove unequal to its grand institution did its members neglect the use of this powerful weapon. The United States of North America are this day the lead-

ers of all other names in the litany of nations, and their bearing on the interests of religion is far more important than the former influence of China or all Eastern peoples in their palmiest days. It is admitted that the United States are to-day (1845) the most flourishing in the family of nations. They have attained a civilization not surpassed by that of Europe, with all the perfection of fine arts, and with the energy and vitality of a self-made people, conscious of its gigantic power and of its inexhaustible resources. They have taught England to respect them, even at the sacrifice of her national arrogance. France is jealous of their friendship. Austria, Prussia, Russia are kept in awe by their dignified and independent polity. China has opened her ports and marts of commerce to representatives of the United States, and granted privileges which England could not secure even after a nefarious and exterminating war. The harbors on the Pacific, as well as those of the Atlantic, Mediterranean, and inland seas are whitened with American sails, and the commerce of the whole globe is opened to the bold enterprise of American merchantmen.

"Let then North America be converted to the faith, and the world will feel the influence of its example! England will be shamed into an abolition of the humiliating restraint put on Catholics; France will be taught that liberty of conscience, which it sadly ignores in the enactment of its laws; Russia will not dare to wage war against a faith honored and worshipped in the United States; the American fleets will become a link between the East and the missionary harbingers of faith; the cross of Christ will command respect and veneration when carried aloft on the wings of the American eagle. No, no, this is not a flight of fancy; for whence does it come that American Protestant missionaries, of every sect and form, are found in every quarter of the globe, teaching pagan and

schismatic new phases of error, but because American commerce links the United States with all other regions of the earth, and because the credentials from officers of the American government embolden such emissaries of evil teachings?*

An equal and far stronger influence would be exerted in behalf of Catholic missions were America once converted to the faith:

"Let then the Company of Jesus value its own position, value its sublime vocation, respond to the command of its founder, *Ite Inflammate Omnia*, point to its numerous followers in Europe, who are not wanting in the spirit of their fathers, the glorious work which Providence has in store for them—that is, the suppression of heresy, and the triumph of religion in the New World!

"But let not the purpose of this appeal be misunderstood. The consummation of this glorious grand work is not to be exclusively attained by men of science, literary men. The humble missionary, the modest catechist must be taken into co-partnership. The aborigines of the land, narrowed down to the number of only three millions, claim the attention, the respect, and the interest, and the zeal of a Jesuit, and the work of their conversion will afford manifold opportunities for the exercise of the patience and the charity of an apostle.

"In the southern sections of our country, a vast field, strewn with thorns and contradictions, is opened to the zeal of the imitators of Peter Claver; a colored population, both *slaves* and free, to the number of three or four millions, is sunk, deeply steeped, in ignorance and vice. Thus far the Catholic missionaries have been debarred from the work of exclusively attending to their wants; the white people have necessarily claimed even the leisure hours of

their serfs. Yet Methodists and other sectarians have enticed them into their conventicles, and have sunk them deeper and deeper into pits of error and perversity. The white man revolts at any idea of equality with the negro, even in the house of God; the negro must sit and kneel apart from the white man, confined to narrow and uncomfortable quarters. Hence few among them can enjoy the healthy influence of a divine worship, or profit by the instructions imparted to the whites. Again, in their crude and obtuse simplicity, and a capacity of mind rendered less competent of understanding by their very condition, they require appropriate instructions, conveyed in the simplest manner.

"These considerations have long preyed upon the mind of the apostolic and zealous Dr. Ignatius Reynolds, Bishop of Charleston, South Carolina, and long has he wished that a church were built and set apart for the exclusive attendance of his colored children. Conscious of the alacrity with which the members of the Company of Jesus endure and submit to any trial for the salvation of souls, he has entreated the superiors of the province of Maryland to undertake the thorny work of such a foundation. The province will accept the trust, and our very reverend Father General has already accepted the generous offer of one of the theological students of the Roman province. . . .

"May God grant us another Peter Claver. . . .

"What may be accomplished in the city of Charleston, where at least *fifteen thousand* negroes dwell, will be undertaken over the extent of that large diocese, where perhaps half a million of the colored race are living, and through other sections of the South.

"Thus will men of all colors be enrolled under the Standard of the Cross, and the very conversion of the colored man, besides the great

* The Reverend Consular Agent of President Grant, and his lady secretary, afford a peculiar illustration to this assertion.

glory it will render to God, will exert a powerful influence towards that of his Master."

The last sentence of the Memorial conveys a truth whereof the proofs could be sustained by many facts.

When the Memorial became known to the venerable inmates of the *Casa Professa*, and to the learned professors of the *Collegio Romano*, it became the theme of universal praise. The youthful students of philosophy and theology were fired with an ardent wish to cross the Atlantic. Petitions poured in to the General for the coveted boon of becoming the missionaries of America. But only eight were successful, all still living, with the exception of one who has since died, after halting and withdrawing his hand from the plough.

Perhaps never before such an ardent appeal was made; and surely a more eloquent one could not be made. A copy of it was presented to Pope Gregory XVI, and it is a well-known fact that the Holy Father encouraged Father Roothaan to do his utmost to furnish the American mission with a generous supply of youthful apostles.

It may be remarked that the subject of this Memorial is now devoid of interest, and it has lost its freshness. Not at all. The very move-

ment inaugurated by Bishop Vaughan is but a realization of the hopes conceived more than a quarter of a century ago. It has been observed that there must have been a lack of judgment and zeal somewhere in this country, when a foreign prelate had to come to the rescue of those poor souls. With that we have nothing to do; we have nothing to say about it. But the publication of Dr. Ryder's eloquent appeal to his confrères in Europe, will go far to prove that there have not been wanting in America hearts burning with zeal for the welfare and sincere love of the forlorn negro, and I am warranted in saying that none would have entered upon the work of evangelizing the negro in the United States with more ardent earnestness and sincere pleasure than Father James Ryder himself. Those who have known him best will readily bear me out in my assertion.

Then is it not due to his memory and to the remembrance cherished of him by his surviving friends that this monument of his zeal should be made known? It is one of the few pieces of work by his mind and heart preserved. Let it be consigned to a tablet that will endure as long as American Catholic literature will last. *Collige fragmenta ne pereant.*

J. M. F.

A LEGEND OF SAINT PATRICK.

GLEAMED the sunray, soft and yellow,
 On the gentle plains of Meath,
 Spring's low breezes, fresh and mellow,
 Through the woods scarce seemed to breathe.
 And on Tara, proud and olden,
 Circled round with radiance fair,
 Decked in splendor, bright and golden,
 Sat the court of Laoghaire.

Chieftains with the fleasy* of glory,
 And the coulin flowing free;
 Priest and Brehon bent and hoary,
 Soft-tongued bard and seanachie:
 Silence filled the sunny ether,
 Eager light in every eye,
 As in banded rank together
 Stranger forms approacheth nigh.

Tall and stately—white beards flowing
 In bright streaks adown the breast—
 Cheeks with summer beauty glowing,
 Eyes of thoughtful holy rest.
 And in front their saintly leader,
 Patrick, walked with cross in hand;
 Which, from Arran to Ben Edar,
 Soon rose high above the land.

Silence filled the sunny ether,
 Eager light in every eye,
 As he told how he came thither
 With a message from on high;
 How he came to quench the fire
 Of a dark faith overthrown;
 And to bow the sons of Eire
 To the one true God alone.

And he spoke until the shadows
 Shifted round from south to east,
 Till the music on the meadows
 Of the roving bees had ceased;

* Anglice, collar; *casalis*, Anglice, long hair.

Till the breezes of the even
Wandered inland from the sea,
Still he told the laws of heaven,
And the glories yet to be.

On the Druid's brows was looming
Heavily a thickening cloud,
While a wild and thrilling humming
Rose up from the startled crowd ;
Rose up still the gathered voices
Through the pasture-scented air,
And the heavenly court rejoices
As down kneeleth Dubtach there.

Then the king arose with malice
In his face from ear to ear,
"I am bearded at my palace
By this band of strangers here !
By the kingly soul of Niall,
Now I swear my blade will smite
Him who now declines the trial
Which will prove whose gods are right !

"As for me my path's before me,
'Tis the way our fathers trod—
Of the noble sire that bore me,
His brave god shall be my god ;
He, the sun of war and glory,
Would *he* own a god of peace ?
But ye've heard the stranger's story,
And those battling doubts must cease.

"Open wide yon low-roofed dwelling—
One of each must enter in ;
Fire the roof—the blaze upswelling,
Let it scorch the heart of sin.
He who cometh forth unharmed,
To his god bend down the knee :"
Then the crowd, with pulses warmed,
Crieth forth : "So let it be !"

Like a maiden in her beauty
When her bridal dawn's awake :
"Father, let this be my duty,"
Thus the young Benignus spake ;
"I have seen a loving vision,
I have heard low voices thrill—
Oh, it was the bright Elysian
Shadow of th' Almighty's will !"

A Legend of Saint Patrick.

"'Tis His call, my son," replieth
Patrick, with a holy smile;
"Thou the demon host defiesth,
All their arts and fiendish guile.
Saviour," and he bent him lowly,
"Give him strength and give him grace
Now to prove Thy law is holy
To the boasting tempter's face."

On the rough beach of Ceanmara
Wildly rolls the Atlantic's swell,
So the breasts on princely Tara
Of the haughty priests of Bel—
"Change the white robes of the stranger
For the dress our priest has on;
Let no spell avert his danger,"
Thus they cried; and it was done.

Back fell the door, and they entered in,
The child of God and the man of sin;
Up ran the flames in a dreamy cloud
Before the eyes of the shuddering crowd.

And higher and higher, brighter and higher
Than the rosy blaze of that burning pyre,
The prayers of His saints to God arose
To blast the hopes of His daring foes.

Then the fire sank low in a gentle sleep,
And full in the midst of the blackened heap,
Benignus, untouched, was smiling fair,—
But where was the Druid? where? oh, where?

A shout like thunder now swept the sky,
"Our God is Patrick's—the God on high!"
'Twas echoed in heaven,—a fiendish yell
Sent a dark response from the caves of hell.

Thus Erin was saved, and the faith of God
Like sunlight flowed o'er her blushing sod;
Since then she has passed through storms of ill,
Yet that sunlit radiance is burning still!



THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

ARTICLE II.

AN HISTORICAL QUESTION.

WHEN was the right of the Popes, already existing, to temporal sovereignty, formally and explicitly defined?

If it be true that facts are eloquent, our present paper should be a triumph of eloquence, inasmuch as it has to do with unimpeachable facts. In a former paper we reviewed many facts in the light of philosophy, which latter enabled us to arrive at the efficient cause of the same, and having known that, it was an easy task to arrive at the final cause. This was the gradual and imperceptible establishment of the Temporal Power of the Popes. Just because this establishment was gradual, was natural, because it did violence to no one, we concluded that it was the especial work of a loving Providence, which broods fondly over the destinies of the Church. We have seen that towards the establishment of this temporal independence, no man contributed voluntarily, and with a fixed purpose, but that human events were so disposed from the translation of the seat of the Empire from Rome to Constantinople, to the middle of the eighth century, that at this period the world became suddenly conscious that the Popes were sovereigns. Europe had already begun to feel the soothing, chastening influence of that element, which being at once human and divine, was the balancing power of Europe during the Middle Ages. In the present paper, it is not our purpose to analyze events, and to observe in them the ways of Providence, but to delve the events themselves in all their simplicity out of the mine of the past, and then we shall look at them merely as the ef-

fects of man's will; in a word, we shall look for the title-deeds of the temporal dominion of the Roman Pontiffs. For the better understanding of the question, it will not be supererogatory to follow the order of events, beginning where we terminated in our last paper. The events prior to the time of Pope Zachary fully establish the conclusion, that the Popes were sovereigns in everything but the name. Let us begin now with the reign of the first "Pope and King." Without stopping to refute the opinions of different authors, about the historical origin, we set forth our purpose in the form of a thesis. The temporal power of the Popes began formally in the year 754, during the Pontificate of Stephen II, who was, therefore, the first "Pope and King." A simple exposition of the events of that period will establish the conclusion. Pope Zachary died in the year 752, and was succeeded by Stephen I, who died four days after his election. Of the character of the new Pope, Stephen II, it is needless to speak. He is numbered by the Church in the catalogue of her saints, whence we conclude, that not the most insignificant glory of the temporal power of the Church, is the fact that the first sovereign were a saint.

King Astulph ruled Lombardy at that time, and he only awaited the death of Zachary to accomplish his darling project of seizing the province and capital of Rome. Stephen II began his relations with Astulph by sending two legates to him on a mission of peace. What with their eloquence and the magic power of rich presents, and, most of all, the threats of divine vengeance, if he

made war against the Church, the doughty warrior was induced to sign a treaty of peace for forty years. With all due respect for the antiquity of the sayings, "Punic faith," and "Greek faith," we may be permitted to observe that "Italian faith" is as suggestive of treachery and double-dealing as either of the sayings just cited. King Astulph, in his treaty of peace with Pope Stephen II, gives us a good specimen of Italian faith. He kept his promise for four months. He began his march on Rome by taking Spoleto. Here he organized three armies, one, at the head of which was Count Robert, he sent to lay waste the Sabine territory. A second, commanded by Grimwald, he sent to Civita Vecchia, which in those days was called Centocelle. The third army marched upon Terracina. Count Robert's army passed over the Sabine hills, where it marked its course by devastation, and met the Romans at the Ponte Salaro. A spirited engagement took place here, in which the Romans were defeated, and constrained to retreat within the walls. Reanimated by their holy Pontiff, they rushed out again, and completely routed the Lombards, who fled, leaving their leader among the slain. It was then that Astulph himself, at the head of six thousand Lombards, set out for Rome, nor did he halt until he reached Tivoli. The Romans were in dismay, for the reports of the ravages committed by the Lombards in the vicinity of Tivoli were anything but encouraging. Meanwhile, Stephen had sent legates to Constantine Copronimus, at Constantinople, imploring relief; "*Deprecaus imperialem elementiam ut, juxta quod æi sæpins scripserat, cum exercitu ad tuendas has Italiæ partibus, modis omnibus adveniret, et de iniquitatis filii morsibus Romanam hanc urbem, vel (et) cunctam Italianam provinciam liberaret.*" Anastasius, in Stephano II. (Supplicating the Imperial clemency,

that, as he had often written to him, he would by all means come with an army to defend these parts of Italy, and that he would liberate this city of Rome and the whole province of Italy from the jaws of the son of iniquity.) Here we would beg the reader to consider this fact well, and to note the circumstances thereof. They prove, to an evidence, how false is the assertion of many writers, who, with more hatred in their hearts than information in their minds, affirm, that the Popes, through ambition, brought about the fall of the Imperial power over the West in the eighth century. The Papal legates met with no success at the Byzantine court. They were told to seek aid from their more immediate neighbors. It was in this extremity that the holy Pontiff turned his gaze towards France, the only nation which, at that time, was capable of becoming the champion of the Church. England, though a land of saints, was too far away. Spain was struggling for life and liberty with the Saracens; while Germany had not as yet fully awoken from paganism and barbarism. Pepin the Short, son of Charles Martel, was at that time the glory of the Franks, whose influence had already begun to extend itself outside of their own frontiers. Pepin, therefore, because he was a warrior of indomitable courage, and a dutiful son of the Church besides, was well fitted to discharge the glorious mission about to be confided to him. The Pope, therefore, sent letters to the King of the Franks by some pilgrims who were going that way. The messenger of the Pope was well received, and the King forthwith sent two messengers, Rodigang and the Abbot Droctegang, to the Pope, who assured the latter, in the name of their King, that he was ready to aid the Pope in everything. He soon after sent another messenger, charged to communicate similar sentiments to the Pontiff. Beyond the

ange of letters, nothing positive effected. Stephen then resolved to go into France in person. Perhaps he was confirmed in this purpose by the arrival of an Imperial messenger, who begged the Pope to use his influence with Astulph to induce him to restore the province of Ravenna. Astulph had retired to Pavia, but his army was still ravaging the Roman province. The Pope declined and obtained from the King a safe conduct, and on the 14th of October, 753, he set out from Rome, accompanied by two envoys of the Frankish King, John Silentiarius, ambassador from the Emperor, and a select member of the clergy. Before his arrival at Pavia, the Pope was met by a messenger from King Astulph, who informed him that in an interview with the King, he was expressly forbidden to mention anything about the restoration of Ravenna. The Pontiff, however, still faithful to the Byzantine Emperor, urged upon the King to give back Ravenna and province of Ravenna, on no purpose. He then signified his intention of going into France, and as some messengers from the King had already arrived at Pavia, the intention of escorting the Pontiff, King Astulph was forced to permit him to depart. As it was midwinter when he arrived in France, the King persuaded the Pope to remain until spring, promising, meanwhile, that he would undertake an expedition against the Lombards, that he would grant to the Pope the territory which in the course of war he would take from the Lombards. The Pope passed the winter in the Convent of St. Denis, Paris. On the Octave of Easter Sunday, which, in the following year of 754, fell upon the 14th of April, the King convoked a solemn assembly of all the nobles, abbots, and bishops of France, at Quierzy, on the banks of the Oise. The Pope presided at the Diet, and the following solemn and important document,

which constitutes the title-deed of the temporal power of the Popes, was subscribed to by the King, nobles, abbots, and bishops. Before citing the document, which bears the name of "*Fragmentum Fantutianum*," from the name of its possessor, Count Marco Fantuzzi, it will not be out of place to establish briefly its authenticity.

The history of the document is brief and clear. With many other similar documents, it lay for centuries in the public archives of Venice. To preserve the originals, and for the use of the Council of Ten, a great many of the most important documents were copied by the public scribes, and bound in several volumes, which were labelled, "*Pactorum et Commemorialium*." According to the testimony of the Doge Marco Foscarini, a collection of these *Treaties and Commemorations* was made in the year 1500, which bore the following title, "*Series Litterarum, Privilegiorum, et Pactorum, Pontificum, Imperatorum, et aliorum Principum, ad Venetorum Ducatum et Ecclesias spectantium, ab anno 700 circiter usque ad 1400.*" (A series of Letters, Privileges, and Treaties of Popes, Emperors, and other Princes, belonging to the Duchy and Churches of Venice, from about the year 700 up to 1400.) This precious code was first owned by Bernard of Trevisi, whence it was called the Trevisian Code. Bernard bequeathed it to his brother, the Bishop of Verona, from whom it passed as an inheritance to the Bishop of Feltre. A public decree was then issued, in which the possessor of the Trevisian Code was ordered, *per altum dominium*, to consign it to the secret archives of the State. After this date it was lost sight of. But prior to the edict, three copies had been made of the Code. One was placed in the Marcian Library, another was owned by the Abbot Canonici, and the third belonged to the Suajer Library. The one be-

longing to the Abbot Canonici passed into the hands of Count Fantuzzi, who published immediately eight precious documents, and among others the "Promise of Pepin." Troya, who republished it, consulted the Marcian copy, which gave him a few variations. Add to this, in conclusion, the Apostle Zeno saw the Trevisian Code, from which he made a regular index, and under No. VII you will find a concise summary of Pepin's Promise, which, in substance agrees to a nicety with the "Fragmentum Fantutianum." Having premised this much in favor of its authenticity, here is the document itself.

"Statuimus cum clamore et consensu omnium, ut tertio Kalendas Maiarum in Christi nomine hostilitatem Longobardiam adissemus; sub hoc, quod *Pro Pactionis Foedere* per quod pollicimus et spondemus tibi Beatissimo *Petro Clavigero* Regni Coelestis et Principi Apostolorum, et pro te huic almo Vicario tuo *Stephano*, egregioque Papæ Summoque Pontifici. eiusque precibus, successoribus, usque in finem sæculi, per consensum et voluntatem omnium infrascriptorum Abbatum, Ducum, Comitum Francorum, quod si Dominus Deus noster pro sine meritis sacrisque precibus Victores nos in gente et regno Longobardorum esse constituerit, omnes Civitates, atque Ducata seu Castra, sicque insimul EXARCHATU RAVENNATUM necnon et omnia quæ pridem tot per Imperatorum largitionem subsistebant ditioni, quod specialiter inferius per adnotatos fines fuerit declaratum, omnia quæ infra ipsos fines fuerint ullo modo constituta, vel reperta, quæ iniquissima Longobardorum generatione devastata, invasa, subtracta uilatenus alienata sunt, tibi trisque Vicariis sub omni integritate aeternaliter concedimus, nullam nobis nostrisque successoribus infra ipsas terminationes potestatem reservatam, nisi solummodo ut orationibus et animæ re-

quem profiteamur, et a Vobis populoque restro PATRITII ROMANORUM vocemur."

Here follows the designation of the confines of the territory granted to the Holy See. On the extension of this grant we may reason in another paper. The following is a translation of Pepin's promise: "We decree that, on the third day before the calends of May (April 29th), in the name of Christ, we will attack Lombardy; under this condition, which shall be a *treaty of agreement*, in virtue of which we promise, and avow to thee, most Holy Peter, Key-bearer of the Kingdom of Heaven, and Prince of the Apostles, and for thee, to thy holy Vicar Stephen, illustrious Pope and sovereign Pontiff, and at his prayers, to his successors to the end of the world, by the consent and will of all the undersigned abbots, dukes, counts of the Franks, that, if the Lord our God, in virtue of his merits and prayers (Stephen's) shall make us the victors over the nation and kingdom of the Lombards, we grant to thee (St. Peter) and to thy vicars, forever, in all their entirety, all the cities, duchies, or military stations, together with the *Exarchv of Ravenna*, as also all that was formerly subject to the dominion of the emperors, which shall be specially marked below by distinct boundaries, all things constituted in any manner or found within the same boundaries, which have in any way been devastated, invaded, or alienated by the reprobate generation of the Lombards, reserving no power to ourselves and our successors within these limits, save only, that we crave your prayers for the repose of our soul, and that we be called by you and your people, *Patrician of the Romans*." This then is the title-deed of the States of the Church.

As we shall see, later on, Charlemagne did nothing more than subscribe to this document and put it into execution. In explanation of the king's request to be called Pa-

trician of the Romans, suffice it to say, that the word "patrician," according to the usage of that time, signifies defender, patron. Before setting out for Italy, the Pope crowned, in the Church of St. Denis, Pepin and Berthrade. He also anointed and crowned Pepin's two sons, Charles and Carlomann, giving them the title of "Kings of the Franks," and "Patricians of the Romans."

For various reasons the expedition did not set out for Italy until the following August. The Pope accompanied the army. The Franks and Lombards met at Lusa, where a bloody battle ensued, to the utter discomfiture of the Lombards, who retreated to Pavia. Here the king shut himself up, and prepared to sustain a siege. It was not of long duration. Astulph asked for a cessation of hostilities, promising to restore the "Justice of St. Peter." A treaty was then signed by the three sovereigns, Stephen, Pepin, and Astulph; and in connection with this treaty we beg the reader to notice, that not a word is said about the Emperor of Constantinople, though the principal subject of the treaty was the ceding of Ravenna, which, before the invasion of Astulph, belonged to the emperors. We shall give the words of Anastasius, who narrates briefly the signing of the treaty: "Pippinus rex audiens eos (Longobardo) paci inhiantes artque in scripto foedere pactum promittentes, dixit Summo Pontifici; Fiat secundum præceptum tuum, beatissime Pater. . . . Aistulfus rex, cum universis suis iudicibus spopondit sub terribili Sacramento, atque in eodem pacto per scripturam affirmavit, se illico redditurum civitatem Ravennatium cum aliis diversis civitatibus." The Frankish annals, besides Ravenna, mention, "Pentapolim, Narnias, Ceccanum et reliqua debita." (King Pepin, hearing that they asked for peace, and that they promised a

trian Pontiff, "Be it done according to thy command, most Holy Father." . . . King Astulph, with all his judges, swore a terrible oath, and confirmed the same treaty in writing, that he would give back the city of Ravenna, with divers other cities.) When the treaty was signed King Pepin recrossed the Alps, and the Pope returned to Rome. Astulph's bad faith was evident on the departure of Pepin. He not only refused to give up Ravenna and the other cities, but began to ravage the country around Rome. In 756 he again marched upon Rome. The Pope sent repeated letters to Pepin, who tried to settle matters by sending ambassadors to Astulph, reminding him of the treaty. When Rome had been in a state of siege for nearly three months, the holy Pontiff wrote the celebrated *prosopopœia* of St. Peter, in which the Prince of the Apostles himself appeals to Pepin. The letter begins: "Petrus, vocatus Apostolus a Jesu Christo Dei vivi filio, et per me omnis Dei Catholica et Apostolica Romana Ecclesia," etc. The appeal was too powerful not to have effect. The pious Pepin again crossed the Alps, came thundering down upon Lusa, before Astulph had barely time to withdraw from Rome, and prepare to defend Pavia. Pepin was again victor and the hypocritical Astulph sued for peace. The "good Pepin," so the annals style him, was merciful to a fault. The treaty of Pavia was again signed and sworn to. This time its execution was not delayed, and Fulrade, Abbot of the Monastery of St. Denis, was deputed by both kings to carry it into effect. Preceded by the envoys of Astulph, he went from city to city, receiving the keys of each, beginning at Ravenna.

When every city and town had been formally consigned, he went to Rome, and placed the keys of the different cities on the tomb of St. Peter. Anastasius gives us a faithful enumeration of them. They were

as follows: Ravenna, Romirini, Pesaro, Fano, Cesena, Sinigaglia, Jesi, Forlimpopoli, Forlì, with the Castle of Sussubio, Montefeltro, Acerragio, Monte Lucari, Serra, the Castle of San Mariano, Bobio, Urbino, Cagli, Luculi, Gubbio, and Comacchio, with Narni. These are not the only cities mentioned in the diploma of Pepin. The Caroline Code (as also Anastasius) speaks of Ferrara, Gavello, Faenza, Imola, Bologna, Ancona, Osimo, and Umana. Before we proceed to draw our conclusions from the events which we have narrated, we will stop to notice one event, connected with the second signing of the treaty of Pavia. While Pepin was marching on Pavia, two ambassadors, George the Proto-secretary, and John Silentarius, arrived in Rome from the court of Constantinople. When the Pope sent his messenger to meet Pepin at Pavia, they begged to be allowed to accompany him. All three set out together, but as they neared Pavia, one of the wily Greeks disappeared. The historian Anastasius will account for him. He writes: "Therefore one of these, to wit, Gregory (George) the Proto-secretary, running before the messenger of the Apostolic See, soon came up with the aforesaid king of the Franks, whom he found within the territory of the Lombards, not far from the city of Pavia; and earnestly imploring him, and promising to bestow many Imperial gifts, that he would restore to the Imperial power the city of Ravenna, or other cities and military stations of the same Exarchy. But he was entirely unable to move the strong heart of the already-named most Christian and most benignant servant of God, and lover of the apostle, Blessed Peter; namely, of the aforesaid Pepin, king of the Franks. The same servant of God, and meekest of kings, affirmed, *that he would not, by any means, suffer these cities to be alienated from the power of Blessed Peter, and from the right of the Roman Church, or the*

Pontiff of the Apostolic See. He affirmed, also, with an oath, *that he made war for the love of no man, but for the love of St. Peter, and for the pardon of his sins; asserting, besides, that no amount of treasures would induce him to take away from St. Peter what he had once given him; and having made this answer to the Imperial messenger, he permitted him forthwith to return to his own by another way, who without any effect returned to Rome."* This was the last feeble effort made by the Emperors of the East to recover that power in the West which had now passed from them forever. This fact, while it proves, on the one hand, to what a state of imbecility and meanness the Byzantine emperors were reduced, vindicates on the other hand the Pontiffs from the charge, which is ungenerously and ignorantly laid against them, that they plotted for the fall of the empire in the West. Passing over the fact that (if such were the desire of the Pope) Stephen might have kept both ambassadors in Rome, the words of the generous Frank will bear but one interpretation. He had undertaken the war for love of St. Peter, and what he had given him he would not take away. We have now narrated briefly, and on the strength and testimony of documents which defy criticism, all that is necessary to establish the historical origin of the temporal power. It is certain that the real and legitimate Sovereigns of Rome, Ravenna, and the other cities and provinces of the Exarchy and Pentapolis, up to the eighth century, were the Byzantine Emperors. If other arguments were wanting to support this statement, the letters of the Popes to the Cæsars, in which they professed obedience in all that was lawful, would bear us out. It is true, as we have seen, that the necessity of the times, arising, in great part, out of the unaccountable indifference of the Emperors, constrained the Popes to take up the reins of government. But

they always did it in the name of the Empire, for the good of the people and the Empire itself, the Italian provinces of which would have passed, centuries before, into the hands of the Lombards, had the Popes not exercised their influence in favor of the Emperors. Nay, we have seen them reinstating the Exarch of Ravenna, and keeping the people from rebelling against the Emperor, at the very time when these carried on such an unwarrantable persecution against the Popes, that the natural law itself, as well as the law of nations, would have justified them in taking advantage of the influence which they had acquired, and in throwing off the Imperial yoke. No one knew this better than the Emperors themselves, who not only did not complain of the growing political influence of the Popes, but often begged of them to transact matters which they themselves were utterly incapable of accomplishing. Still their power in the West, albeit nominal, did not cease before the year 754. In fact, although a universal rising of the Italians began in 726 against Leo the Isaurian; although the Romans, time and again, took up arms to defend the life of Gregory II, against the Imperial emissaries, and the Exarch of Ravenna; although the people of Ravenna murdered the Exarch Paul, and dragged his body through the streets, and afterwards fought against the Imperial fleet, sent from Constantinople to subdue them, still the Popes continued to recognize the Emperors and obey them.

Now, it is also certain, that in the year 754, the fortune of war made Pepin master of all that territory, which had been invaded by the rapacious Lombards. This territory comprised the province and city of Ravenna, with all the cities and provinces subject to the emperors, together with Rome and the surrounding provinces. Pepin had the same right to all that territory, which any government of our own time would

have to a conquered province after a just war. Having the right to possess it, without doubt he had the right to dispose of it as he thought proper. We have seen him, at the second siege of Pavia, formally excluding the Byzantine emperors from any part in the disposal which he was to make of his conquest, asserting that, for the love of no one but St. Peter he had taken up arms, and that nothing could induce him to take away from St. Peter what he had already given him. What he had given to St. Peter is mentioned in the treaty of Quierzy, to wit, all that territory which had formerly appertained to the Imperial dominion, and which had been invaded by the Lombards. Therefore, we conclude, the temporal power of the Popes formally began in the year 754, when the treaty of Quierzy was signed by Pepin and his court. The right of the Popes to temporal dominion was explicitly and unmistakably there defined. The use of this right began as soon as the conditions in the treaty were fulfilled, and these were, that God should make him the conqueror of the Lombards, and that the Pope should confer upon him the title of "Patrician of the Romans." The Pope discharged his part of the obligation, before the army of Pepin set out for Italy, when he crowned Pepin and Berthrade, with his two sons Charles and Carlomann. The other condition ceased to exist after the siege of Pavia. The full use of this right did not begin immediately, but it was none the less a right for that. In the year 754 the right began, in the person of Stephen II, who was, therefore, the first "Pope and King." It only remains for us now to narrate briefly what part Charlemagne enacted in establishing the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiffs. Charlemagne is regarded by many as the founder of the temporal power, which did not, therefore, begin to exist, until twenty years afterwards, when he conquered

Desiderius, and, taking the name of "King of the Lombards," extinguished the Lombard dynasty forever. Passing over a period of twenty years, during which Pope Stephen II and Pöpin had both passed away, we find Adrian I in the chair of Peter, while Charles (afterwards Charlemagne) was sole king of the Franks, his brother Carlomann being dead. Desiderius was king of the Lombards. The Lombard kings had certainly one ruling passion, and that was, to make Rome their capital. Desiderius was no exception to his ancestors. After signing and breaking divers treaties, which bound him to respect the territory of St. Peter, we find him, at last, encamped with his army outside the walls of Rome, which he declared in a state of siege. As Stephen II had done twenty years before, so Adrian appealed to Charlemagne for aid against the Lombards. The appeal was not unheard, and again the Franks poured into Italy. Pavia maintained a desperate defence against the Franks. The siege had not yet been over when Easter-tide came, and Charlemagne resolved to go to Rome. Arriving there, he was received with great honors by the Pope (774). Here we shall quote Anastasius Bibliothecarius entire, whence it will appear, in what manner Charlemagne is the founder of the temporal power of the Holy See. We shall premise by stating, that not all the cities and territories mentioned in the treaty of Quierzy had been given up to the Holy See. This was owing, partly, to the bad faith of Astulphus, and after him Desiderius, as also to the negligence of the Frankish king, in enforcing a strict observance of the treaty. Anastasius writes (in vita Adriani), "On the fourth day, the aforesaid Pontiff (Adrian), accompanied by his court of ecclesiastics and soldiers, entered the Church of the Blessed Apostle Peter, and joining himself in conversation with the same king (Charlemagne), urged him

strongly, and with paternal affection advised him *to fulfil in all things that promise* which his father, of holy memory, King Pöpin, which the most illustrious Charles himself, together with his brother Carlomann, and all the Frankish nobles, had made to St. Peter, and to his vicar of holy memory, the lord Stephen the younger, Pope, when he went into France (for) granting divers cities and territories of this province of Italy, and giving up to Blessed Peter, and to all his vicars, to be possessed forever; and when he had caused to be read to him the *promise* itself, which was made in France, in a place called Quierzy, all therein contained pleased him and his court, and of his own will, and with a good and willing disposition, the same aforesaid most illustrious and truly most Christian king of the Franks, Charles, ordered another *promise of donation, similar to the former*, to be written by his pious and most prudent chaplain and notary, Etherius, wherein *he granted the same cities and territories* to Blessed Peter, and promised that they should be given up to the aforesaid Pontiff."

Here follows a designation of the limits of the territory. Anastasius continues, "And having made the same donation, and the most Christian king of the Franks having signed it with his own hand, and made, also, all the bishops, abbots, dukes, and counts write in it, which, placing first upon the Altar of St. Peter, and afterwards inside, in his holy confession, the king of the Franks, as well as his court, swore, with a terrible oath, to St. Peter and to his very holy Vicar Pope Adrian, that they would observe everything contained in the same donation. The same most Christian king of the Franks, causing a copy to be written of the same donation by the same Etherius, with his own hands, placed it inside upon the body of St. Peter, under the gospels, which he kissed in the same place, as a most powerful as-

ce, and an eternal memory of
 lf and the kingdom of the
 s. Other copies of the same
 ion being transcribed by the
 of this, our Holy Church, his
 lency carried with him." Re-
 g to Pavia, Charlemagne soon
 ed it, making a prisoner of
 erius. When Pavia fell, the
 cities surrendered likewise.
 g brought his expedition to a
 termination, he turned his
 ion to establishing a form of
 ament for Lombardy. Not
 g to treat Lombardy as a prov-
 he took the name of "King of
 ombards," thus endowing Lom-
 with the same rights and pre-
 ves as France itself. Accord-
 the testimony of Sigbert and
 olo, he made good his promise
 pe Adrian, before setting out
 ance. Sigbert (Chronicon a.
 "Quidquid per multa tempora
 bardis Romanis abstulerant,
 as eis restituit." (Whatever
 ombards, through long years,
 ken from the Romans, Charles
 ed to them.) And Dandolo
 ii, Chronicon) writes, "Past-
 reddidit Karolus cuncta Beato
 quæ Longobardi acceperant,
 : *Pater suus concesserat*," etc.
 Charles had restored all to St.
 which the Lombards had taken,
 which *his father had granted*,
 To defend and restore the
 ce of St. Peter," was the ob-
 f his coming into Lombardy.
 me at the prayer of St. Peter's
 sor, or vicar, as he is called in
 ts of those times; and his pur-
 could only be accomplished,
 he had satisfied the desires of
 whose earnest prayer he came.
 ord, Charlemagne did nothing
 rry into a more perfect execu-
 ie treaty of Quierzy, which, in
 regarded his devotion to the
 See, might be called the last

will and testament of King Pepin.
 To sum up in brief, we draw the
 following conclusions:

The temporal sovereignty of the
 Holy See began at the treaty of
 Quierzy (754). Twenty years elapsed,
 before every article in the treaty was
 realized. Second conclusion: This
 was effected by Charlemagne, after
 the subjugation of Desiderius, in the
 year 774.

If there be a power on earth which
 was justly acquired, that power was
 the temporal power of the Holy See.
 It was the free and generous gift of
 him who had the right to bestow it,
 though, as the tenor of the treaty
 indicates, the donor seemed to do
 only what was just. It passed unhurt
 through all the vicissitudes of eleven
 centuries, honored and respected, in
 substance, though now and then par-
 tially attacked by some greedy fore-
 runner of the robbers of our day, and
 who are styled by a false generation,
Gallantuorium. The use of this power
 was at times interfered with, but the
 right was always venerated, as some-
 thing sacred, and eminently just;
 sacred, because vested in him who
 represented sanctity itself; just, be-
 cause acquired by every title which
 can justify any possession here below.
 The nineteenth century alone was
 degenerate enough to beget a Lom-
 bard, a Savoyard, who revered not
 sanctity, nor respected justice, and
 he has violated the "Justice of St.
 Peter." But the words of Pepin
 still exist. He swore, "æternaliter
 concedimus" (we grant forever).
 While time lasts, the "Justice of St.
 Peter" shall cry for satisfaction.
 Pius is the successor of Peter and of
 Stephen to whom Pepin swore, and
 of Adrian whom Charlemagne justi-
 fied. The same justice is due to him
 which was due to them. Why should
 it tarry? How can it tarry?

"THIS MRS. JAMES."**II.**

It might have been about a month after these events, that Luke Lawton, sitting at the breakfast table with Mrs. James, and still bent on keeping up his curious and kindly watch, noticed, as she looked over the first of the papers brought in as usual at this time, that a shudder passed irrepressibly over her frame. I say irrepressibly, because if it were possible to have repressed it, she would have done so. He knew this, and giving a quick look from over his own paper, saw that a deadly paleness had set in, announcing, notwithstanding the forced repose of her face, the presence of unusual and deep emotion. Then she drank eagerly a cup of coffee, laying down the paper; as she did so,—

"Let us exchange, Mrs. James," said he, in an offhand manner, handing her his own; "you may find something interesting in this."

A wistful look followed the paper as he took possession of it, no other sign to tell of the inward struggle in the proud, reticent heart. He purposely, in true detective style, looked first at a page removed from the one whereon lay what had caused the shudder. Before he could come to it, lo! another of the same irrepressible kind, and accompanied by the same deadly paleness, passed over the stately frame sitting near, with head bent in intent examination of the paper he had just relinquished.

"Extraordinary!"

With this mental ejaculation, quite a relief to him in itself, he turned to the page which must contain a clue to the mystery. While absorbed in search he *felt* furtive and anxious glances cast upon him—he dared not see them. Finally, as he neared a certain column, he became aware of a right hand pressed tightly over a

heart of whose wild throbbing the quickened breath of the owner told the tale. His eye fell upon a spot in the column in question, and then a gasp from a pair of white lips clove the air. He appeared to take no notice, but read; and while he read, the stately figure glided in silence out of the room. This was what stared at him from the page:

"INFORMATION WANTED.—Of a lady, English, and partially insane, who left her home, and took passage for America about the 13th. Is accompanied by a boy thirteen years of age, and crippled in one leg; is tall, has dark eyes, black hair, and is cultivated in manner and conversation; dressed richly, when she left, in suit of purple poplin. Any one able to give information regarding her, may rest assured of furthering her welfare, and will receive £500 reward. Communications concerning her to be made to

**"BLACK & WINGFIELD,
Attorneys-at-law, Court Row."**

He picked up the other paper, and another, and another, and all contained the same advertisement in some prominent place.

"Extraordinary! A scoundrel in the case! The mouth of the Amazon is a thousand miles wide, but I'd empty it to circumvent him. Let's see!"

He read it over again, his solid brows more and more contracted as he proceeded. He then contemplated the paper at arms' length, and addressed it in the following sententious manner:

"*You've* been made to lie! She's *not* insane. Best plan for the scoundrel to get her, though. Wonder what he wants with her. Property, most likely. After the presence of a scoundrel, these kind of things al-

ways show money right below him. Just at the bottom! Wanted obscurity, that was all. Had boy in asylum—good place to hide him. Boy a splendid mark to be found by. Then looking out for papers all the time. Knew *you'd* appear; knew you'd be some lie. Wanted to find what, as soon as possible, and circumvent you. No, sir, Messrs. Black & Wingfield, I'll interview you by chance; but *she* shan't be caught, and *she* shan't be found, or my name's not Luke Lawton! *Extraordinary!*"

Upon this soliloquy entered the spoiled, petted, romping, affected, but, to him, radiant presence of Florry. Florry, redolent of delight to meet him before he went to business; (brilliant opportunity for coaxing something out of his ample pocket-book). Florry, well aware that he adored the rustle of her dress; Florry, all smiles and antics and "prunes" and "prism." He looked at her a moment after the accustomed kiss,—

"Well, what next, Floy? Some new riggin'?"

"No, Pa; a ride to-day! All the girls have been out on the new Nicolson, and I'm always so ashamed I haven't seen it! Belle takes the horses every day; I just wish I was a young lady, that's all!"

"Well, I'll give orders, if you say all the States of the Union in a row. It's a glorious country, ours even, in the geography."

She began, she got completely lost in the labyrinth known to students as the "Western States and Territories;" but as her examiner got lost with her, the clue being in the hands of neither, the straying was of no great importance. Both were pleased to do without finding the way, and both exchanged congratulatory looks when the ordeal was over.

"Now, Floy, what time for the ride? You've earned it fairly."

"Oh! Pa," another kiss, another

twining of be-laced and be-ruffled arms around the stalwart neck, "if you could only let it be in lesson-time. Just this once, you know, can't hurt, and this is French-day, and I hate French so, and—"

"You want to kill two—no, three birds with one stone. Well, go see Mrs. James about it; tell her I asked it."

"Good idea," as the small embodiment of a fashion-plate disappeared, "how could she teach with this on her mind? Wonder if she has a purple dress! By all the Pilgrim Fathers, I feel like a regular police officer on a small scale!"

Florry re-entered.

"Oh! Pa, I went and knocked at Mrs. James's door, and she didn't say 'come in,' but I thought she did, and I opened it, and there she was, as white as a sheet, and could hardly speak; and oh! Pa, I'm all out of breath with it."

"Well, take plenty, Floy. Even if it costs greenbacks, you should have it; but it don't. What, now; what was Mrs. James doing when she looked as white as a sheet?"

"Why, she was burning papers, and little pieces of purple stuff."

"Hem; extraordinary."

"Sir?"

"Nothing, Floy, go on."

"But that's all, Pa, about Mrs. James, only she said I could go, if you said so, of course. And, please give me some money for candy to eat on the way. Oh! it's too splendid."

Then she executed one of Madame C.'s very latest conceptions in the way of a fancy dance, and he thought her an angel and a fairy combined in one miraculous person. So when she stopped before him, gracefully poised on one foot, her hands held out in pretty attitude of begging, his pocket-book was emptied for her benefit.

"The dearest Pa in the world!"

And this fairy and angel in miraculous combination, threw herself into

the arms opened eagerly to receive her. Now, she was not a pretty child, she was angular, and sallow, by reason of much candy-eating; but she was decidedly and successfully fashionable. "Style" asserted itself palpably in her most minute look, word, or act, and her countless costumes were faultlessly correct. So looking down upon her, and upon the mist of perfectly crimped hair floating over her shoulders, and seeing, in all, only a *recherche* picture, a thought of the past softly knocked at the honest and fond heart, which was admitted. It was a vision of the crossing which he had swept in his childhood, a vision of himself as he must have looked then, a vision of his ragged little girl companions.

"And this, this is *my child!*"

The thought made the honest heart proud. Let us not blame, but rather pity it, that it really had so little to be proud of in this juvenile embodiment of "prunes" and "prism;" this creature of money, and style, and the rest of fashion's false gods. For, out of the unsophisticated pride rose a gentle thought, which found expression in this wise:

"Floy! Floy! be good to the poor little girls in the street, that beg, or—that—that sweep crossings, because you see, child, they're just your size, and they haven't got your chances."

Floy, however, looked up from the broad breast, in undisguised amazement.

"Why, Pa," and she shook her brown, compulsory waves of hair with the toss peculiar to the school-girl proper, "if I spoke to them, people would think I *knew them*, and that would never do."

He sighed, and she gave him an airy kiss, and danced out of the room.

"Burning letters and bits of purple stuff," soliloquized he, waiving the whole of the aforesaid episode.

"Chain of evidence becoming complete. Extraordinary woman; hope

she'll not go and do anything desperate with herself; must see to that next."

He rang the bell. It was obeyed by an obsequious negro servant.

"Go down to the office, and say I cannot be there to-day. Bring up all letters or dispatches, and leave them in my room, here."

Then he betook himself to the door of the room occupied by Mrs. James. He knocked softly, but got no answer; again, a little louder: there was a rustle of papers and of silk, a moment of utter silence, and then the door opened. Mrs. James stood in the frame made by the opening, no marble statue whiter or colder of aspect.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he said, "but as Floy begged off, and the day is fine, I thought may be you'd drive out with me to see little Paul's friend at the Asylum. They say he can't live long."

"Thank you, Mr. Lawton," spoke the white lips, defiant of quiver or sigh, "but I have a great deal to do," glancing around the disordered room, "and—I think I had better do it to-day."

"Pshaw, ma'am!" and he, in turn, gave a glance inwards, not failing to see a purple dress, badly mutilated by the scissors, lying on the hearth, "I can send up a servant to attend to that. Come, I'll take no refusal. Buggy at the door in twenty minutes!"

"Caged for the present, by all the Pilgrim Fathers," mentally rejoiced he, as he made his way down stairs. And—

"Well, to-night will do as well!" with a heavy, heavy sigh, decided she, as she turned into the lonely room. Then, with an expression of face impossible for tongue or pen to describe, be they ever so eloquent, she took the mutilated remnant of the royal-hued robe, cut it into strips, and let it burn till the last thread disappeared in black ashes.

"Yes," she then said wearily,

"to-night! If refinement be the principal sign given by which to know this poor fugitive, it must e'en be cast aside, covered up in ashes like the purple dress. How I loved it! How *he* admired it! How—"

Then tears came, but they were hard and passionless. And, after them, the mocking words,

"Life! Love! Curses alike to the human heart! If I could but trample the first, as I do the last, under my foot! But Paul! my one treasure now, I *must* live for you, even though life be a martyrdom!" Then the two white, trembling hands were bound around the stately head, as if the next thought were agony, and their clasp could, with its vehemence, destroy the pain. It was indeed a voice of despair, that, in a moment more, gave utterance to this thought:

"Insane! Insane! That would put me in his power forever! Who can know, who can dream of the stories hidden in the private mad-houses of Europe!"

Here, the picture was torn from her neck, the picture of the handsome man, with the false-looking eyes, flung into the fire with a gesture of supreme woe:

"Thus! thus," and the voice was one of agony and exultation blended together, "thus do I destroy the thought of you in my heart, and yet—*I am not insane!*"

The emphasis was bitterest mockery—the attitude of the queenly form, such as indicates that sublimity of tragedy, which can sway multitudes by its wonderful power.

"Mr. Lawton is waiting, ma'am," said a voice outside the door.

"True," she muttered to herself, "I had almost forgotten."

III.

It was a little, white bed, whereon lay the wasted form of the dying orphan, who had drooped perceptibly

since Paul's departure—if, indeed, we can call that drooping, which culminates in endless bloom. A little, little white bed, no mother's hand had adorned, and yet sweet and spotless as bed could be. A pain-environed bed, where a stainless, gentle spirit fluttered in its last, faint struggles, before it found fair peace. A consecrated bed, where angels kept eager watch, and the Spirit of God, looking down, called what lay thereon, consumed with suffering, "My own." Truly, it was "good" for them "to be there," and the wealthy man, with all the fabulous power in his hands arising out of his wealth, could not have brought the bitterly-tried woman by his side to a spot on earth so calculated to teach her the lesson her needs required as this.

The wan little face on the pillow grew bright as they entered, and the powerless hands made a vain attempt to raise themselves in greeting, but fell with failure more pathetic than any gesture.

"Paul's mother, good Mr. Lawton," spoke the voice soon to be lost to earth in the music of Heaven, spoke it gladly, as we do of a wish fulfilled.

"And how are you to-day, dear? See, I have brought you some flowers and fruit."

"Thank you, ma'am;" such a strange, holy light upon a face so childish softly settled there as he spoke; "put the flowers on the altar, please, Mr. Lawton. They will be there when I am—in Heaven!" This tone was all joy, all hope. Childhood's faith triumphed in it. Under the shadow of the death-angel's wing, the innocent soul looked out upon life, with the feeling, that men call heroism in the soldier facing that battle which may prove its ending.

"I want—I want to tell you something before I go," he then said, glancing to Mrs. James with a far-off look in his eyes.

"Do not try to talk, dear," she replied, "I am afraid it hurts you."

He smiled.

"I do not get hurt that way now," he said. "You have great trouble, haven't you? Paul said you had."

"I have indeed, child."

"Well, I'm only a little boy, but I know how you can get it away. Indeed, I do!"

The eyes, luminous with one of those last wondrous looks the soul about to be freed sends forth on earthly things, turned themselves full

upon her face; the look went to her heart, to her storm-bruised soul; the next words of the dying voice sounded to her like a whisper, not of earth, but Heaven.

"Bring it to God!"

The wasted finger pointed upwards, the hand fell on the breast, rested there, rested forever! She knelt, knelt for the first time in all this bitter struggling with her woe, and the kneeling was of the spirit as well as the body.

(To be concluded.)

WHY NOT MARTYRDOM?

IN discussing this question of divided allegiance, the obedience the citizen owes to the state and to his own conscience, we would direct the attention of both Protestants and Catholics to an extremely interesting fact in German persecution, and to a striking consideration in connection with that fact.

The fact is, the banishment of the Jesuits from Prussia. The consideration is, Why did they not resist the edict, and suffer martyrdom? The relevance of this to the discussion of divided allegiance is very near, and no less suggestive, as we shall see.

Every one who has read the history of the order of St. Ignatius knows that no glory would so arouse the holy greed of the Jesuit as the martyr's crown. He is a man unaccustomed to earthly regrets. He made all his sacrifices at the foot of the altar when he became a Jesuit. He has no more sacrifices to make. Earth has no pleasures which distil sweetness for him, and grief, in the human sense, no longer darkens the threshold of his soul. In the world, and participating in its excitements, he is not of it. The barrier of his vows surrounds him unbrokenly, and

there is but a single motive for all his acts, *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*. He rejoices, he works, he grieves, he teaches, he prays, he studies, he exhorts, he pursues the hesitating like a guardian angel, he wipes the eyes of misery and covers poverty's nakedness, but in all he is a little superhuman, for his motive is always *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*. He is incapable of compromise. He smiles at the idea of terror. Him God alone can reward, only God can punish. What does he care for earthly penalties? He is the familiar of suffering in its squalid and most hideous forms. He walks into the pestilence as a prince to a *fête*. He nurses the leprous sick as a father a lovely child. He plays with dangers as a boy with toys. He would approach the gaping cannon mouth as serenely as the white-robed baptismal font. He has gone into captivity as a ransom for the captive, and while the hatchet of the savage lowered on his head, his last words have been an instruction in the faith to his executioners. If there be anything which he knows best of all things, it is to die. The history of the order makes death the apotheosis

of the life of every member. There is not a Jesuit living to-day who would not walk gleefully to martyrdom, and thank those who would thus afford him what he esteems the highest attainable distinction. The martyrs are to the Jesuit the heroes *par excellence*. To be ranked with the hundreds of shining names that have gone to heaven in crimson robes is a reward, a renown, for which he hardly dares to hope.

What of the opportunity?

Would they have been justified in resisting the law? Was the process of their expulsion legal and constitutional, so that in resisting they would not have committed sin? For, let it be clearly understood, the German government, notwithstanding that Bismarck is at its head, is the legitimate government of Germany; and in civil affairs the Jesuit is bound to obey its ordinances, under penalty of damnation. But it is also a constitutional government, and the constitution guarantees substantially the same primary civil rights to every citizen as are declared in *Magna Charta* and the Constitution of the United States. Clearly, it would be unconstitutional for President Grant to issue a proclamation of banishment against the Methodist ministers, confiscate their seminaries, houses, and churches, and drive them across our borders by military force. If such a proclamation were issued, all classes of citizens, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, and infidel, would unite in applauding the physical resistance of the Methodist ministers to its enforcement. If a minister stood at his door, and resisted the forcible entrance of an officer without warrant, resisted at the expense of the invader's life, no jury would indict, no court would punish him for the deed. If, on the contrary, he declined forcibly to defend his house and his liberty, but accepted death himself rather than abandon the one or surrender the other, the community would mourn the Chris-

tian man, and exalt the martyr in a niche of civil celebrity, while it would execrate and tear from his place of power the President who would attempt thus to annul the constitutional rights of the citizen.

The expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany is absolutely parallel to this. No crime was alleged against them as a society; no member of the order was summoned before a legal tribunal to answer an accusation submitted by the crown. Unchallenged, untried, unaccused, an edict is issued driving them from their native land, and confiscating the property of the order to the state. We say, as an American, that every Jesuit would have been justified in resisting by arms, or through the courts, if the latter promised any semblance of justice, the application of this unconstitutional edict to himself. The government could not constitutionally touch him except through the law. The highest legislative body could not take from him what the constitution gave him. The law has its plainly defined methods of procedure, and to these he was entitled. The government with its bayonets pierced through constitution and laws, and the Jesuit would have been justified in meeting force by resistance. If he preferred, as a disciple of a Saviour who never resisted, to accept the blade into his body, and thus snatch the martyr's death and the hero's fame, mankind would not doubt prove that they esteem ~~heroism~~ *heroism* for principle as highly as in the days of Nero, or Henry VIII, or Cromwell. And no argument which human ingenuity can frame against despotism, no invective which the eloquence of inspired genius could pour upon religious persecution, would so soon rot the foundations under Bismarckism as the forcible deaths of a few of these joyful victims. Mankind would have recoiled aghast from the spilling of blood for conscience sake; a cry of horror, a shout of frenzied indignation would have gone up from

every German hamlet, and Bismarckism would have tottered and fallen in the fierce tumult.

Why, then, did the Jesuits, instead of inviting martyrdom, with its earthly renown and heavenly reward for them as individuals, its added lustre to the prestige of their order, and its triumphant consequences for the Catholic Church, submit to the atrocious injustice, and without waiting even to parley with their persecutors, or lodge a formal protest against the decree, go quietly forth, turning their backs forever, unmurmuring, upon the hills and vines of their native land?

Now we come to this question of allegiance.

It was because the Church not only commands Catholics to render unqualified obedience to the state in civil affairs; but, losing sight of the cold letter of duty, in a warm spirit of generosity, she further requires that her children shall avoid disturbing the peace of the state by resort to violence even for vindication or defence.

And yet Mr. Gladstone talks of the "disloyalty" of Catholics, and the stupid remark is sometimes made

by American ministers that there is something, they know not what, in the Catholic Church, which makes her inimical to the state! Mr. Gladstone, while pretending to bolster his wordy "expostulation" by the Syllabus, entirely ignored its sixty-third proposition, in which those are condemned who say, "It is lawful to refuse obedience to legitimate princes."

That these men, who yearned for martyrdom, who saw within their reach so conspicuous an opportunity to

"Get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone,"

to assure rank with those who stand "before the throne clothed with white robes and with palms in their hands," turned their backs humbly upon the opportunity, demonstrates more than the opponents of the Church have ever asked her to admit, to wit, that the Church not only commands Catholics to obey the state in civil affairs, but requires them to love the state and obey it, even as a child obeys an unjust parent, rather than disrupt or scandalize the household.

DELAROCHE'S PICTURE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

FAIR and fearless, sad and stately, discrowned Queen, so queenly yet,
Awing half the bloody rabble for their fiercest triumph met.
Royal arms down drooping quiet on the dingy prison dress,—
Royal forehead showing steadfast 'neath the sorrow-silvered tress.

Wolfish eyes are glaring round her, hatred hisses insult coarse :
She will neither faint nor falter, yielding to the torrent's force.
Austria's daughter, France's lady, pleads not to that vulgar throng :
She will trust to Time and Heaven to avenge her bitter wrong.

On the cheek no flush of terror—on the lip no sobbing breath,
In her calm contemptuous patience, pacing queenly to her death.
Something in her eye has power, even that tossing sea to stem ;
None of all those clenching fingers dare to touch her garment's hem.

Oh the mighty spell of genius! after all these troubled years,
At the touch of the enchanter the old drama claims our tears,
And the fair proud face shines purely, through a century's reproach,
The living truth for future ages by the hand of Delaroche.

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

NINTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: As we advance in the examination of the antichristian institution, called the "Church of England by law established," we behold the progress of the structure diverging continuously and systematically from even the slightest shadow of a relation with the Church of which Jesus Christ is the Head; preserved in divine love without blemish or wrinkle, and made known to all men as the kingdom of God on earth. On the contrary, the establishment, which has degraded poor England, realizes in all its aspects the definition of Macaulay, viz.: "It was commenced by Henry, the murderer of his wives; it was continued by Somerset, the murderer of his brother; it was completed by Elizabeth, the murderess of her cousin and her guest." (Essays.) Hence, Sydney Smyth, Parliament-dean of Paul's meeting-house in London, said, truthfully, of this mock-church, that "nothing like it is to be found in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America; not even in Timbuctoo."

COLLIER.—"The Court, who it is thought might have something farther than religion in view, did not think it advisable to venture their cause upon disputation, and rely wholly on arguments. They might be apprehensive that, unless the disagreement between Rome and England was carried to wider distance, the breach might possibly be closed; and that such a union might prove unfriendly to their church estates. On the other hand, they were not assured whether any farther alterations in doctrine and worship would be well received. The minority of the prince was a circumstance of disadvantage; and how far

the people would be passive under a new face of things, was not easy to conjecture. To guard against the worst, it was thought fit to be furnished with forces to awe the opposite party, and prevent them from giving disturbance. For this purpose men are levied, a fleet equipped, and the veteran troops at Boulogne and Calais embarked for England. The Protector, likewise, had several regiments of Walloons and Germans in his pay; not that he had any better opinion of their courage, but because he might believe them more ready to execute any harsh measures at home, if occasion required. To bring the French to a friendly disposition, the English Council paid a particular regard to the memory of Francis I. This prince died on the 22d of March, and on the 19th of June a dirge was sung in all the churches in London. The choir of St. Paul's was hung with mourning, and no other circumstance of state or solemnity omitted. The Archbishop of Canterbury (Cranmer), with eight other bishops, in their richest pontifical habits, sung a mass of requiem, and a sermon was preached by Dr. Ridley, elect of Rochester.

"Soon after Gardiner's commitment, the Protector being returned to London, he wrote to him, and sent him his reasons why he could not give the Council satisfaction. He acquaints him that the injunctions delivered by the visitors ordered the use of two books, the Homilies and Erasmus's Paraphrase of the New Testament. 'Now these books,' says he, 'have no harmony of doctrine; they differ in material articles. The Homilies make justification depend

wholly on faith, exclusive of charity. But Erasmus's Paraphrase affirms that justification requires both these qualities, and that faith must have love or charity joined with it. . . . If we are,' says he, 'to govern our belief by Erasmus's authority, he will tell us that the doctrine of faith alone saving, or that we are justified by single and solitary faith, is no better than rank poison. The Book of Homilies,' continues Gardiner, 'reckons palms, candles, and the holy bread, amongst popish superstitions and abuses. But the necessary "Erudition," authorized by Parliament, recommends the use of these ceremonies, which is likewise done by the injunctions now set forth.' " (Eccles. History.)

BURNET.—"The Article also about the strict observance of the holy day seemed a little doubtful. Some, not content to press great strictness on that day, would needs make a controversy about the morality of it, and about the fourth commandment, and framed many rules for it, which were stricter than themselves or any other could keep. This drew on opposition; and these contests were, by the subtlety of the enemies of the power and progress of religion, so improved, that, instead of all men observing that time devoutly as they ought, some took occasion, from the strictness of their own way, to censure all as irreligious, who did not in everything agree to their notion concerning it. Others, by the heat of contradiction, did too much slacken this great bond and instrument of religion; which is since brought under so much neglect, that it is, for most part, a day only of rest from men's bodily labors, but perhaps worse employed than if they were at work." (Hist. Refor.)

NEAL.—"The common people were very much divided in their opinions about religion. The clergy were no less divided than the laity; the pulpits clashing one against the other, and tending to stir up sedition and

rebellion; the king, therefore, after the example of his father, and by the advice of his council, issued out a proclamation in the second year of his reign, to prohibit all preaching throughout all his dominions." (Hist. Pur.)

D'ISRAELI.—"The proclamations of Edward VI curiously exhibit the unsettled state of the Reformation, where the rites and ceremonies of Catholicism were still practiced by the new religionists, while an opposite party, resolutely bent on an eternal separation from Rome, consolidated themselves into Puritanism, and while others were hatching up that demoralizing fanaticism, which subsequently stocked the nation with those monstrous sects, the indelible disgrace of our country.

"Another proclamation is against such as innovate any ceremony, and who are described as 'certain private preachers' and other laymen, who rashly attempt of their own and singular wit and mind, not only to persuade the people from old and accustomed rites and ceremonies, but also themselves bring in new and strange orders according to their fantasies." (Cur. Lit.)

BURNET.—"Owing to the misery to which the clergy were reduced, there was a great difficulty in finding persons who might be safely licensed to preach. For the rents of the Church were either swallowed up by the suppression of religious houses to whom the tithes were generally appropriated, or basely alienated by some lewd or superstitious incumbents, who, to preserve themselves, or to purchase friends, had given away the best part of their revenues and benefices." (Hist. Refor.)

SOUTHEY.—"The danger was not from the Papal clergy, but from those headstrong men, who thought that all vestiges of Popery ought to be removed; and that the difference between the old and the reformed Church could never be made too wide. Admonition to such people was

found useless ; and no other means remained of stopping seditious preaching, but by forbidding any person whatever to preach, except such as were licensed by the king, etc. But such sermons as I have just alluded to,—addressing the vanity of the hearers and encouraging their presumption,—indisposed them for the Homilies. Sometimes the congregation manifested their dislike by talking while they were read ; sometimes the reader, by gabbling through the homily in such a manner that those who were inclined to listen, could not follow the hurried and contemptuous delivery.” (Book of the Church.)

NEAL.—“About this time, a committee of divines was appointed to examine and reform the offices of the Church. This office was published with a proclamation, declaring his majesty’s intentions to proceed to a further reformation ; and willing his subjects not to run before his direction (a youth of ten years old) ! assuring them of his earnest zeal in this affair, and hoping they would quietly tarry for it.” (History of Purit.)

COLLIER.—“The members of Parliament, as Heylin relates, though of different sentiments with regard to religion, yet agreed in a common principle, to strike in with the juncture, and take care of themselves. For though, as this historian goes on, a great number of lords and commons were inclined to the doctrines of the late reign, yet they were willing to give way to such acts as widened the breach between the English and the Catholic Church. The present nearness in communion, they were afraid, might end in a reconciliation with the Pope ; and that such measures would prove dangerous to their estates gained from the Church. As for the rest, whose business was either to make or improve their fortune, they came prepared without question, to close with such a reformation as served best their

purposes. This seems partly evident by the tendency of some of the acts, which, in Heylin’s opinion, seem to overlook the concern of religion, and aim at private interest in a very remarkable manner.” (Eccl. Hist.)

NEAL.—“The Parliament gave the king all the lands for maintenance of charities not possessed by his father ; all legacies given for obits, anniversaries, lamps in churches ; together with all Guild lands which any fraternity enjoyed on the same account ; the money was to be converted to the maintenance of grammar schools ; but the hungry courtiers shared it among themselves.” (Hist. of Purit.)

COLLIER.—“In the last session, a motion was made, that all canons, laws, usages, etc., which forbid any person to marry upon the score of priesthood, or vow of religion, might be declared void and unobligatory. This proposition was subscribed by fifty-three in the affirmative, and twenty-two in the negative.” (Eccles. Hist.)

D’ISRAELI.—“In consequence of this, in another proclamation of Edward VI, to press ‘a godly conformity throughout his realm,’ we learn the following curious fact of ‘divers unlearned and indiscreet priests of a devilish mind and intent, teaching that a man may forsake his wife and marry another, his first wife yet living ; likewise that the wife may do the same to the husband. Others, that a man may have two wives or more at once, for that these things are not prohibited by God’s law, but by the Bishop of Rome’s law ; so that by such evil and fantastical opinions some have not been afraid to marry and keep two wives.’ Here, as in the bud, we may unfold those subsequent scenes of our story, which spread out in the following century ; the branching out of the non-conformists into their various sects, and the indecent haste of our reformed priesthood, who in their zeal to cast off the yoke of Rome desperately

submitted to the liberty of having two wives or more!" (Cur. of Lit.)

COLLIER.—"The next remarkable act relating to the Church is a penal statute against irreverent speaking of the sacrament of the body and blood of Christ. The preamble sets forth, that some arrogant and contentious people have, either out of wickedness or want of learning, condemned, in their hearts and speech, the whole thing, and contemptuously depraved, despised, and reviled the same most holy and blessed sacrament; and not only disputed and reasoned irreverently of that most high mystery, but also in their sermons, readings, lectures, communications, arguments, rhymes, songs, plays, or jests, call it by such vile and unseemly words as Christian ears do abhor to hear rehearsed.

"Thus we see an intemperate zeal against popery carried some people to an excess of profaneness."

"This Parliament made a statute against vagabonds, by which it was enacted, that any man or woman, 'not being disabled by age, accident, or sickness, and not having lands or other means sufficient to maintain them, who wandered up and down idly for three days together, without offering themselves to labor and employment, such persons being brought before two justices of peace, were to be slaves two years to the person that brought them, and be marked with the letter V. It is plain the act was levelled against monks and friars, who went about the country to get entertainment, and furnish themselves with conveniences. Many of these religious had but narrow pensions, and those, of late, not well paid. Now, it was thought a hardship by some people, that the monks, who had a creditable education, and many of them persons of condition, should be tied to labor, and come under the penalties of common servants, and be treated no better than the lowest of the people. And this

usage seemed the more particular, because they had been lately thrown out of plentiful estates, and made a considerable figure in the kingdom. Besides, some of them came to London to solicit for their pensions.

"Another act made this session takes notice, in the preamble, that the city of York, formerly well inhabited, and furnished with good livings for learned incumbents, was now much decayed, insomuch that many of the cures could not afford a competent maintenance. To remedy this inconvenience, the mayor and recorder, the ordinary, and six justices of peace, are empowered to unite as many parishes, and pull down as many churches, as they shall think convenient. And here the materials of these superfluous churches, as they are called, are to be employed for the repairing other churches and bridges. If it is inquired by what means the city of York sunk thus low from its former condition, the most probable way of accounting for this declension is the late dissolution of the monasteries.

"The last act I shall mention is that which gave the charities, colleges, etc., to the crown. Of these charities and free chapels there were 2374. The colleges exceeded other foundations both in the beauty of their building, the number of priests, and the largeness of their revenues. . . . And lastly, all goods, chattels, jewels, plate, ornaments, and other movables, being the common goods of such colleges, etc., are conveyed to the king." (Eccles. Hist.)

SOUTHEY.—"They who divided the spoil were not content while anything remained untouched. Sir Philip Hoby recommended that all the prebends should be converted to the king's use; and the Protector's brother, the Lord Admiral, a bold, bad man, represented, that bishops ought not to be troubled with temporal concerns; and that it would be right to make them surrender all their royalties and temporalities to his majesty,

and receive an honest pension of money, yearly allowed to them for hospitality. But he received for this a memorable rebuke. The king told him that he knew his purpose. 'You have had among you,' said he, 'the commodities of the abbeys, which you have consumed, some with superfluous apparel, some at dice and cards, and other ungracious rule. And now you would have the bishops' lands and revenues to abuse likewise. Set your hearts at rest; there shall no such alteration be made while I live.'

"The Duke of Somerset's memory is deeply stained with the guilt of this execrable spoliation, in which no man partook more largely. He contributed under cover of the reformation, to bring into England the abuse of bestowing church preferment upon laymen; a scandal from which, greatly as it prevailed abroad, this country had been remarkably free. Even before his nephew succeeded to the throne, he had secured to himself a deanery, the treasurer-ship of a cathedral, and four of the best prebends; and charged a bishopric with the payment of £300 a year to his son. Much of the remaining property of the church was in like manner bestowed upon laymen, to the grievous discouragement of learning. Men who were not authorized by his orders, were encouraged by his example, to appropriate the spoil of chapels and churches, which, if not willingly surrendered to them by the poor churchwardens, they extorted by threats, or took away by violence. Nothing for which purchasers could be found escaped the rapacity of these plunderers. Tombs were stripped of their monumental brasses, churches of their lead. Bells, to be cast into cannon, were exposed in such quantities, that their further exportation was forbidden, lest metal for the same use should be wanting at home. Somerset pretended that one bell in a steeple was sufficient for summoning

the people to prayers; and the country was thus in danger of losing its best music—a music hallowed by all circumstances, which, according equally with social exultation and with solitary pensiveness, though it falls upon many an unheeding ear, never fails to find some hearts which it exhilarates, and some which it softens." (Book of the Church.)

COLLIER.—"This year the London apprentices and the Lollard mob overrun their bounds, *reformed* to disorder, and insulted the clergy in the streets. To check this license, an order was set forth by the king and council, commanding 'that no serving man, or apprentice, or any other person whatsoever he or they be, shall use hereafter such insolency and evil demeanor towards priests, as revelling and tossing of them, taking violently their caps and tippets from them, without just title or cause, nor other ways to use them than as becomes the king's most loving subjects one to do towards another.'

"Latimer, in some of his printed sermons, complained that the holy revenues were seized by the rich laity; that charity priests were presented to several cures, to excuse the patrons from paying their pensions; that many benefices were let out in fee farms by secular men, or else given to their servants as a consideration for keeping their hounds, hawks, and horses; and lastly, that the poor clergy were reduced to such short allowance, that they were forced to go to service, to turn clerks of the kitchen, surveyors, receivers, etc. Thus God was dishonored in his ministers, the church dissevered, and religion disgraced. However, there was no redress to be had. All this outrage and injustice was generally connived at by the great men." (Eccles. Hist.)

NEAL.—"The divines appointed to examine and reform the church, began with the sacrament of the Eucharist, in which they made but little

alteration, leaving the office of the mass as it stood, only adding to it so much as changes it into a communion in both kinds. Auricular confession was left indifferent." (Hist. of Puritans.)

BURNET.—"The sacrament was given in both kinds; first to the ministers present, then to all the people, with these words: '*The body of our Lord, which was given for thee, preserve thy body unto life everlasting, and the blood, etc., which was shed for thee, preserve thy soul to life everlasting.*' Some censured these words, 'the body being given for preserving the body and the blood of Christ for preserving the soul.' This was thought done on design to possess the people with an high value of the chalice, as that which preserved their *souls*; whereas the bread was only for the preservation of their *bodies*. But Cranmer being *ready to change anything*, did afterwards so alter it, that in both it was said, *Preserve thy body and soul.*"

COLLIER.—"This form being approved by the privy council, was published with the King's proclamation: 'We would not,' says the King, 'have our subjects so much to mistake our judgment, so much to mistrust our zeal; as though we either could not discern what was to be done, or would not do all things in due time. God be praised, we know both what by his word is meet to be redressed, and have an earnest mind with all diligence and convenient speed, to set forth the same,' etc. The King was but ten years old, and therefore to suppose him a judge in controversy thus early, and make him say he knew what was fit to be done was somewhat extraordinary. People would not easily believe that a prince, so much within his childhood, should be furnished with learning, and grown up to that maturity of judgment, as to be in a condition to pronounce upon articles of faith, and to settle the discipline and worship of the church. Farther, by the proclama-

tion it appears, the people in many places thought themselves wise enough to strike out a scheme of religion; and thus presuming on their abilities, they practiced upon their private fancies, and had not patience to stay the leisure either of church or state. In some places they ran from the extreme of superstition to that of profaneness. The Holy Eucharist was mentioned with disregard; the consecrated elements thrown out of the church, together with many other instances of irreligious outrage. Even some of the licensed preachers did not answer expectation, but declaimed against the King's proceedings no less than the rest. To remedy this inconvenience, the King and council resolved upon the drawing up of a public liturgy." (Eccles. Hist.)

NEAL.—"The Parliament, after several prorogations, met on the 24th of November, 1548, and on the 15th of January following, the act confirming the new liturgy passed both houses; the bishop of London, Durham, Norwich, Carlisle, Hereford, Worcester, Westminster, and Chichester, protesting. The preamble sets forth, 'that the Archbishop of Canterbury, with other learned bishops and divines, having by the aid of the Holy Ghost, with one uniform agreement, concluded upon an order of divine worship, agreeable to Scripture and the primitive church, the Parliament having considered the book, gave the king their most humble thanks, and enacted, that from the feast of Whitsunday, 1549, all divine offices should be performed according to it; and that such of the clergy as refused to do it, or officiated in any other manner, should upon the first conviction suffer six months' imprisonment, and forfeit a year's profits of his benefice; for the second offence, forfeit all his church preferments, and suffer a year's imprisonment; and for the third offence, imprisonment for life. It ought to be observed, that this service-book was not laid before the Convocation

nor any representative body of the clergy; and whereas it is said to be done *by one uniform agreement*, it is certain that four of the bishops employed in drawing it up protested against it. But if the liturgy had been more perfect than it was, the penalties by which it was imposed were severe and unchristian, contrary to Scripture and primitive antiquity.''' (Hist of Puritans.)

HEYLIN.—“Here the business might have rested, if Calvin’s pragmatical spirit had not interposed. He first began to quarrel at some passages in this sacred liturgy; and afterwards never left soliciting the Protector, and practicing by his agents on the court, the country, and the universities, till he had laid the first foundation of the Zwinglian faction, who labored for nothing more than innovation both in doctrine and discipline, to which they were encouraged by nothing more than by some improvident indulgence granted unto John A. Lasco; who bringing with him a mixed multitude of Poles and Germans, obtained the privilege of a church for himself and his, distinct in government and forms of worship from the English establishment. This gives a powerful animation to the Zwinglian gossellers to practice first upon the church; who being countenanced by the Earl of Warwick, first quarrelled with the Episcopal habit, and afterwards inveighed against caps and surplices, against gowns and tippets; but fell at last upon the altars, which were left standing in all the churches by the rules of the liturgy.” (Pref. to Hist.)

SOUTHEY.—“An alteration which was not essential upon the fundamental principles of the Protestant Reformation, tended to disgust the adherents of the Catholic Church, who certainly were still the great majority of the people. They who

abhorred the altar, were likely soon to treat the table with irreverence. There was also the farther evil, that fresh opportunity was given for sacrilegious pillage.” (Book of the Church.)

HEYLIN.—“The touching on this string made excellent music to most of the grandees of the court, who had before cast many an envious eye on those costly hangings, the massy plate, and other rich and precious utensils, which adorned those altars. And what need of all this waste? said Judas, when one poor chalice only, and perhaps not that, might have served the turn. Besides, there was no small spoil to be made of capes, in which the priest officiated at the holy sacrament, some of them being made of cloth of tissue, of cloth of gold and silver, or embroidered velvet; the meanest being made of silk, or satin, with some decent trimming. And might not these be handsomely converted into private uses, to serve as carpets for their tables, coverlets to their beds, or cushions for their chairs or windows. Hereupon some rude people are encouraged underhandedly to beat down some altars, which makes way for an order of the council to take down the rest and set up a table in their places; followed by a commission, to be executed in all parts of the kingdom, for seizing on the premises to the use of the king. But as the grandees of the court intended to defraud the king of so great a booty, and the commissioners to put a cheat upon the court lords who employed them in it, so they were both prevented in some places by the lords and gentry of the country, who thought the altar cloths, together with the capes and plate of their several churches, to be as necessary for themselves as for any others.” (Pref. to Hist. of the Reformation.)

SAINT PATRICK,

HIS LIFE AND APOSTOLIC LABORS.

SAINT PATRICK, the great apostle and primate of Ireland, whose anniversary is solemnly and religiously celebrated by the Irish people and the Irish priesthood throughout the whole civilized world on the 17th of March, was born, according to the generally received chronology, in the year A. D. 387. His father, Calphurnius, was a native of Armoric Gaul; and his mother, Conchessa, is said to have been sister, or niece, to St. Martin of Tours. They dwelt in that part of France where Boulogne-sur-mer now stands. It was here the Saint was born; and here he lived until in 403, in the sixteenth year of his age, he was captured by King Nial, in one of his marauding incursions on the coast of Gaul, and by him carried as a slave to Ireland. Patrick's master, a certain Milcho, who inhabited a district called Dalaradia, in the county Antrim, employed him in herding his flocks. If in his early youth the Saint was less careful about fulfilling the duties of the Christian religion, the hardships and cruelty which he experienced in his servitude constrained him to turn his thoughts heavenward, and inspired him with an ardent desire of loving, serving, and pleasing God. He made a practice to say "a hundred prayers by day, and as many more with additional devotion by night."

Having served Milcho for six years, he was one night favored with a vision, and he tells us in his "Confessions," that he heard a voice saying to him: "Patrick, thou fastest well, and soon shalt go to thine own country. Behold, a ship is ready for thee!"

Patrick obeyed. He proceeded to the coast, whence a ship was about to sail, in which, with some difficulty, he obtained a passage. He landed at

a place called Treguier, in Brittany.

This was in 410. The Saint, now in his twenty-second year, formed the resolution of embracing the ecclesiastical state, and, in order to acquire the knowledge requisite for this dignity, he retired to the celebrated monastery or college of St. Martin of Tours, where he spent four years in study and contemplation.

In 415, whilst on a visit to his parents, he was again made captive; but this second captivity lasted only sixty days. Soon after his return, he was favored with another vision, in which his great mission, the conversion of Ireland, was clearly indicated.

"I saw in a nocturnal vision," says the Saint, "a man coming as if from Ireland, whose name was Victorius, with innumerable letters, one of which he handed to me; on reading the beginning of it. I found it contained these words: 'The voice of the Irish.' And while reading, I thought I heard the voice of persons from near the wood Foclut,* which is near the western sea. And they cried out as if with one voice: 'We entreat thee, holy youth, to come and walk still amongst us!' And I was greatly affected in my heart, and could read no longer; then I awoke."

When about the age of thirty he placed himself under the direction of St. German of Auxerre, who sent him to finish his studies in one of his colleges in the island of Lerins. 'Twas here principally that St. Patrick acquired that vast amount of erudition and sacred knowledge which enabled him so successfully and so gloriously to vindicate and uphold the gospel of Jesus in his intellectual combats

* In Tirawley, County Mayo; the ancient Tir Amalgaid—Fiacc's Scholast.

with the Irish Druids. It is generally believed that it was while he was at Lerins he received the celebrated staff called the *Baculus Issu*, or Staff of Jesus. This staff was preserved for many years as a precious relic in the Cathedral Church of Armagh. It was buried by the English in 1536.

Having spent nine years at Lerins, he joined St. German and St. Lupus of Troyes, who had been sent by Pope Celestine to eradicate the Pelagian heresy from Britain. Here the holy bishops became acquainted with the sad state of the Irish nation. Soon after their return to France, Patrick, in company with a priest, named Segetius, was sent to Rome, bearing from St. German letters of recommendation for the Irish mission.

Celestine received the Saint kindly, and readily appointed him to assist Palladius, whom he had just dispatched to convert the Irish.

Having obtained his appointment and the apostolical benediction, Patrick set out for the scene of his labors. He had proceeded as far as Eboria (probably Evereux in Normandy), when he was informed of the death of Palladius, and of the failure of his mission. On hearing the sad intelligence, Patrick had himself consecrated bishop by the venerable Amator, a prelate of great sanctity, then residing in the neighborhood of Eboria. After his consecration he continued his journey, passed through England, and together with Auxilius and Iserinus, two zealous and pious priests, whom he afterwards raised to the episcopate, the glorious apostle of the Irish nation reached the shores of Ireland, A.D. 432.

It is generally supposed that the Saint first landed at the mouth of the Dee, in County Wicklow; as he experienced serious resistance from the natives of that locality, he re-embarked, and sailed northward, towards the scene of his former bondage.

Arriving off the coast of the County Down, he again cast anchor, and landed with all his companions at a place called Lecale. They had advanced but a short distance into the country when they encountered the servants of Dicho, the lord of that territory, who, taking the Saint and his followers to be marauders, fled at their approach to inform their master of this supposed danger. Dicho armed all his retainers and sallied forth to meet them. But on ascertaining that the war which Patrick was about to wage was not a material but a spiritual warfare, that it was not a war of swords and bucklers, but of peace and charity, he relinquished his hostile intentions, and invited him to sup in his house. St. Patrick seized the opportunity of announcing the great truths of the gospel. Dicho and all his household believed and were baptized. The Saint celebrated the Holy Sacrifice in a barn, and the church which Dicho erected on its site was afterwards known as *Stabhal Phadriuc* or Patrick's Barn. Dicho was the first convert to the faith of Christ made by St. Patrick in Ireland. The glorious work was commenced. The conversion of Ireland was begun.

Having remained "not many days" at the house of Dicho, he set out by land to Antrim, to visit and convert his former master. But Milcho, who was an obstinate pagan, hearing of his intention, set fire to his house, and cast himself and his family into the flames. Patrick, nothing daunted by this second repulse, preached among his acquaintances in the adjacent districts with great success. Among his converts were Russ, son of Trichem, and a youth named Mochoe, who was afterwards raised to the episcopal see of Antrim.

Just at this time the high king *Laeghairé* (Leary) was holding a convocation or parliament of all the Druids, Bards, Legislators, and Juriconsults of the nation in his palace

at Tara. St. Patrick resolved to be present at this great national assembly, and to celebrate in its midst the festival of Easter, which was now approaching. He resolved, with one bold stroke, to paralyze the efforts of the Druids, by sapping the centre of their power, and to plant the standard of the cross on the royal hill of Tara, the citadel of Ireland. And he succeeded. He appeared before the council. He announced the object of his mission. He expounded the sublime truths of the Gospel to his enraptured audience with such heavenly unction and angelic sweetness, and proved their veracity by such overwhelming and incontrovertible arguments, that not only the princes but many of the Druids themselves, believed, and threw themselves at the feet of the Apostle. Some writers assert that the monarch Laeghairé was also converted; but their statement has not been substantiated. 'Tis certain, however, that he gave the Saint permission to preach his doctrine to the people.

On the following day, Easter Monday, the great national games commenced at Taillten. They lasted a whole week, and were attended by crowds from all parts of the island. St. Patrick took advantage of this opportunity, and the result of his preaching on this occasion was the conversion of thousands to the true faith.

It is not our intention to narrate all the places visited, all the churches founded, all the priests and bishops ordained and consecrated, all the miracles performed by our Saint in the course of his apostolical mission. We will merely mention some of the more important and remarkable.

Having preached for a considerable time in Meath, with his usual success, and having miraculously destroyed Crom Cruach, the great idol of the nation, which was religiously worshipped at Magh Slecht, he entered Connaught in 435. 'Twas while he was in Connaught he converted

Ethnea and Fethlimia, daughters of Laeghairé the Ard Righ. One morning, as the Saint and his companions, clad in their white robes, were walking by Rath Cruaghan, chanting their matins, they met with the princesses, who were coming to bathe in a well in the vicinity. The royal ladies, struck by their extraordinary appearance and strange language, took them for beings of another world, and timidly asked, "Who are ye? Are ye of the sea, the heavens, or the earth?"

St. Patrick explained to them such mysteries as he considered best suited for the occasion. He impressed on them particularly the existence of one only true God.

"But where," they asked, "does your God dwell? Is it in the sun, or on the earth? In mountains or in valleys? In the sea, or in rivers? Is he rich? Is he young, or old? Has he sons and daughters, and are they handsome?"

These queries afforded the Apostle an opportunity of explaining to them the nature of God, his immensity, his goodness, his mercy, his incarnation, his death upon the cross, for the redemption of lost man, etc. The princesses were astonished and delighted, and were immediately baptized at the well. It is related that they took the veil in a short time after, and consecrated their youthful souls to their heavenly spouse.

Passing through and evangelizing the counties Roscommon, Sligo, and Mayo, he came to Tirawley, whence he had heard the voice of the Irish call him. Here his labors were crowned with extraordinary success. Princes and people received the faith, and demanded the grace of baptism.

From Connaught St. Patrick proceeded to Ulster, where, though his mission was of short duration, it was, nevertheless, very successful. The number of churches related by his biographers to have been erected by him is almost incredible.

The two northern provinces being thus evangelized, the Saint directed his steps towards the south. Passing through Stabhal Phadriuc, or, as it is generally called, Saull, where he remained a short time to recruit his strength and consolidate the Church, he entered the province of Leinster about the year 443. At Naas, the residence of the kings of the province, he baptized Illand and Alild, sons of King Dunlung, both of whom became afterwards sovereigns of Leinster. He visited the arch-poet Dubtach at his residence in Hy-Kinsella, a district now comprised in the County Carlow. Dubtach, who had been converted at Tara, was sincerely attached to the Saint, and entertained him very hospitably. During his sojourn with Dubtach he baptized and conferred the ecclesiastical Order of Tonsure on Fiacc, a young man of gentle blood, who was afterwards raised to the episcopacy of Slettay, where he has always been held in great veneration. He was the first Leinster man raised to the episcopal dignity.

In 445 St. Patrick passed to Munster, and proceeded at once to "Cashel of the Kings." Aengus, who was King of Munster, went forth with all his court to meet the Saint, and having welcomed him with great respect and cordiality, conducted him to his palace. This prince had already been instructed in the principles of the Christian faith, and the day following the Saint's arrival was fixed for his baptism. During its administration there occurred a very remarkable incident, and one highly characteristic of the Christian patience and fortitude of our old convert kings. As the Saint was about celebrating the rite, he planted his crozier, the *Bachall Iesu*, firmly in the ground by his side; but before reaching the ground it pierced the king's foot and pinned it to the earth. Aengus never winced, though the wound must have caused him intense pain. St. Patrick did not be-

come aware of his mistake until the ceremony was over.

The Saint immediately expressed his deep regret that such a painful accident should have occurred; but the king meekly replied that he considered it part of the ceremony, and that he was ready and willing to endure far greater sufferings for the glory of Jesus Christ.

In Ormond the Apostle was very hospitably received by Lonan, prince of that territory, thousands of whose subjects embraced the true faith. When the Saint was in Hy-Figeinte, crowds crossed the Shannon in their *curaghs*, and were baptized in that majestic river. On leaving Munster, at the earnest entreaty of the inhabitants, St. Patrick ascended a hill, now called Enoc Patrick, which commanded a view of all Dalcassia, and from its summit imparted his Apostolic Benediction to the entire territory.

Thus was Ireland evangelized. Thus did St. Patrick, unfolding the banner of the cross, donning the buckler of faith, and drawing the sword of eloquence, march triumphantly through the land, everywhere preaching, everywhere instructing, everywhere converting, everywhere baptizing; ordaining priests, consecrating bishops, erecting churches, working miracles, etc., until he completely eradicated the pagan superstition, overthrew their altars, and laid their idols prostrate at the foot of the cross.

It is very peculiar that this great revolution, this conversion of an entire nation from Paganism to Christianity, was accomplished without one drop of martyr's blood, except in the single incident above narrated, when

*The royal foot transpierced, the gushing blood
Enriched the pavement with a noble flood.*

Of St. Patrick it may be truly said that his weakness constituted his strength. Had he come into the country with a powerful army to enforce his word, there is not one of these

warriors who would not have spilled the last drop of his blood sooner than respect his authority. But the apparent helplessness of the Saint, and the ease and gentleness with which he enforced his precepts, were calculated to affect the minds of a people of lively and religious imagination. He came not surrounded with the pomp and circumstances of worldly grandeur, but in the spirit of poverty and humility, in the power of the Lord who directed him, by whom he was enabled to triumph over the powers of darkness, and to carry into effect the greatest moral revolution ever accomplished by a human being.

Returning from his Munster mission, St. Patrick passed through the territory of Ui-Failghe in the King's County. Here a Pagan chieftain, called Berraidhe, concocted a scheme of murdering him. But this nefarious design coming to the knowledge of Odran, the Saint's charioteer, he feigned sickness, and prevailed on the Apostle to change places, and even to give him his episcopal cloak and mitre. Thus they journeyed on until, passing the ambuscade of their enemy, the spear of the murderer was buried in the generous heart of Odran. He was the first of a long list of glorious martyrs who, centuries afterwards, sealed their adherence to the faith of their forefathers with their hearts' best blood.

In 455 St. Patrick founded the primatial See of Armagh, and erected its magnificent cathedral on a commanding eminence in the immediate vicinity of the Royal Palace of Emania. Religious houses for both sexes were established convenient to the church, and were soon filled with ardent and devoted subjects.

The remainder of the Saint's life was spent principally at his favorite retreat of Saull. Here he wrote his *Confessions*, and drew up rules for the regulation and consolidation of the new ecclesiastical state.

When he felt that the time of his

dissolution was near, he ordered himself to be conveyed to Armagh, that he might breathe his last sigh in the ecclesiastical metropolis of Ireland. But on his journey thither an angel appeared to him, and desired him to return to Saull. And here, in the scene of his early apostolical labors, and in the midst of his early converts, on Wednesday, the 17th of March, in the year of our Lord 465, the pure soul of the great Apostle winged its way from its terrestrial prison to the celestial mansions of eternal bliss.

The news of the Saint's death was everywhere received with intense sorrow. Prelates and clergy flocked from all quarters to be present at the funeral obsequies, which were celebrated with unusual magnificence and splendor. Masses almost without number were offered up in commemoration of the Apostle; and not only the day, but even the entire night, was spent by the assembled priests in psalmody and prayer. The funeral service lasted twelve days; and so great was the profusion of lights and torches, "that darkness was dispelled, and the whole night seemed to be one day." There arose a warm dispute between the inhabitants of Armagh and the Ulidians, or people of Down, as to where the Saint should be interred. It was, however, finally decided that he should be buried in Down, and a great part of his reliques conveyed to Armagh. Having thus paid the last solemn tribute of love and veneration to the remains of their dearly beloved Apostle, and each taking as a sacred souvenir a small portion of clay from his hallowed grave, the priests and prelates of bereaved Erin sadly returned to their homes.

Thus was Ireland evangelized. Thus was Ireland converted. The soil in which St. Patrick planted the Gospel seed was not a barren soil, but indigenous and fruitful. For the body of the Saint was scarcely deposited in the grave when the green

bosom of Erin was studded with cathedrals, churches, and monasteries, convents, schools, and colleges, with such rapidity and in such numbers as to be without parallel in the annals of the world. Students from all parts of Europe flocked in crowds to her seminaries to acquire that knowledge and that mental culture which could not be obtained elsewhere. Not only was Ireland learned and holy, she was also apostolic. In the isles of Scotland, or at the mouth of the Loire; in the fens of England, or at the feet of the

Alps, zealous Irish missionaries were to be found preaching, exhorting, instructing, and laboring strenuously to spread the light of science and virtue throughout Europe. In short, so great became Ireland's reputation for sanctity and science, that, in a few years after the death of her Apostle, she was known to the Continental countries only as *Insula Sanctorum et Doctorum*, "the island of Saints and of Doctors." May God, in His infinite mercy, grant that she may long continue to merit that glorious appellation.

A HERO IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

JEAN CORDIN was the son of a peasant, but if of lowly birth, his father had been a man of strict integrity and unswerving fidelity; as a soldier, he had done his duty more than bravely, having on one occasion risked his life to save that of his commanding officer. M. le Général Comte de Vardier had never forgotten this touching instance of his attachment for his person, and when the poor fellow was dying he had sat beside his bed administering all the consolation in his power, and as he received his last sigh had promised always to care for the little son he had now left an orphan.

From that day, accordingly, Jean was removed, sobbing indeed as if his heart would break, from beside his father's remains, to become an inmate of the General's chateau. His good master kept his promise truly, and had the boy instructed in all that would make him good and useful, fostering with care the excellent principles the child had inherited from his father, so that he soon became a universal favorite in the household. Zealous, trustworthy, and intelligent, as he grew older, the General could always confide to him the most im-

portant missions. How proud such a lad would be of these proofs of his master's high opinion it is needless to say, and so enthusiastic was the attachment with which he reciprocated it, that, had he but had the courage, he would have given his very life for him.

This, alas! however, was poor Jean's weak point, he had *no* courage, and with all his excellent qualities, he was of so gentle and timid a nature that it had been found impossible, whether by raillery, remonstrance, or encouragement, to inspire him with the smallest spirit of bravery.

It may be supposed that as Jean approached the age which made him eligible for the calling of a soldier the coming of the inevitable conscription was awaited with considerable apprehension by the Count and his household, and with insuperable awe by the boy himself. The former, it is true, looked to circumstances to accomplish what education had failed to produce, and the latter could only fall back, trembling, and in secret even weeping, on the forlorn hope that he might draw a "lucky" number.

Such, however; is the "left-handedness of human affairs" that *luck* refused to have anything to do with the matter, and among those whose fate called on them to meet the claims of their country the very "worst" number was that which fell to the hapless Jean Cordin!

Jean was in a woful plight. Still when he saw that he, of all the lads who shared his fate, was the only one who trembled at the future he foresaw, he forbore to betray his pusillanimous sentiments, and for shame's sake summoned sufficient energy to assume a calm and composed countenance. If, therefore, it was with a melancholy foreboding that he bade adieu to the friends of his childhood, and looked his last at the hospitable roof that had so generously sheltered him, he contrived not to give way to his emotion; but, no sooner did he find himself alone and out of sight of his new comrades, than all this forced equanimity forsook him, and he fairly broke down beneath the weight of this first separation, and the ominous terrors which beset him.

Fortunately, perhaps, for our reluctant recruit there was neither time nor opportunity for indulging such feelings in those stirring days when war was the rule and peace the exception, when aggression was the habit of mind of the *Chef de l'Etat*, glory the "*gloria paucorum*" indeed—the egotistical and ill-considered object of his life, and bloodshed the iniquitous result. Battle followed so rapidly on battle that there was scarcely time so much as to drill the raw peasant-lads, who, pressed unprepared into the service, were fain to fight as best they could, and whose only chance was to substitute valor and enthusiasm (when they could muster it) for experience and skill.

Jean had been but a short time in the ranks when his regiment was ordered to the Peninsula, and he found himself in the midst of work—work of which he had hitherto

formed no idea and for which he certainly had no proclivities. On the evening of the arrival of the troops at their destination, it was reported at the bivouac that there was to be an engagement the very next day, and too surely was this rumor confirmed. Not many hours after, Jean found himself in the midst of the fire. The horror and novelty of the situation seemed to deprive him of his faculties; bewildered by all that surrounded him, and terrified by the dangers he apprehended, the wretched lad felt himself powerless to fight, and dropping his musket he slid from the ranks and deliberately took to his heels. Escape, however, was not so easy, and as he fled he was pursued, overtaken, and captured. Handcuffing and imprisonment followed, and at the first breathing-time of the authorities he was carried before a court-martial, tried, and condemned to death!

His good master, apprised of these melancholy details, betook himself at once to the military prison where the lad was confined, and found him, naturally enough, in the most abject condition. The poor fellow, who was nevertheless full of excellent qualities, had not in him the stuff of a soldier; for, utterly indifferent as to assuming a semblance of valor, he threw himself at his master's feet, and cried like a child; then raising towards him, in the most piteous way, his wan face, he asked in lamentable tones why he could not have been left to serve his country in some of the peaceful arts for which he was fitted, instead of being forced into a profession for which he had no aptitude. He even declared, that the moment he quitted his post he was perfectly unconscious of what he had done.

"O, Monsieur le Comte, O, mon bon Général!" said he in broken accents, "I was so happy in your honored service. There was nothing within my capacity that I was not ready to do for you, and you know

that I always did my best, no matter what trouble it cost me, so that I could but satisfy you. Don't desert me now, good sir. . . . Life, as I knew it under your protection, was so peaceful, so calm, so happy! Must I say good-bye to it all at eighteen! I never hurt anybody in my life, not even an animal, and must I be shot dead by my own comrades to whom I have always rendered all the services I could! . . . I did not want to be a soldier—I knew I was not fit for fighting," he continued, as he embraced the knees of the venerable officer. The latter, mastering his emotion, endeavored to reason with the unhappy youth, showing him that as every citizen enjoyed the benefit of a protecting army, none should shrink from sharing in the danger incurred in maintaining that defence; but, alas! he knew too well that however sound his logic, his premises were false; for the war in question was purely aggressive, and not a drop of blood shed in its behalf but might have been spared, not a heart broken by that bloodshed but might have been made to bleed instead of cursing the name of Napoleon.

It was all in vain, however, that he poured out his well-meant exhortations on the wretched recruit. As Jean had truly said, it wasn't in him, and the good General found the visiting hour had expired before he had produced the slightest impression on him. With a sad heart therefore it was that he turned away, promising that his best influence should be exerted, as far as it went; yet bidding him build no hopes on the result, but rather receive the Sacraments, go to confession, and prepare for eternity as fervently as he could. The General was as good as his word. He repaired at once, though with but faint hopes of success, to the residence of Maréchal Soult. Having obtained an interview, he represented the case with all its extenuations; but the Marshal, as he indeed expected, only replied by appealing to

his own judgment and experience as an officer, and asking him whether he really thought, in the face of the army, such an offence could possibly admit of pardon. The General was silenced, and probably also convinced; but when he withdrew from the Marshal's presence it was not with the intention as yet of abandoning the cause he had taken in hand, and he resolved to go straight to the Emperor himself, from whom, as the gratuitous cause of so much misery, he hoped to obtain one compensatory act of clemency in behalf of the servant who had always been so true to him.

Jean had meantime been led back into his little cell, and there left to his own gloomy introspections; he had sunk down in an attitude of utter despondency on his hard bed, where he lay lost in the thoughts of his coming doom. Presently he drew from his pocket his rosary, and fastening his gaze on the crucifix endeavored in vain to recall the exhortations of the chaplain who had heard his confession, and to offer up his sufferings to Him who also had undergone an unjust and ignominious death.

While thus occupied the day had grown darker, and the shades of evening fast gathering in had added their gloom to the forebodings of the unhappy prisoner, when the tread of steps along the corridor awoke his attention; in such circumstances almost any sound that diverts the thoughts from the one preoccupation is a relief, and a sudden flush animated his pale and tear-stained face; he listened, and his heart beat rapidly as he discerned that some one was approaching: would they pass on?—yes—no, the key grated in the lock, the door opened, and no other than the General stood before him. With an energy of which a few minutes before he would have thought himself incapable, Jean sprang to his feet, and looking into his master's benevolent eyes tried to

read in their expression the secret on which depended life or death.

The kind face wore a gentle smile which went far to reassure the poor fellow, who now saw in the embarrassment which seemed to suspend his master's utterance, the hesitation of one who fears too suddenly to substitute good tidings for bad, and to change at one touch the shadow of the grave for the sunshine of life.

"Ah, mon Général, mon bon Général!" exclaimed Jean in an ecstasy of hope, "I know, I feel you are bringing me joyful news—you have—you have obtained—a reprieve?—perhaps a commutation?—or perhaps even—oh, what am I saying!—can it be possible you are bringing me a par—" but the reaction had been too great, the unfinished word died on the poor boy's lips, and he fell back in a swoon.

The General's distress was serious; he even felt reluctant to call him back from his comparatively happy unconsciousness, and was more perplexed than ever how to address him. When Jean recovered himself, however, he exacted from him a promise to be more manly and self-possessed, and then at his earnest request proceeded to relate to him his ill success with the Commander-in-Chief, and the extreme difficulty he had had in obtaining an audience of the Emperor, to whom he had found that so much as to speak of commuting the punishment of a deserter was an unheard of thing. "You must perceive, Jean," he continued in the gentlest and most considerate tone, "that offences such as yours must inevitably be dealt with severely, and that military discipline must needs be enforced by military laws." He paused as he saw the effect of his words: Jean's face had once more become wan and his lips bloodless; the General heaved a deep sigh, but he had taken his resolution, and he now added hastily: "Wait to the end; if therefore in your case a very special and unheard of mercy has been

exercised, the circumstances under which alone it can be accorded are such as in a soldier's eyes to be scarcely short of death itself; you will undergo every detail of the deserter's punishment, beginning with the terrible infamy of degradation from the military profession, and it will only be after suffering the very semblance of death that you will be released."

The General ceased speaking, and looked keenly at Jean, who, rescued as it were from the very jaws of death, gave vent to his joy and gratitude with the most extravagant demonstrations; the threatened disgrace had no terror for him; military ambition was a sentiment to which his heart had never expanded, and he looked on glory with the indifference of a philosopher. Life—life in its springtime, with all its budding possibilities unopened, was once more before him, and never had it seemed so precious as now.

Those only who have been relieved from the deadly terror of approaching doom can picture to themselves the reactionary result on the mind of Jean Cordin; he fell at his master's feet unable to utter a word, and as the latter drew back distressed at the demonstrative gratitude he had felt must come, but had used every effort to repress, the poor fellow stooped and kissed the very ground on which he had trodden.

"Come, come, Jean," said the worthy officer, who, veteran as he was, stood moved at the sight; "this is not manly, you must assert the dignity of your sex, and not give way to these impulses of a weak nature as if you were a girl; I pray you let me see more firmness of character and equanimity whether under adversity or prosperity."

Jean tried to listen with respect to these and other more serious exhortations, but it was difficult to control the emotions of his heart, and almost before the General had done speaking he had flown back to

the subject which had absorbed him.

"Can it indeed be true?" said he. "O my good master, a second time you have been a father to me, you have given me a second life; that life shall be devoted to you and, much as I dread death, I could lay it down to serve you."

"What," exclaimed his master, as if struck by a sudden thought, "do you truly mean that at my bidding you would make, and bravely, the sacrifice of your life?"

At this question, seriously asked, Jean turned ashy pale, and the General instantly repented of his words as he noted their effect on the simple youth but now so elated.

"O master!" said he, and there were tears in his choking voice, "I did mean it, indeed I did; and if you take me at my word I will not go back from what I said; only let me live just a little while first. I am so young to die, and Jeannette will be so unhappy; let me go back to the dear old château and see it once more, and watch the sun, the beautiful sun, rise over the meadows, and hear again the morning sounds of the farm-yard; let me again behold the last rays of the red evening light behind the dark forest; let me set my foot once again within the old village church and kneel at the altar where I made my first communion; let me again visit my father's grave, and say good-bye to my little Jeannette—and—" Here poor Jean completely broke down, and the General had some difficulty in overcoming his own emotion, but he contrived to say in his natural accents:

"Jean, my lad, this is childish; how can you think I would accept your life either now or at any time? I should be glad to see you more brave for your own sake; and the only sacrifice I ask of you is that you will, after offering the remainder of your days, whether more or fewer, not to me, but to your Maker, nerve yourself to undergo with becoming

fortitude the terrible penance you have understood you are to suffer."

The prisoner, whose excitement was considerably modified by the deliberate seriousness of his master's words, promised faithfully that he should be satisfied with him on the solemn occasion, and taking an affectionate leave of him the good General hurried away.

The morning came, and with it to Jean Cordin the waking recollections of his commuted punishment. He rose hastily, and devoutly performed his morning devotions. Scarcely was he dressed before he heard the approaching footsteps of the jailer followed closely by those who were to take him in hand. The *toilette* of the convict, as it is called, was the preliminary process, and to this Jean consigned himself, but not without a shudder, for he could not in the face of this image of death forget how narrowly he had escaped the reality. However, fortifying himself with the remembrance of his promise, and the comforting reflection that it would soon be over, he placed himself in the hands of his comrades. His eyes were bandaged, and he was led out: arrived in front of the regiment, they were ordered to halt; the sentence was read, and Jean was formally declared unworthy to serve. Well, indeed, may the punishment of *dégradation* be looked upon by the French soldier as scarcely less terrible than death itself. Jean listened to this reading in a calm and becoming attitude, so that those present could not but be edified by the modest, humbled, and yet self-possessed demeanor they had so little expected to witness in him. A gendarme now approached, and a thrill of horror seemed to make the whole body of men quiver as, with a determination as inexorable as that of justice itself, he tore off one by one the buttons of the lad's uniform, and deprived him of all the insignia of his military profession. The *Aumonier* was by his side continuing to exhort him to

resignation, and he now placed the crucifix in his hands, which Jean carried piously to his lips, but to the astonishment of his comrades, without betraying the slightest emotion. At the command to kneel he obeyed without wavering, and the *Aumonier* having embraced him with an inward admiration at his firmness and bravery, withdrew to a short distance and knelt in prayer. There was an awful silence.

"*Portez, Armes !—Apprêtez, Armes !*"—shouted in stentorian accents of command the practiced voice of a non-commissioned officer; there was another pause; the prisoner retained his unflinching attitude. Could this be *Jean le poltron* whose desertion had surprised no one in the regiment?

A third time the voice of the sergeant was heard: "*En joue—Feu !*" said he—but the prisoner moved not; in less than ten seconds the awful explosion sent terror into every heart, for honest, confiding Jean Cordin had fallen back a corpse!

His good master, whose indefatigable efforts had proved unavailing to save the life of his hapless servant, had done the best he could for him; he had at least removed the sting of death during his last hours, and had obtained for his memory the respect and admiration of his regiment. He had created an opportunity for him to redeem his character, for, after all, "Jean Cordin the coward" had died the death of a hero!

LIBERTY AND LICENSE OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

It is a very mild assertion, to say that there is such a thing as truth in matters of religion. I venture on that assertion. By it I do not mean to imply that Christianity is true, or that Buddhism is true, or that any religion hitherto taught is true, but only that, upon the subject of religion as upon every other subject, certain definite propositions, known or unknown, are true, and all beside them are false.

As to what these true propositions on the matter of religion are, some men feel an internal certainty, while others are uncertain. Of religious uncertainty we have proof in every newspaper that we open, in every third book that we read; we hear it, we see it, the air is impregnated with it. Religious certainty is written plainly in the deaths of the martyrs and in the lives of the saints. A man does not die for a surmise, but for a conviction; neither does he

lead a life which is a continual death, such as that of St. Peter of Alcantara, for a mere opinion. If a man's witness of himself may ever be accepted, the humblest Catholic can settle this issue. He will emphatically declare that he is not more certain of the sun being in the heavens, than of the fact that God has made him and redeemed him and wills his salvation.

Religious truth, in the eyes of those who firmly believe it, is of supreme importance above all other truths. In their eyes, I say, for in their works this supremacy is not always made manifest. There you may behold a man behaving like the beast that perishes; yet all the while he thoroughly accepts at heart the truth of the Apostle's saying, that the time is short, and that it remains for such as use this world to be as though they used it not, since the figure of this world passes away. It

is a singular instance of an *a priori* theory overriding all actual experience, that philosophers and theologians have risen up to teach that belief without practice is null and unreal. "This world is too much with us," as the poet complains; nevertheless, in the midst of its blandishments, and in the midst of our own guilty dalliances with it, faith carries our gaze to other goods and other evils, other aims and another rest, and we are deeply, strongly sure that we are being overreached and fascinated and cajoled by a fading present enjoyment.

Surely, to a believer in them, these are no indifferent tidings: that there is a God, Creator of all; that man is made solely to serve Him; that the things which man uses are, by rights, mere instruments to that service; that sin is justly punished with everlasting fire; that man has sinned; that he has been redeemed by God's becoming man and dying for him; that this God become Man is the rightful Head of mankind, and the Church his body; and that out of the Church there is no salvation. Whoever feels certain of these facts, will be zealous about them. He will be in no humor to hear them denied or argued against: least of all, will he like to hear them treated as idle questions, slighted and pooh-poohed. He will not look upon religious speculation as a field of intellectual gymnastics, where the exercise, and the vigor thence resulting, are more valuable than the work done. He will be less concerned that men should reason about religion than that they should believe aright.

Imagine, for a parallel case, a messenger coming in with this story: "There is an association forming all over the earth, in Spain, France, Italy, England, and Germany, in the United States and Australia, in Russia, and in China. The aim of this association is to pull down altar and throne, to destroy the rights of property, to dissolve the sanctity of

marriage, to rob youth of innocence and age of consolation, to batter and break to pieces all powers besides its own, and on the ruins to raise a tyranny, compared with which Xerxes's yoke would have been sweet, and So-lyman's burden light." We might, indeed, receive this message, as we do Dr. Cumming's prophecies, with a smile and a shrug of unconcerned incredulity. We might wonder how the bearer of it ever came to believe it. But, at least, we should understand his treating it seriously, his trying to impress it upon others, his intolerance of contradiction, his sensitiveness to scorn. He at any rate has not spoken, "to interest youths, and afford matter for speechifying." He would be ill pleased to see his case lightly taken up by a debating club, pulled to this side and to that with argumentative pincers, and finally remanded for further torture, or dismissed as an exhausted theme. He would be apt to reckon the opponents of his word for homicides—well-meaning, justifiable homicides, possibly, but still, so far as speech can kill, slayers of men.

And this illustrates something of a Catholic's mind about liberty of religious thought. Whoever possesses internal certainty, what religion is right and what is wrong, will be zealous for the right, and will enforce it, under certain circumstances, even to the peremptory forbidding of contradiction. If he is sincere in his certainty, and acts up to his faith, he cannot do otherwise. A Catholic father, therefore, imparts dogmatically to his children the teaching of the Church, in which he himself is an unswerving believer. As he tells his child that lying is unfair, that cruelty is inhuman, that intemperance is beastly, and that all those acts are wrong, he further explains to him the Apostles' Creed, and forbids him to doubt the doctrines there contained: he is as positive in the field of dogma as in that of morality. The Catholic youth, inheriting the

faith of his father, reads infidel books and engages in infidel society, as such, reluctantly and only for good reasons; he is loath to make such reading and such company his ordinary resort, and he approaches it armed with a resolution not to be moved by the skeptical cavils with which his faith is about to be tried. The Catholic state, all whose subjects are Catholics, enacts laws to hinder anti-Catholic principles from gaining a footing amongst them. In Rome, while the Popes reigned there, restrictions were laid on the Protestant worship. The Papal government could do no less, thoroughly convinced as it was that its people were already in the right concerning the all-important, practical science of religion. To a Protestant, the restriction looked very hard; but that was because he was a Protestant.

To say that misbelief should be kept out of a Catholic state by legislative means, is not to justify whatever legislation has been employed or is employable to that end. I execrate that horrible statute, *de hæretico comburendo*. I will not prose about the inhumanity of the burning of heretics; hanging and flogging too are inhuman, war is inhuman, drawing of teeth is inhuman, yet these and the like cruelties are necessary and proper sometimes. But the misery of all such cruelty is that it is a pernicious cruelty; new heretics arise like phoenixes from the ashes of the pyre, if not in that country and age, at least in other times and places. The worst possible way to quell any species of religious enthusiasm is to give it martyrs. Next, perhaps, to the cowardice of the clergy, and the ignorance of the people of England in the sixteenth century, the fires in which Ridley and Latimer expired were the best propagators of the Reformation. And on the other hand, our martyred forefathers, Fisher and More and Campian and Postgate, are the warranty of English Catholics at this hour.

Enthusiasm is a thing to be quenched, not to be blown out; to blow it, is but to spread the flames. The modern persecutors of the Church have learned this lesson too well. They seem, however, to be growing careless of it as their triumph progresses, and in that there is some hope for us.

In a wholly Catholic country, then, where the Government and the people have an internal certitude of religious truth, the germs of dissent will be crushed and rendered abortive by the secular power, wearing an iron hand in a silken glove. There is no such country at present on the face of the globe. Very likely there never will be one again. There is no ideal Catholic state in existence; and many things are true of an ideal Catholic state, and of the position which the Church claims there, which are untrue of and ludicrously out of keeping with any polity that actually exists, or that we can ever expect to see established in our lifetime. Unfortunately, in every land at this day there are thousands of persons quite unsettled in their religious convictions, quite uncertain and undetermined what to believe about God and His Christ. Such is no age to close the door of religious inquiry; the steed is stolen, and the door must stand open, if the lost one is to return. To doubt and to be forbidden to search is to be condemned to a blind error. One who has the faith is forbidden to doubt about it. But one who has it not must seek to find it. He possesses, and must be allowed to exercise, the right of search. Inquiry is not only his right, but even his duty. The true policy, therefore, for existing governments is a policy of religious toleration.

To permit a thing is often tantamount to permitting the abuse of it. Thus we license beer-houses, and it seems we cannot provide that the liquor sold in them shall be, as their name supposes, a pure and simple decoction of malt and hops. Yet perhaps legal provision might be

made to insure us good beer. But when the genuine article and the counterfeit are only distinguished by the intention of the producer, the difficulty of allowing the one and prohibiting the other becomes, to the state, insurmountable. Hence, as liberty of thought has to be granted in all modern countries, license of thought cannot be legally repressed.

A man exercises liberty of religious thought, when, starting from uncertainty, he picks his way among articles and creeds, in an honest effort to find the truth. A man indulges in license of religious thought, when he delights in uncertainty, is afraid of dogma, and flits from opinion to opinion about the things of God, exulting in this changeableness, without concern for the truth of God. The former man is like a traveller lost on a moor: he goes this way and that, and often goes wrong, but he is anxious to go the right way to his house and home. The latter may be compared to a gipsy, who wanders up and down, all the moor being the same to him, and cares not where he goes. At a distance, there is no telling the gipsy from the traveller. The modern state sees its subjects from a distance, and cannot tell who of them is licentious, and who is rightfully free, in his theological speculations. So, as we need liberty, we must be content to put up with license of religious thought, so far as Government measures are concerned.

Still such license is a foolish and wicked thing, and deserves to be scouted with all the force that public opinion can command. How free-thinking impresses a Catholic, I have already endeavored to show. The

agonies of a skilful surgeon, witnessing the reckless operations of a quack, are the faintest possible image of what a devout believer in the Athanasian Creed feels when he hears that sacred symbol discussed as a matter of no moment. But even to a mind that is uncertain about religion, license of thought on such a subject should appear a very grievous evil. Take that which has been for eighteen hundred years the question of questions, the divinity of Christ. Ask a Catholic, Are you sure Jesus Christ is God? He will answer, Yes. Ask now a doubter, Are you sure that Jesus Christ is not God? By the very nature of his position he will answer, No. What then if He is God? Surely the respondent must be mad, if he rejoins, No matter. To say that it makes no matter whether Christ be God or no, is to declare positively that there is no God—which is dogmatic atheism. And as of the Incarnation, so of the other Christian mysteries, the Trinity, Justification, Transubstantiation—to think heedlessly about them, to pretend that their truth or falsehood matters not, is to deny them downright, or else it is to behave like a madman. There is no sane or reasonable procedure in religious thought except dogmatism, and the search after dogma. By dogmatism I mean dogmatic theism or dogmatic atheism. A sensible man will make his choice between these alternatives, or at least he will strive to arrive at a choice between them; if he is undecided, he will bewail his state, not glory in it, feeling himself at a loss there where it is most important for him to have certainty.

THE STORM.

I.

DATE 1751.

ELEVEN o'clock, at night, had sounded from the Cathedral of St. Stephen's, the iron voice of time echoed far and wide through the still and deserted streets of the imperial city of Vienna, with the deep and solemn tone peculiar to that hour. At the sixth stroke of the hammer upon the bell, the door of a small obscure dwelling, against which a barber's sign trembled in the wind, was opened by the hand of a young man, apparently about nineteen years of age, and by a counter movement closed again with nicely calculated precision, in order that such slight noise might be lost, in the pealing echoes of the clock. But that sage precaution was rendered abortive by the indiscretion of the very party by whom it had been adopted. So that, as though some irresistible impulse, stronger than prudence itself, had made him forget that silence was necessary to secure his retreat, scarcely had he placed foot in the street, ere he trilled with clear and melodious voice an extempore stave, to which the booming of the clock served as a bass, and which he ended in a sharp C, several times repeated, whilst the bell-hammer struck the same note two octaves lower. The principal, or, to speak more correctly, the sole tenant of this dwelling, the barber, Keller, showed himself at the case-ment, and recognizing the singer,

"'Tis you, Joseph? I thought you had been within this long while. What are you at, my fine fellow, in the streets at such an hour?"

Without making a reply, and perhaps with a design to avoid the question, Joseph said to his interlocutor:

"With what sublime accents time
by means of

these clocks; don't you think so, Master Keller? When all around is hushed and steeped in repose, the voice, which the intelligence of man has given to time, still mounts towards Heaven to glorify him, even as an homage rendered while he sleeps; and hence it is, religious minds can never under such thoughts and circumstances hear it without emotion."

"All very likely," replied the barber; "but these fine metaphysics don't explain to me the reason of your being in the street at this hour, singing away there like a night lark; you'll soon lose all the little voice you have left, and then, good-bye to your pupils."

"What matter, if I should become dumb," replied the young man; "the violin will sing for me. Do you really think, my friend, that I was created and brought into the world merely for the honor of the 'solfa'? The meed of the nightingale is merely the pittance of those who have neither the head nor the heart of a master. Be easy on that score, the airs that are humming through my head will never lack echoes for their repetition."

"True, Joseph, thou art a great musician, I well know. I have always said so from the first day I heard thee sing; and out of gratitude for the pleasure afforded me, have I lodged and boarded thee beneath my roof ever since thou wast expelled from the soprano class at St. Stephen's, for a boyish prank which merited not so severe a penance. But let not foolish ideas enter thy head; throw not away that which thou hast in thine head for an empty shadow." He reiterated his advice; but perceiving the young man was not lending the most attentive ear possible, he followed it up with

"Come, get indoors."

"That's impossible," said Joseph.

"And why, if it please you?"

"Because, far from wishing to come indoors, I was just taking my departure when you opened the case-ment."

"Heaven forgive me!" cried Keller, looking more attentively at him, "if thou hast not decked thyself gayly and wearest the black coat thou wert wont to keep for fête days only! Ah, Joseph, I fear me much thou art taking to bad courses, and that I have just surprised thee setting forth to some gallant adventure."

"Believe me, it is not so, good Master Keller; you full well know I have no other sweetheart than your daughter Anne; and, while I await my bride, have no other mistress than the sweet muse, who, wooing me even from the cradle, has taught me to express by song that which passes through my heart."

"Where are you going, then?"

"Under the balcony of a lady, it is true; but merely to ask her opinion touching the serenade I composed yesterday, and which I am going to execute with Georges and Grantz, who are waiting for me behind the church."

"And what lady is this?"

"The lovely Wilhelmina."

"The wife of the old Count de Storemberg! Know you her?"

"I know her not, save by name, and as a relative of the harlequin, Bernardone."

"The very same!"

"Really," said Joseph, laughing, "you treat me like a gossip customer. But they say the lady is a good musician, and, therefore, I hope, after having heard me, she will deign to open her window, and cry: 'Bravo! the serenade was well sung!' So good night to you, Master Keller. Here have we been half an hour already chatting together; my orchestra will become impatient; the night is cold, and that costume of yours seems somewhat too scanty for you prudently to remain longer with your

elbows on the balcony; so, adieu! I have a presentiment I shall bring you back good tidings."

So saying, Joseph set off at full speed, and, turning off at the corner of the square, disappeared behind the church. The barber, casting up his eyes to heaven, with a half-sigh, betook himself to bed. The three young men traversed a considerable portion of the city, taking the road towards the Carinthian Theatre, of which the harlequin was manager.

They stopped before a window, from which a soft and tranquil light made its way through a double curtain of silk and gauze. The serenade commenced, was continued, and ended, without the slightest movement being observable within the chamber. The three disappointed musicians had already exchanged several glances with each other, when the door of the house opened, and the harlequin, Bernardone, appeared upon the threshold, and inquired of the singers whose music they had just executed.

"It is mine, signor," replied Joseph, "and, to speak frankly, as I thought it passable, I was desirous of offering the first essay to you and your wife."

"Thine, my good lad! Why, how old art thou? There is a very charming air in that serenade of thine, which has just caused a dispute to arise between my niece and a great personage, who honors us with his friendship, the Count Storemberg. The count, who is in an ill-humor this evening, I know not why, deems this air a very miserable composition; Wilhelmina declares it ravishing, and I have left them both at high words thereon. As for myself, the tune pleases me exceedingly. Arrange it for me as a dance; bring it me to-morrow, and I will pay you handsomely."

"Many thanks for your offer, signor; but the serenade shall remain a serenade. As for 'airs de danse,' if you require them, I have

here," said he, tapping his forehead, "I have here wherewithal to set all harlequins in the world spinning 'en cadence.' Bestow on me one touch of your wand, and the stream will forth."

"*Per Bacco!*" exclaimed Bernardone, "the lad pleases me.. Could you compose an opera for me?"

"Why not, signor?"

"Well, come upstairs, and we'll have some talk about the matter."

Joseph, begging his companions to wait for him, followed Bernardone. He was conducted to a richly furnished chamber, where all breathed an atmosphere of luxury, though a somewhat disorderly kind of elegance prevailed. But Joseph's thoughts were so occupied with his opera, that he saw nothing, scarcely even the Count, who was pacing the apartment, with folded arms and frowning brow, limping about in a most frightful manner. Wilhelmina, tired of the disputation, was extended, with her back towards the door, upon a sofa. She raised her head as her relative entered; and, judging that the new-comer, short, mean, and meagre, merited not a second glance, she resumed her first position.

"Count," said Bernardone, "I have brought you the culprit. I am grieved that I am unable to be of the same opinion as your Excellency; but I am sure that this lad will do something. He talks about composing an opera."

The Count stopped shuffling for an instant, shrugged his shoulders, and said: "Capital! I'll go and hiss it!"

Joseph bowed, in reply to this polite intimation, and the Count recommenced his tour of the apartment.

"And I will go on purpose to applaud it!" retorted Wilhelmina, seizing the opportunity of contradicting the old Count; "and I should like myself to choose your libretto. Thank heaven! we are in no want of such," added she, at the same time opening a cabinet in which some

hundreds of manuscripts were heaped. After a short search, she drew forth one, and placed it in the hands of Joseph.

"Thanks, madam," said Joseph, "I have ever experienced kindness from the hands of the fair sex. The black coat I wear upon my shoulders, I owe to the generosity of an Italian lady, to whom I gave singing lessons some twelve months ago, at the baths of Marcendorf, whither, in the capacity of servant, I had followed the celebrated Porpora."

The Count cast a disdainful glance at the narrator.

"Yes, madam," continued Joseph, "for that great master, though as ill-tempered and brutally behaved a man as ever existed, still deigned to give me what I prized more than all,—instruction in harmony; for which I brushed his clothes, blacked his shoes, and powdered his old peruke. He paid me my wages in basses and counterpoint. The lady of whom I have just made mention, having learned my history, sent for me to her house, and for twelve lessons, gave me six sequins, with which I purchased this attire, which enables me to appear everywhere in as good style as Prince Esterhazy. You are equally kind as she, madam, and the contemplation of your beauty would be ample recompense for passing one's life in composing serenades, for the sole satisfaction of obtaining one word of thanks, or even one look during the evening from you through the apertures of your Venetian blinds; but it would be sheer folly in me to think of such a thing, and all that I desire is, that you may esteem me somewhat for my music."

The Count, who was limping all the while round the apartment, halted again, and ironically begged to know what might be the title of the poem selected for the intended opera.

The young man, with some difficulty, suppressed a smile that had well-nigh curled his lip, on seeing written in large letters upon the first

page of the manuscript: *Le Diable Boiteux*. His glance met that of *Wilhelmina*, as he thus answered the Count:

"Excuse me, noble Count, if I cannot satisfy your curiosity. The title of the piece shall remain a secret, until the day of the representation; that you will know time enough to bestow your hisses on the occasion, without the necessity of my indicating it beforehand to your hostility, of which you may perhaps make others partakers."

"This young man has decidedly talent," said *Wilhelmina*.

"I do not think there is much indication of it in the latter speech," muttered *Storemberg*; "the reply is certainly more impertinent than witty."

The sum agreed upon for the score, between *Bernardone* and *Joseph*, was twenty-four sequins, under an express condition, that the young man should deliver the work complete within eight days. It was more time than the composer needed, far more embarrassed to repress the crowd of ideas whirling through his brain, than to produce the melody. At the end of four days, the score was finished, with the exception of a passage, which was blank despair to the composer. The good *Keller* was first consulted, but in vain; the poet in his turn was appealed to: "You have written upon your manuscript," said *Joseph*, "here a storm arises, but I have never seen one, and cannot, for the life of me, embody such a thing in music. Can you help me out of this dilemma?"

"Not I," replied the poet; "I put the tempest in a parenthesis, because I could not put it into verse. Like you, I have never seen either sea or storm."

The difficulty was serious; how was it to be got over? They went to *Bernardone*.

"Have you ever seen a storm, signor?" inquired *Joseph*, on entering.

"Pardieu, I should think I have. I have nearly perished four times from shipwreck."

"Can you picture it to me, my friend. I will go to the piano."

"I'll do it better than that—I'll act one."

And *Bernardone*, exhausting all the resources of pantomime, and giving a thousand varied inflections to his voice, began to gesticulate with every variety of action, raising and lowering his arms, balancing his body from poop to prow, as he said, to describe the movement of the vessel upon the waves, and at the same time striving to imitate the noise of the thunder, and the whistling of the wind!

"Do you comprehend, my lad?"

"Not a whit," said *Joseph*; "it must be something different from that; your tempest resembles what catterwauling grimalkins make on the house-tops."

"Figure to yourself," resumed *Bernardone*, overturning tables, chairs, and footstools one after another, thrusting and kicking them about with hands and feet, "Figure to yourself the heavens overcast. Hoo—oo—oo, that's the wind howling; the lightning cleaves the clouds; the vessel mounts and descends. Boo—oo—oor, that's the thunder! Now look; here a mountain rises up there a valley plunges down, then again a mountain and a valley: the mountains and the valleys chase after, but cannot catch one another; the mountain is swallowed up by the valley, the valley throws up the mountain, the lightning flashes, the thunder roars, the vessel floats like a straw—paint me all that distinctly. All that I've told you is clear enough, I should think!"

Poor *Joseph*, dumfounded by this imposing description, accompanied as it was by imitative contortions, and stunned by such a poetical charivari, shrieked out his part, stamped his feet, rattled his fingers over the keys, running through the chromatic

scales, prodigalizing his sevenths, leaping from the lowest and flattest to the highest and sharpest notes. It was one of those inconceivable hashes, alike void of time and sense, that in our time are dignified by the title of *air varié*, but as for a storm, it was far from such. Bernardone perspired, sang at ease, but was still unsatisfied.

At last the young man grew impatient, placed his hands at the two ends of the harpsichord, and drew them together, exclaiming:

"Dash the tempest!"

"That's it, Pardieu! that's it!" cried the transported harlequin, and leaping over the wreck of furniture, by which he was surrounded, he well-nigh stifled the virtuoso in a vigorous embrace. "You have got it, my lad, begin once more. That's it! Superb! Astonishing! I give you thirty sequins, instead of twenty-four."

The opera of the "*Diabre Boiteux*," got up in a few days, had a great success, but the Count de Storemberg, designated by epigrams all over the town, through the vengeance of Wilhelmina, whom it was well known he had quarrelled with and quitted, had interest sufficient to cause it to be forbidden after the second representation.

Disgusted with the theatre, wherein he would ever have remained in the second rank, Joseph entered upon the legitimate career of his genius, and became the king of instrumental music.

II.

DATE 1790.

THIRTY-NINE years after the events narrated above, a vessel, sailing from Calais to England, overtaken by a violent storm, narrowly escaped shipwreck. One man alone, amid the general consternation, displayed fits of inordinate gayety, that, in the critical situation in which the vessel was placed, might have passed for a species of idiocy. Before the danger

grew imminent, he maintained a rigid taciturnity, and, seemingly absorbed in thought, took no part in that which was passing around him; whilst the bravest of the mariners were trembling, he manifested an exuberant mirth—frequently bursting into paroxysms of laughter. They were compelled, at length, to make him quit the spot he had taken upon the deck, whence the wind would infallibly have blown him into the sea, and in the cabin, where the passengers were crowded together, the women weeping and praying, this man, laughing unceasingly, was heard to exclaim aloud:

"There's the mountain rising up; there's the valley plunging down; mountains and valleys chasing one another without catching—the lightning flashes, the thunder roars, the vessel floats like a straw! Boo—oo—hoo—drat the storm! Ha! ha! how like it mine was!"

These strange exclamations were as so many enigmas to the terrified hearers; but when the danger had passed, they were vividly called to mind on perceiving that this same man, so obstreperous awhile ago, had become calm and taciturn. His physiognomy was commonplace, his peruke, and general attire, antiquated. He was seated in a nook of the cabin, and heeded not the pleasantries that were showered upon him; he appeared occupied in telling the beads of his rosary. A young man resolved to divert the company at the expense of this singular personage, and accosted him with, "Sir, you seemed very merry just now. Would there be any indiscretion in asking what might be the cause of your laughter?"

The old man, torn from his reverie, and perceiving that all eyes were turned upon him, rose with a somewhat embarrassed air, and bowed with all the simple urbanity and good nature we sometimes meet with in aged men, the which caused no small diversion to the bystanders, and in-

he general inclination to remembering me of a youth-
ture, at the time when I
my first opera!"
gentleman is a musician,
, doubtless, an illustrious

ot know about that, gentle-
my best; drawing all my
as from yonder heaven,
kindly bestows it upon me.
gle opera have I written
scribing at its head, '*In*
domini,' and at the end,
o.' By my compositions I
read; but as for fame, I do
it will be my lot to attain

s a doubt of which it may
power to absolve you, if
ell us your name."
ame is Joseph Haydn!"

ent rose up and took off

"Pardon me," cried the
n who had accosted him,

"pardon me; I meant to have jested
at your expense, and I ought rather
to fall at your feet!"

"At my feet! and wherefore?"
said the old man, who, perhaps, was
the sole individual in Europe igno-
rant of the fame attaching to the
name of Haydn.

"Wherefore?" returned the young
man, "because you are the greatest
musician in the world!"

"You are mistaken," replied
Haydn, "you would mean Mozart.
Would you like now, ladies," con-
tinued he, with an engaging smile
(his name having embellished him in
their eyes) "would you like me to re-
late the adventure which made me
laugh so heartily when you were all
of you shaking with fear?"

The proposition was eagerly ac-
cepted. They made a circle around
him, and Haydn commenced the
history of his opera, "*Le Diable*
Boiteux," and of the ludicrous storm
of the harlequin, Bernardone.

SECRETS OF THE GEMS.

many things glitter which
old, is well known; but do
rs of jewelry know that
t and beautiful colors ex-
most of their much-prized
purely artificial? Nature
he raw material, and art
o embellish it. The bril-
klake or bracelet, which,
native hue of the stone,
no means be considered
al, becomes matchless in
ustre after passing through
s of the artificer. Your
always discovering some-
always ready with marvel-
formations, is truly a re-
personage. He is jealous

of his secrets, but not always able to
keep them. If he could set a seal on
his doings, our readers would not
have been entertained with the pres-
ent article, in which we shall take
leave to reveal some of his processes.

Let us begin with the agate—rather
a common stone, found almost every-
where, and in numerous varieties,
among which are the chalcedony,
carnelian, onyx, sardonyx, and helio-
trope. They all consist principally
of quartz, and are more or less pel-
lucid. In some places, they are sur-
prisingly abundant. One of these
places is Oberstein, some thirty or
forty miles up the valley of the Nahe,
a region not often visited by summer

tourists, yet interesting enough to repay him who shall explore its devious byways, and paths along the river. At the village just mentioned, and at Idal, four miles distant, formations of coarse red conglomerate are met with interposed with trap and greenstone; and in a soft stratum in these rocks, agates are found in considerable quantities. The workings may indeed be called agate quarries, for they are carried on in the precipitous side of a hill; and to him who sees them for the first time, there is something remarkable in the species of industry created by the presence of the stones.

The nodules of agate, as they come from their long-undisturbed bed, are generally of an ashen-gray color. The first operation in the process of transformation is to wash them perfectly clean; then to put them into a vessel containing a mixture of honey and water, which, being closely covered, is plunged into hot ashes for two or three weeks. The essential thing is to keep the liquid from boiling, but at a high temperature. After a sufficient interval, the stones are taken out, cleansed, passed through a bath of sulphuric acid, and then they undergo a second course of roasting in the hot ashes.

To produce a color in the stones, it is necessary they should be penetrated by some carbonizable substance. This is effected by the honey, which, under the influence of long-continued heat, finds its way into the interior of the crystal, where its carbonization, if not complete in the first instance, is finished by the sulphuric acid. Some lapidaries use olive oil instead of honey. The shade of color depends on the porosity of the layers of the stone; the most porous become at times perfectly black. Some are colored in two or three hours, others in as many days, others in a week or two, and some resist all attempts to change their natural hue. Some, when taken out of the pan, are found to be a rich

dark-brown or chocolate; others, again, having been penetrated by the coloring matter between the layers, are striped alternately white, gray, and brown, like the onyx and sardonyx. By soaking the stones in a solution of sulphate of iron, and then placing them for a few hours in the oven, a fine carnelian red is produced in the porous layers, while those not porous remain unaltered. Thus it not unfrequently happens that very coarse and common stones—muddy-yellow or cloudy-gray—which in their natural condition would be valueless, are passed off as stones of the first quality. It is only within the last forty years that this process has been known in Germany; but the Italian lapidaries were acquainted with it centuries ago. Hence we can account for the exquisite color of antique cameos and other ornaments once numerous in the cabinets of Italy, and now to be seen in museums and private collections in all parts of the world. The dealers, when making their purchases of what we may call the raw material, select what appears to be a desirable piece; and chipping off a minute portion, they moisten the exposed surface with the tongue, and watch the absorption of the moisture. If regular and equal, the stone is good for an onyx; if not, it is added to the heap of inferior varieties. This, however, is but a rough-and-ready test, and not always decisive.

The pores of the stones by which the color is conveyed and retained, are visible with the microscope, and the effect of various tints is produced according as the light falls upon them at different angles. The rainbow-agate is full of minute cells, which, when exposed to the sun, produce prismatic colors, as is observed of the striæ of mother-of-pearl. To detect cavities in the stones, they are soaked in water, which, slowly penetrating, reveals the hollows. Some already contain water when first found; and it is a remarkable

that if kept in a dry place, the color disappears, but without leaving the slightest trace of moisture on the surface; and the stones can only be colored by boiling them.

Balls of striped red chalcedony are highly prized; a large one, weighing several hundred pounds, was found in the neighborhood of Weisselberg, and was sold for about 700 guilders. Some balls of chalcedony are made to appear of a citron yellow, by a two-hour roasting in an oven, and a subsequent immersion in a close hot-spirit of salt for two or three days. A blue color, which has all the effect of a turquoise, is also produced; but the particular coloring process has hitherto been kept a secret. Those stones which are naturally colored are at times roasted, to lighten the tint, and add to its transparency. The Brazilian carnelian becomes singularly lustrous under the same process; the explanation being that the long-continued action of heat removes the oxyhydrate of iron contained in the stone, leaving behind a clear brightness diffused through the whole mass. The smallest stones are roasted before polishing; the large ones, of which saucers, cups, plates, etc., are made, are first cut into the required shape and then thinned—otherwise they fly to pieces when exposed to heat. After the coloring operations have been completed, the stones are ground on a wheel; soaked in oil for a day, to conceal the fine scratches, and then given a good polish; and then cleaned with bran.

Those who examined the collection of gems and works of art from rare countries in the great exhibition of 1851, will remember the elegant vases of different colors—some covered with white natural veins; cups of red chalcedony; a chain of the same substance in large square links of different colors, and without soldered joints; besides other objects so artistically finished, that a prize medal was awarded to the manufacturers.

So far, we have been treating of methods by which art assists nature: we come now to the gems that are not found in the side of a quarry, but formed in the chemist's laboratory. Before the days of Berlin wool and crochet-work, young ladies used to amuse themselves by making crystalline baskets and trays, as ornaments for the mantel-piece, but they had first to dissolve their alum. The chemist works by other means; and especially since the application of electro-galvanism to his processes, there is something really wonderful in the results. He produces crystals at pleasure, and in lumps that would astonish those who once labored so hard in search of the philosopher's stone. A few years ago, M. Ebelman laid before the French Academy of Sciences specimens of artificial quartz—some white, others blue, red, and violet; and by mixing chloruret of gold with the silicic acid used in the composition, he produced a mass traversed throughout with delicate veins of gold, similar to the lumps brought from Australia or California. By a modification of his process, he produced hydrophane—that species of opal which is transparent only when immersed in water; and specimens also of the allied crystal, hyalite. In this operation, silicic ether and moist air are principally employed; and a variety of colors could be imparted by the admixture of different colored alcoholic solutions. Chloride of gold produces a beautiful topaz yellow; and by exposing the crystal for a time to light, the gold is dispersed through it in flakes, as in aventurine; and kept in sunlight, the flakes change to a violet or rose color, and become transparent. In this fact, we have an extraordinary instance of molecular action—the distribution of metallic scales through a solid mass; one which, as some geologists suppose, helps to throw light on the mode of formation of rocks and minerals. That pieces of wood, plants, and

animal substances will become silicified, or, as is commonly said, petrified, is well known; and though often wondered at, the diffusion of the gold flakes through the crystal is yet more marvellous.

Besides Ebelman, two other savants—Senarmont and Becquerel—have obtained surprising results in the artificial formation of crystals and minerals. Some among their specimens of chrysolite and chrysoberyl were hard enough to cut glass. And many curious effects have been noted in the course of their investigations and experiments. Glass containing arsenic, though at first transparent, becomes cloudy and opaque, then waxy, and finally crystalline. A familiar instance of a similar effect is offered by barley-sugar, which gradually loses its transparency, and becomes somewhat waxy in texture. Another discovery was, that pounded loaf-sugar, mixed with sulphuric acid, forms a glutinous substance which, when dry, detonates like gun-cotton.

We might go on with these interesting results, which open novel views of the capabilities of chemical science; but for the present we content ourselves with a few words on ultramarine, a substance much used by artists and by a certain class of artificers. Some years ago, it was prepared exclusively from *lapis lazuli*, a mineral found in Siberia, and was sold at prices varying from seven to twenty guineas the ounce, according to quality. But the chemists set to work upon it, prying, weighing, testing, and eventually discovered its constituents, but were long at a loss for the coloring principle. At last Guimet, of Lyon, hit on the idea of trying to combine the constituents in their natural proportions, as in the native mineral; and the result was, that the color was produced, and ultramarine could be sold at two guineas a pound. The constituents are: silicate of alumina, soda, and sulphuret of sodium; and the color

is supposed to be due to the action of the last on the two first. Guimet's success set other experimenters on the scent; the secret was rediscovered, and now ultramarine may be bought at 1s. 3d. a pound, and is largely used in many industrial processes.

But there is still another way of manufacturing artificial gems; and to make our article complete, we must finish with a short notice of it. Just outside the Barrière du Trône at Paris stands a large factory, where a species of sand, brought from the Forest of Fontainebleau, is converted into emerald, topaz, sapphire, and ruby. Artificial pearls are also produced in great numbers; and as these are lined with fish-scales, an active fishery of roach and dace is kept up in the Seine during the spring months, when the fish are in their prime. But it is for the manufacture of diamonds that the factory is most celebrated—diamonds that deceive the eye of everybody but the maker. Thomas Carlyle has given us among his *Essays*, a story concerning *The Diamond Necklace*, which lets us into the secret of a stupendous fraud, successfully accomplished before the very eyes of royalty; and if we could get at the history of the transactions of this diamond factory, we should find the fraudulent business still lively. Many have been deceived who never found out the cheat put upon them; others have discovered it to their sorrow. We give one instance from among many, borrowed from a contemporary:

“A few years ago, an English lady entered the shop belonging to the proprietor of the factory, situate on the Boulevard, looking rather flushed and excited, and drawing from her muff a number of morocco-cases of many shapes and sizes, opened them one after another, and spread them on the counter.

“‘I wish,’ she said, ‘to inquire the price of a *parure*, to be made in exact imitation of this; that is, if

you *can* imitate the workmanship with sufficient precision for the distinction never to be observed.'

"M. B—— examined the articles attentively, named his price, and gave the most unequivocal promise that the *parure* should be an exact counterpart of the one before him. The lady insisted again. She was urgent overmuch, as is the case with the fair sex in general. Was he sure the imitation would be perfect? Had he observed the beauty and purity of these stones? Could he imitate the peculiar manner in which they were cut, etc.

"'Soyez tranquille, madame,' replied M. B——; 'the same workman shall have the job, and you may rely on having an exact counterpart of his former work.'

"The lady opened her eyes in astonishment and alarm; and M. B—— added, by way of reassuring her: 'I will attend to the order myself, as I did when I received the commands of Milor ——, who ordered this very *parure*, I think, last February;' and with the greatest unconcern, he proceeded to search his ledger, to ascertain which of the workmen had made it, and the date of its delivery. Meanwhile the lady had sunk down in a swoon. The milor named by the tradesman was

no other than her own treacherous lord and master, who had forestalled her, by exchanging Rundell and Bridge's goodly work against M. B——'s deceptive counterfeit, no doubt to liquidate his obligations on the turf. The vexation of the lady on recovering from her fainting fit may be imagined: she reproached the diamond-maker with having assisted her husband in deceiving her, and retired mortified at the idea that she herself had never detected the difference between the false and the real. Many times had she worn the glittering gems, believing them to be the same she had brought in her casket from England."

We have heard it said, that many of the snuff-boxes given away as marks of royal or imperial favor are adorned with diamonds made in M. B——'s factory; and that Mehemet Ali, the late Pacha of Egypt, was the first to give away the costly-looking shams. If this be true, it would only be fair to expose the mighty personages, as well as cheating grocers. Let the recipients of snuff-boxes and diamond rings see to it. A mock tiara, that may be bought for six hundred francs, will look as well as a real one worth five thousand dollars. What, then, shall be said of minor articles?

FRESH hopes are hourly sown
 In furrowed brows. So gentle life's descent,
 We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain;
 We take fair days in winter for the spring;
 And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
 Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
 He scarce believes he's older than his years.
 Thus at life's latest eve, we keep in store
 One disappointment sure, to crown the rest,—
 The disappointment of a promised hour.

CASKET AND KEY.

I.

In a forest grew a lily,
 Grew a queenly, milk-white lily,
 Looking always upwards, always
 To the sun her soft eyes turning,
 She was fairest of the lilies,
 Very spotless was her whiteness,
 And her graceful stamens ever
 Seemed, like sisters sweet and loving;
 Gently leaning to each other,
 With their golden heads bent forward,
 As if listening to low whispers.
 And her lithe, green stalk stood stately
 'Mongst the forest flow'rets, seeming
 Of the wealth of waxen petals
 That upon its summit rested,
 Very proud. Its em'rald pillar
 Never bent a moment downward,
 Lest the dust should stain the lily;
 Lest the thorn-bush growing near it
 With its spikes should wound the lily;
 Lest the violets and the mosses,
 From its care should tempt the lily.
 And the fresh green leaves, that 'round it
 Grew so silent, grew so lovely;
 Meekly to it always clinging;
 Keeping dust and whirlwind from it;
 Tended, loved it for the lily.
 But the queenly lily ever
 To the sun looked proudly upward,
 Sent low sighs upon the eve winds
 When, from her, he turned his bright face,
 And when night its curtain folded
 Round her home within the forest,
 She was sad and lone, and heeded
 Not the proud care of the green stalk,
 Nor the whisperings of the mosses,
 Nor the fragrance of the violets,
 Nor the loving of the fresh leaves,
 For her lord, the sun, had left her,
 But, when with his golden fingers,
 He drew back the drap'ry sombre,
 And his light came floating round her,
 And his royal face looked downward—
 Looked into her very heart's core—
 Then the lily smiled with gladness,
 And when from his jewel casket,
 He, a diamond dewdrop, sent her,
 On her bosom pure she wore it,
 Till in loving wish to offer
 Him a gift of grateful meaning,
 On his own bright ray she placed it,
 And it glided upwards to him.

II.

Now the thorn-bush, near the lily
 Growing silent, 'midst the flow'rets,
~~Was~~ ^{Was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ their laughter,

Or their silvery hymns of gladness;
 Never sending forth a perfume
 To make sweet the air around him;
 Never drawing back his sharp spikes,
 When, by chance, they bent too near him;
 Always filled with fear, the lily,
 And she turned her fair face from him,
 And she begged the sun to keep him,
 Where he might not ever wound her,
 Where she might not even see him.
 And the thorn-bush heard her begging,
 But he only shook his stiff leaves,
 Only lowlier bowed his rough head,
 Throwing shadows all around him;
 And the mosses heard him whisper—
 "I will save thee yet, bright lily!"
 On the violets fell his shadows,
 And their tiny eyes flashed upwards,
 And their voices raised in murmurs,
 That he kept away the glad light;
 So he turned his shadows from them,
 Then they laughed, and sang, and tittered,
 And the butterflies laughed with them,
 And they gayly spent the hours,
 Till the noon came. Ah! the hot air
 Faded all their beauteous colors,
 And their soft, bright petals withered,
 And their gay companions left them
 There to droop and die. Ah! sadly
 Did they miss the friendly shadows,
 But they came not near them, neither
 Did the thorn-bush look once at them.
 So they died, and in the hot dust
 Their once fair heads now lay trampled
 By the feet of every passer.

III.

From the soft earth timid peeping,
 Two bright leaves one morn laid gently
 Their fresh faces 'gainst the green base
 Of the shining em'rald pillar,
 On whose top the lily rested,
 Very sweet and low their voices,
 Very delicate their beauty;
 And the stately stalk bent towards them,
 In unwonted condescending,
 That the lily might look on them.
 No; she only turned her fair face
 To the royal one above her;
 Only shook from off her bosom
 The bright dewdrop to the sun's ray.
 But to-morrow, from the young leaves,
 Came a soft, light tendril creeping,
 And it curled itself in gladness
 'Round the shining em'rald pillar;
 And it whispered in low accents:
 "I will climb up to the lily,
 I would have the lily love me."
 Now the lily heard the murmur,

let its music lure her
 r heavenward watch, and downward
 a moment—but a moment—
 dewdrop in the looking!
 ak lily; tempted lily!
 s, the soft-voiced tendril
 ay upon the pillar
 climbed; and closer, closer
 its green folds all around it,
 saw the sun no longer;
 let it keep her fettered
 ken chains, and never
 r tempted eyes cast upwards,
 adiant one above her,
 ot his kingly loving.
 foolish, wandering lily!
 : tight clasp of the tendril
 within it the green pillar;
 its fibres that sent always
 : from the earth up to her,
 fair her queenly beauty,
 fresh the life within her.
 faded slowly, slowly,
 m'rald pillar withered.
 anting weakness drooped she,
 face lay in the brown dust,
 ootted grew with dark stains.
 beautiful no longer!
 queenliest no longer!
 glad and free no longer!
 eared laid her head down.
 ; chained, could not look upward!

Till she cried aloud in anguish;
 Till her heart bled in its sorrow;
 Till she sadly, humbly laid there.
 Poor bruised queen! Poor conquered lily!
 Lo! how strange! her petals open,
 And the dust is fanned from off them;
 And she feels herself uplifted
 Softly, gently, from the dark earth;
 And a new life thrills her worn heart,
 As upon the em'rald pillar,
 Stainless, queenly, glad as ever,
 Now she sees herself feseated;
 Sees the sun in royal loving
 Looking down upon her fair face
 As before she saw the tendril;
 Sees the dewdrop on her bosom
 As "of old;" and sees the sunbeam
 Waiting for her message to him.
 Ah! she sends it with devotion
 Lone, and warm, and full of sadness
 For her fault. She is forgiven;
 Softly healed are all her bruises;
 Sweetly prized are all her offerings;
 She is lovely, she is fairer
 Than before; and never, never,
 Will she be unfaithful to him.
 List the reason! the rough thorn-bush
 Had, with one of his sharp lances
 Snapped in twain the crushing tendril,
 And e'en though it bruised the lily
 In the freeing—it *had* freed her.

IV.

save thee now, dear lily!"
 rough voice of the thorn-bush,
 st upon her bowed head
 ook of wistful pity.
 shuddered, as she closer
 her face against the brown dust,
 darkened it, and stained it,
 moaned out: "Come not near me."
 :hained lily! *I will* save thee,"
 in the slighted thorn-bush,
 stretched his rude arms towards her,
 cast his shadows on her,
 pierced her with his sharp spikes

KEY.

In the lily, see a young heart;
 In the sun, see God's own loving;
 In the thorn-bush, see earth's trials;
 In the clasping, trait'rous tendril
 Love of Earth's sad slavery look on,
 And you've opened wide my Casket;
 And you've found no lily's story,
 But the his'try of a heart there.
 Keep the Key, and ope it often;
 Often look into the casket;
 Love God better each time. Purer
 Keep your own heart for His loving,
 And my fondest wish is granted,
 And my warmest prayer is answered.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A FEW weeks ago, the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, England, and Superior-General of St. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart for Foreign Missions, visited the United States. Accompanying him was the Very Rev. Father Benoit, Rector of St. Joseph's Missionary College, Mill Hill, London. They brought with them several priests, to engage in the special mission to the colored people, which the above-named society has founded.

The Right Rev. Bishop Vaughan was compelled to return to England, by some unforeseen circumstances, sooner than he had expected. The Very Rev. Father Benoit is now in the Southern States, looking after the interests of the Mission.

Canon Benoit, whilst in Philadelphia, in company with Very Rev. Father Noonan, the Provincial of the Society for this country, and Fathers Vigneront and Greene, labored untiringly, and, we are glad to say, with great success, to inspire an interest in the condition of the colored people of the United States, and to collect funds for the purpose of sustaining the Mission and the College in which the priests, specially designed for it, are trained and educated. The latter three Fathers are still with us, and unceasingly engaged in prosecuting the work.

The object is one which comes home to every American Catholic, both on religious and on patriotic grounds. The political emancipation of the colored people will benefit them but little, unless that emancipation is accompanied with religious enlightenment. Virtuous citizens are a source of strength to a country, but vicious citizens a source of weakness. The present condition of the colored people is deplorable. In many parts of the South they are rapidly retrograding as regards morals; are, in fact, sinking down into the most degrading forms of heathen fetishism. They have souls that may be saved. And upon Catholics, under God, depend, whether they shall become enlightened Christians, or ignorant, brutalized heathens. Protestantism can do nothing for them. We are justified in saying this, both on the ground of principle and of the results of efforts made by Protestant missionaries, and already proved, by their want of moral results, to be utter failures.

Upon Catholics, therefore, rests the responsibility of supporting this important and noble work. The success already attained furnishes encouragement for hope as to the future. The Mission in Baltimore has gathered a congregation of three thousand souls. We hear from different reliable sources of information, that the members of this congregation are docile and devout,

and by their consistent conduct set an edifying example to others. At Louisville, Ky., there is a flourishing Mission. At Augusta, Ga., one is expected to be established soon; and the same will be done at other places in the Southern States, as rapidly as priests and money to support them can be obtained and circumstances make it prudent.

THE unquenchable thirst of man for increased knowledge is manifesting itself in continuous efforts to explore unknown regions of the earth, and to discover the secrets hidden in the ocean's depths. In the investigation of the latter, the government of Great Britain have had a corps of scientists on board the *Challenger*, diligently engaged for a year or more. Their labors have brought to light many interesting facts relative to the depth of the ocean in various localities, the topography of its bottom, the temperature of its waters at different depths, the direction and force of its currents, and the manner in which they affect the climates of adjacent islands and continents.

In Africa, explorations of the regions in which it is supposed the long-sought-for sources of the Nile are situated, are actively prosecuted.

The Khedive of Egypt is actively engaged in annexing portions of Central Africa bordering on the Upper Nile, which will furnish a base for exploration from that direction. A German adventurer proposes taking up the thread of investigation which dropped from the lifeless hand of Livingston. American and English enterprise are planning or have commenced fresh explorations, and ere long, we presume, we shall hear of important additions to the knowledge recently obtained of Central Africa, and of the solving of the geographical secrets of that country, which have remained hidden since Herodotus told what he knew, and perhaps more than he knew.

The English and also the German governments are actively engaged in pushing forward their preparations for new expeditions whose objective point is the North Pole. What measure of success they will attain remains to be seen; but the conviction seems to be daily growing stronger, and we think with good reason, that the question whether or not there is an open polar sea, or whether around that point of the earth's surface all is an uninhabitable land of ice and snow, is not beyond the power of man to determine; and that ere many years it will be solved, and with it many important problems of climatology and kindred subjects.

The German expedition, in accordance

with the theories of the German scientists, which differ from those both of English and American explorers, propose pursuing a route which will carry them along the eastern coast of Greenland. The British expedition will pursue the route pursued by Drs. Kane and Hays and Captain Hall, through Smith's Sound.

WE Catholics are always talking about the educational question, but it is seldom that they have an opportunity of aiding by their votes, those who seek to relieve them of the present system. If there are any Catholics in the Illinois Legislature, they have now a good opportunity, as the following amendment to the Constitution of that State has been introduced into the House of Representatives:

"The General Assembly shall provide for an equitable distribution of all money appropriated for school purposes, among the free schools of the State; provided, each religious sect may establish free schools, and be entitled to an equitable share; but no money shall be appropriated by the General Assembly to aid or sustain any academy, seminary, college, or university of any sectarian denomination whatever, nor shall any grant or donation of land or money, or other personal property ever be made by the State or any public corporation to any church, except to sustain free schools therewith connected."

WITH all the fluctuations of French politics and almost constant changes in the form of the national government, the financial strength of the nation is wonderful. Recently, in response to proposals for a loan of 250,000,000 francs, the people offered 10,500,000,000, or forty-two times the amount asked for.

One reason for this, doubtless, was the form in which the certificates of loan are issued. The smallest of the bonds were for but fifty francs, or less than ten dollars; so that every French laborer, who had that small sum to put at interest, sought to lend it to the government, in the sure confidence that it was safe, that interest would be obtained for it as long as he did not wish to use the money himself, and that, when he did, he could obtain it by the sale of his certificate.

One result of this is that the indebtedness of France is held by its own people. The interest the government pays goes to them, and not to foreigners, and the taxes the people pay return back into the pockets of the people, or into the channels of business in France, instead of being sent to foreign countries.

It would be well if the American people

would learn from the French in regard to this. Under our present National and State systems of finance an immense amount of our public debt is held in European countries, the payment of the annual interest on which is a constant drain upon our resources.

The issuing of certificates of loan of small amounts, too, would have the effect of furnishing an opportunity to thousands of persons, who have small sums which they are afraid to deposit in savings banks or invest in any other way, to purchase government securities; and, as a consequence of this, the money now hoarded up by such persons and kept out of circulation, the aggregate amount of which is very large, would find its way into the National and State treasuries, and thence into the ordinary channels of trade.

THE laxity of the marriage and divorce laws in some of the Western States and Territories is well known. So many divorces have been applied for and granted in Idaho that we remember seeing, a short time ago, a sarcasm on the subject to the effect, that an honorable member of the Legislature there proposed that all the couples in the State should be divorced by one bill to save trouble; any couple, who wished to remarry, might be accommodated! However this may be, it appears that the Ohio courts, last year, granted 1159 divorces. Now, Ohio is among the few States not especially noted for divorces. It also seems likely, from statistics, that 50,000 divorces are granted annually in the United States. This means that 50,000 families are broken up every year in our country; and averaging four to a family, we find that about 200,000 persons are morally and financially affected, many of them completely ruined by these nefarious divorce laws. And the tendency in this direction grows stronger every year. How sad a fact is this, and how it proves that there is "something rotten" in the State! No amount of material prosperity can compensate for the gradual sapping of the bands of society, and no barrier, save that which the Catholic Church erects, can stem the tide of disintegrating elements which threatens our country.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, New York city, was the scene of an appalling accident, on the evening of Thursday, February 26th, which sent a thrill of horror through the whole country on the morning following when the news of the disaster became known.

The congregation were piously assembled on the evening named, pursuing their usual lenten devotions, when an adjoining wall, which, through the criminal carelessness of the building inspector of New York, had been left standing, suddenly fell on the church, crushing in with irresistible force a

part of the roof, and precipitating upon the heads of the stricken congregation below bricks, stones, plaster, broken timber, etc., with the most terrible effect. The church at the time was unusually crowded, it being estimated that over two thousand persons were present. The panic that ensued, together with the cries and groans of the wounded and dying, as described by eyewitnesses, were heartrending in the extreme. Five persons were killed instantly, and several more have since died from the effect of injuries received by falling bricks, and by being trampled upon and jostled about in the accompanying confusion, while some thirty were more or less injured, and are now in hospitals receiving medical attendance. The responsibility for this appalling calamity, by universal consent, has been laid at the door of the inspector of public buildings of New York city—an officer whose duty it was to have taken such precautionary steps as would have rendered impossible such an accident. But whether he will be required to answer for this wholesale sacrifice of human life, before any other tribunal than the public press of the country, is extremely doubtful, if we may judge from the history of similar cases of official remissness in the past.

MR. GLADSTONE unintentionally has done great service to the cause of Catholicity in Great Britain. No other person in the United Kingdom could have so effectually turned public attention to the nature and grounds of the authority of the Church on the one hand and of civil allegiance on the other. But, by the method of his attack and by his reputation as a scholar, a disputant, and a statesman, and by appealing to the national as well as the religious prejudices of Englishmen, he has succeeded in eliciting a degree of interest in these topics which has led to a more careful examination of them and of many collateral topics, which otherwise would have been scarcely bestowed upon them. This has induced, too, a reception of the able replies, which have been made to Mr. Gladstone's sophistries, and historical misstatements, which in any other condition of the public mind those replies would have failed to secure.

The result will be, we believe and trust, that the misconceptions and deep-seated prejudices on the part of many will be replaced by a better understanding of the history of the Church, especially in its relations to civil rulers.

To Mr. Gladstone himself the result of his attack is already proving disastrous. With few exceptions the public journals condemn his attack as ill-advised, and prompted by feelings of personal disappointment and the desire for revenge. His prestige as a

party leader and as a statesman are gone; and with the thorough exposure of his misrepresentations of history, and the unfairness of argumentation which pervades his *Exposition*, and his subsequent criticisms in the *Quarterly* of the addresses of His Holiness, Pius IX, his reputation, as a scholar and a reasoner, has been greatly damaged.

THOUGH telegrams and German correspondents report almost daily instances of persecution under the infamous Falck laws, it is difficult for us, in this country, to realize the extent to which that persecution has been carried. The following resume will give some idea:

Five Catholic bishops have been imprisoned; namely, the Archbishop of Posen (since February 3d, 1874), the Archbishop of Cologne (in March), the Bishop of Treves (in March), the Bishop Coadjutor of Posen, and the Bishop of Paderborn. The Bishops of Cologne and Treves have been released, and the Bishop of Paderborn, who has been "deposed" (so the German government says), has still a sentence against him of two years, seven months, and five days. Fines have been imposed upon all these bishops, and also upon those of Munster, Hildersheim, Breslau, Culm, Ermeland, and Limburg. This list includes all the bishops of Prussia except the Bishop of Osnabruck. The See of Fulda is vacant. Domiciliary visits from the police or from officers who sold their furniture, have been received by the Bishops of Cologne, Treves, Munster, Hildersheim, Breslau, Culm, Posen, and Limburg. Up to December 3d, 1874, 1400 priests had been either fined or imprisoned; about 100 expelled from the country, and a few sent to the Isle of Rugen in the Baltic. Nearly 1400 priests have been "suspended" from their sacerdotal functions; that is, the government of Germany has forbidden them officiating as priests, under penalty of imprisonment.

THE great State of Minnesota, which covers over 81,000 square miles of territory, and half of the territory of Dakota, which comprises 240,000 square miles, is all included in the Diocese of St. Paul. This extensive jurisdiction is now to be divided, and a new Vicariate Apostolic, embracing a part of the State of Minnesota, is to be erected. The Right Rev. Abbot Rupert Seidenbush, O. S. B. of the Abbey of St. Louis on the Lake, Stearns County, Minnesota, is appointed to the Episcopal charge, and under his care, no doubt, the beautiful State in which the Cross of Christ was elevated and preached by Catholic missionaries years and years before it was settled by a civilized population, will increase more and more in all the fruits of Catholic piety.

THE tyranny of the German government over its own subjects, as well as the fear and hatred which other nations have come to entertain towards it, through its aggressions and the supercilious arrogance of Bismarck, have created the necessity for a military organization in Germany of such mammoth proportions, and such injurious stringency in its almost universal application to all classes of the people, that it is driving them to look upon emigration as the only means of escape. The movement has become so general, that it threatens to deplete Germany of the flower of its population. The government has become alarmed. But instead of seeking a remedy in the amelioration of the laws, and the doing away with the necessity of its immense army, by endeavoring by wise and just laws to increase the loyalty of its citizens, and by cultivating peaceful relations with other countries, to diminish the danger of war with them, the German government tries to prevent emigration by legislative enactments, which cannot possibly prove effectual. In this, and in other forms, a *Nemesis* is in store for the imperial government of Germany. The retribution, when it comes, will be terrible.

A FEW weeks ago, a number of sensational telegrams were flashed over the country about a terrible riot in New Brunswick. The Catholics had made an unprovoked assault on a prominent friend of education, and had murdered several people. It appears that the Catholics have long had excellent schools, but that a bigoted Orange party, four years ago, succeeded in forcing through an abnoxious sectarian school law. Priests and laymen had been thrown into prison and their property seized for unjust taxes, and at last a body of representative Catholics made a visit to the house of the government official, Hon. Robert Long, at Caraquet, in that province. This was construed into an armed assault. Special police came down in force to drive away and shoot "every damn Papist." A scuffle ensued, in which one French Catholic was killed and others wounded, likewise one of the police. And this is the whole story of the "Caraquet massacre."

THE European telegrams of the Associated Press constantly report the probability of Bismarck's retirement from office. Sometimes this is based on his precarious health. His physicians, it is said, have warned him that he cannot possibly longer endure the mental strain to which he is now subject. Again, it is stated that the Emperor Wilhelm is becoming dissatisfied with Bismarck's obstinacy and arrogance, and with the opposition which has thus unnecessarily been created, amongst all parties, to the imperial government.

Whether, or not, there is any ground for these rumors of Bismarck's retirement from office, it is very certain that a formidable opposition is organizing against him, apart from that of the persecuted German Catholics. Whether he will sullenly yield to it and relinquish his official position is doubtful, unless the necessity becomes more obvious than it is at present.

FOUR new Metropolitan Sees have been formed—those of Philadelphia, Boston, Milwaukee, and Santa Fe. This increases the number of Provinces in the United States to eleven. The Province of Boston will comprise the Sees of Hartford, Springfield, Portland, Burlington, and Providence, with 477 priests. The Province of Philadelphia will comprise the Sees of Harrisburg, Erie, Scranton, and Pittsburg, with 511 priests. The Province of Milwaukee will comprise the dioceses of La Crosse, Green Bay, St. Paul, and the new diocese in Minnesota, altogether containing 368 priests. The new archbishops are, the Right Rev. J. F. Wood, D.D., Bishop of Philadelphia; Right Rev. John J. Williams, D.D., Bishop of Boston; Right Rev. John M. Henni, D.D., Bishop of Milwaukee, and the Right Rev. John Lamy, D.D., Bishop of Santa Fe.

THE recent creations of Episcopal Sees in the Western States indicate the rapid progress of the Church in that section of our widely extended republic. Peoria, in the State of Illinois, is 70 miles north of Springfield and 151 southwest of Chicago. Its first Bishop will be the Rev. M. Hurley, now pastor of St. Patrick's Church in that city. The erection of this new see will lighten the labors of Bishop Foley of Chicago, whose diocese, comprising the north of the State of Illinois, contains at present 300,000 Catholics and 196 priests. The diocese of Peoria will comprise the southern portion of the present diocese of Chicago, and Illinois will then contain three Episcopal Sees, Chicago, Alton, and Peoria. The French explorer, La Salle, established a post at Peoria in 1680.

THE French Assembly seems to have arrived, at last, at some definitive conclusions in regard to a basis of a permanent government. The following are the important features of the legislation:

1. The term of office of the President is seven years, with eligibility to a re-election at the end of that period.
2. The establishment of a senate of 300 members, of whom 225 shall be elected by the Departments and the Colonies, and 75 by the Assembly.
3. The establishment of Versailles as the place where the legislative chambers shall meet.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

BIBLE HISTORY (Lessons in Bible History), in three parts, prepared for the use of Catholic schools, with the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York. P. O'Shea, publisher. 1874.

This is a very excellent class-book. There is one feature about it, however, which distinguishes it from most works of a similar nature, viz., the supplement forming an historical connection between the Old and New Testament. There is generally an unfortunate void in this portion of ecclesiastical history. The Book of Mackabees being taken as the conclusion of the Old Testament narrative merely because it is the last of the Old Testament books, yet between the date of the historical facts narrated therein and those which mark the opening of the New Testament history there is a period of one hundred and thirty-seven years, which is usually regarded as an unsealed book by compilers of Bible history, a fault which the author of this has happily avoided by the introduction of his chapters on Judea under the Asmonean dynasty.

We cannot, however, refrain from expressing our regret that such an admirable work should be marred by woodcuts which are introduced in a quantity which, of itself, speaks badly for their quality. The purpose of such pictures is most laudable, the instructing of children by the most attractive form of object-teaching. But children are close critics, and unless the illustrations are well designed and executed, to our mind it would be better to omit them altogether from such books.

CATECHISM OF THE CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE, for Parochial and Sunday-schools. By Rev. M. Muller, C. S., S. R.; with approbations of the Superior of the Redemptorists and the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore. Publishers: Baltimore, Kreutzer & Brothers; New York, Catholic Publication Society; Cincinnati and New York, Fr. Pustel. 1874.

Father Muller could not produce a poor book, and his catechisms are as good of this as his larger works. While they are, generally speaking, more diffuse and technical than is usual with such books, there is at the same time a vein of colloquial familiarity and tenderness of thought in the language used which makes them unusually attractive and *strikes home* in a manner calculated to move and educate the young heart, while it at the same time instructs the head by suggesting an original train of thought. We think the larger, or No. II, of the series the

more successful in this respect, yet both deserve a fuller and far more complimentary review than we have time or space to give.

THE MONTH OF ST. JOSEPH; or, Exercises for each day of the month of March. By Right Rev. M. De Langalerie, Bishop of Belley. New York: D. & J. Sadlier. 1875.

A collection of short, practical instructions, together with a good summary of prayers in honor of the great Patriarch of the Christian Church. A fine engraving of St. Joseph and the Holy Child adds much to the general attractiveness of this latest addition to "The Month of St. Joseph;" a class of books which we are happy to see is yearly increasing.

WE have received from Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster, LL.D., of the Philadelphia bar, copies of his lectures, ST. THOMAS A'BECKET and GREGORY VII, delivered in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, for the benefit of St. Mary's Hospital. At the request of the Sisters of St. Francis, having charge of that institution, they have been printed and are sold in pamphlet form for the benefit of their worthy charity. The fame and merit of their learned author needs no rehearsing. A lifelong Protestant, he is ever ready to aid the cause of Catholic charity; and the immense crowds which fill the noble Academy of Music whenever he is announced to speak, attest the appreciation of his kindness as well as of his ability.

These lectures are gems of literary ability and historical research, and in tone and sentiment most thoroughly Catholic, both on points of theological doctrine or historical interpretation. While mere narratives, they are as fascinating as the most charming of romances.

DOMUS DEI. A Collection of Religious and Memorial Poems. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. One vol., small 8vo., beautifully bound in cloth, gilt edge. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 19 South Tenth Street. 1875.

The above volume is in press and will be issued about Easter. It will correspond, in style of publication, with Miss Donnelly's former volume, "OUT OF SWEET SOLITUDE," and will contain productions of the gifted authoress not found in that work, together with whatever she has since written.

This simple announcement is sufficient to raise a fever of expectancy among all lovers of elegant literature, but particularly the patrons of Catholic poetry.

THE
CATHOLIC RECORD.

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CARDINAL CULLEN.

"I WONDER," said Dr. Doyle, when his clergy had assembled for the purpose of electing his successor, "I wonder will they have the good sense to elect that boy in Rome. He possesses every requisite qualification, even to being a native of this diocese." The young priest to whom Dr. Doyle referred was Dr. Cullen, then Rector of the Irish College in Rome. Dr. Doyle had been professor of theology in Carlow College, when he first became acquainted with the gifted young student, whose future celebrity he predicted with that keen penetration and far-sighted judgment for which he was celebrated. Genius with unerring instinct detects kindred genius. Great men are gifted with the faculty of discerning in aspiring youth the requisite materials for future eminence. Pius the Seventh predicted the elevation of Cardinal Castiglioni to the papal throne. The Rector of the Propaganda foretold the glorious episcopal career of the late Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore. The illustrious J. K. L. had no difficulty in observing the young Levite, who was destined to wear the mitre, and wield the crosier. Car-

dinal Cullen still cherishes with grateful pride the kindness and encouragement which he received from Dr. Doyle, in Carlow College. "When I was very young," says his Eminence, "and commencing my studies in Carlow College, I had the happiness of knowing Dr. Doyle, then professor of theology in that noble and flourishing Catholic institution, and of enjoying his instructions, and receiving encouragement from his paternal kindness." He did not wear the mitre of the immortal Prelate whose eloquence, learning, and courage confounded the enemies of Ireland, but he was destined to be one of the most illustrious of the successors of St. Patrick and St. Malachy. His Eminence is a native of Kildare County, and was born on the 27th of April, 1803. He commenced his career as an ecclesiastical student in Carlow College, where his talents and industry soon attracted the attention of Dr. Doyle. In 1820 he set out for Rome, entered the College of the Propaganda, and prosecuted in that renowned seat of learning his studies with brilliant success. He was not the first son of Erin who

asserted the supremacy of Irish genius in the College of the Propaganda. Francis Patrick Kenrick, the future Primate of the United States, was just setting out for the New World, after having for seven years delighted and astonished by his learning and great intellectual power the professors in the Propaganda. Cardinal Cullen maintained as a student the honor and emulated the fame of young Kenrick. His public disputation, on the 3d of September, 1828, won the applause of Leo XII and the assembled College of Cardinals. At the early age of twenty-four he was raised to the first chair in the celebrated college with which his name will be ever inseparably associated. He was ordained priest in the year 1829, and became successively President of the Irish College in Rome, Rector of the Propaganda, and corrector of the press for political, ecclesiastical, and theological publications. While discharging his various and onerous duties, he found time to act as agent to the Irish Bishops in their relations with the Holy See. He thus became practically acquainted with the progress of religion in Ireland, and thoroughly conversant with the peculiar duties and responsibilities of an Irish prelate. He was high in the esteem of Gregory the Sixteenth, who bestowed upon Ireland the church and convent of St. Agatha as the future secular college for the education of the Irish secular clergy in Rome. It is unnecessary to inform Catholics at home or abroad that he has been and is still a personal favorite of our present saintly and venerable Pontiff, who appointed him Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland, and Apostolic Delegate, in 1850. During his brief connection with the ancient see of St. Patrick, he presided at the Synod of Thurles—a synod which has conferred incalculable blessings upon the Irish people. Then, for the first time after centuries of persecution, the Church of Ireland

emerged as it were from the catacombs—full of life, and joy, and hope—beautiful as in those halcyon days, when the Christian bards of Europe sang her praises, and celebrated her glories.

In this National Council, Archbishop Cullen and his brother prelates solemnly condemned a system of education fraught with grievous and intrinsic danger to faith and morals, and resolved to found a Catholic University, which should be a pillar of Catholicity and an intellectual centre for the Catholics of the Irish race. He was translated to the archdiocese of Dublin on the 3d of May, 1852. He thus became the immediate successor of Archbishop Murray in the see of St. Lawrence O'Toole. On the 22d of June, 1866, Pius the Ninth created him a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, under the title of San Pietro in Montorio. His Eminence is the first Irishman ever elevated to the dignity of the Cardinalate. He was not, however, the first Cardinal with Irish blood in his veins. The mother of Cardinal Wiseman was an Irish woman, and the great Cardinal himself was Irish in every natural gift that made him great. His tour through Ireland showed how proud he was of his Irish blood, and how tenderly, how deeply he loved the Irish people. Cardinal Cullen's promotion to the sacred Purple was hailed with transports of joy and pride by the Catholics of Ireland. He was the first student of the Propaganda ever raised to the exalted dignity of a Prince of the Church. The fact that he was the first Irishman ever raised to a dignity so exalted, enhanced its value in the eyes of the people.

The noblest and most gifted in the land marked their appreciation of the honor conferred upon the glorious Church of Innisfail in the choice of the Holy Father. When his Eminence returned from Rome, his reception in Dublin was grand in

particular. The leading representatives of the old Catholic nobility, of the learned professions of religious orders, of the secular clergy, hastened to pay their tributes of respect and affection to the newly created Cardinal, and the muse of the greatest living Irish poet, Denis MacCarthy, in a beautiful eulogistic ode, gave fitting and noble expression to the general emotion. But if the poet embalmed in imperishable verse an event so fraught with lasting interest to Ireland in the history of the Irish Church, the chapter which records the life of Cardinal Cullen will be one of the brightest pages.

His elevation to the Primacy twenty-four years ago, his episcopate so productive of countless blessings to his native land. With a single exception of Archbishop Hale, the Lion of the Fold of 1850, Cardinal Cullen is the most unpromising advocate and most ardent champion of Catholic education in the British empire. The war which he proclaimed in the Synod of 1850 against godless education, whether godless instruction—formation without religion is impossible—has not yet ceased. Among Irish Bishops who denounced the Queen's Colleges, no voice rang out with such burning eloquence and moral force as that of Cardinal Cullen. By aiding in establishing a National University for the education of the youth of Catholic Ireland, he gave a deathblow to those institutions which have been justly and fully called hot-beds of infidelity—the establishment of the Queen's Colleges, like the Charter Schools, regarded as a fresh attempt to turn the youth of Ireland into an instrument of their religion. Sir Robert Peel, though a wily statesman, could not overreach him. His plausible scheme for giving a university education to young Irishmen of every religious denomination by excluding Jews, might delude the unwary,

and mislead the unsuspecting; but, though framed with infernal skill, it could not deceive Cardinal Cullen, who detected, in its various provisions, its insidious designs. The Cardinal's opposition to the Queen's Colleges has been effective. They have failed to realize the object of their founder, and have carried with them the curse of barrenness. Galway College must soon be closed. Its halls are already empty, and its class-rooms deserted. The number of Catholic students in Cork Queen's College is rapidly decreasing. The fame of its President, Dr. Sullivan, cannot prolong its existence. Belfast College belongs to the Presbyterians; it is not patronized by Catholics. The mixed system has yielded to pure Catholic education. The idol of Baal has fallen headless at the threshold of truth, like the statue of Dagon before the ark of the covenant. The Catholic University is an established fact, and no matter what mistakes may have been made in its management, its ultimate success is as certain as is the triumph of truth.

An anti-Catholic government may still refuse a charter. The Lords of the treasury may still withhold an annual endowment; but its best endowment is the love of the people, and its noblest charter is the immortal principle on which it is founded—the principle of never surrendering to heresy—the principle of resisting to the last every attempt to force upon a Catholic nation any system of education, university, intermediate, or primary, which is not based upon the Catholic religion. Cardinal Cullen is the soul of the Catholic University—he is its truest friend and its most faithful guardian. He had opposition to meet, and obstacles to surmount in its establishment and management, but he was prepared for opposition, and difficulties could not intimidate him. He knew that a National University is not the sudden growth of an hour; that, like the oak, it requires time to

gather strength, and strike its roots into the earth deep and wide, and that a good beginning is half the battle, and popular support an omen of certain success. He sees in the establishment of the Catholic University a living protest against godless colleges, and a practical expression and embodiment of the views of his episcopal brethren and of the wishes of the Catholics of Ireland, respecting higher education. The Queen's Colleges were not the sole objects of his hostility. When he returned from Rome as Primate of Ireland, he found the national system of education firmly established, after having been in full operation for nearly twenty years. The author of this mixed system, the late Lord Derby, when introducing it, assured the Catholics of Ireland that under it their children would be free from the remotest danger of proselytism. The safeguards laid down by Lord Stanley were gradually withdrawn—the cloven foot appeared—and the boon which was considered by fawning place-hunters and contented slaves as the great panacea for the political and religious difficulties of Ireland turned out to be a gigantic contrivance for the wholesale perversion of Catholic youth. From the very beginning, Archbishop MacHale foresaw the evils of the system, and denounced them with characteristic zeal and courage. Catholic books were banished from the national schools.

And the only books used by eight hundred thousand Catholic children in these schools were compiled by the late Dr. Whately, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, by Dr. Carlisle, a Presbyterian, and a few notorious perverts. No allusion to Irish history could be found in these books. Campbell's beautiful poem, "The Exile of Erin," was excluded by the anti-Catholic compilers; and I remember, when in Belfast a few years ago, a remarkable instance of insane bigotry and prejudice on the part of the

Presbyterians, who expunged from one of the national class-books a sweet poem of Samuel Lover, because it contained a happy reference to Irish Catholic devotion:

"Her beads as she numbered,
The baby still slumbered."

Lover was a Protestant, but the national muse is not a bigot.

Cardinal Cullen warned his flock against the dangers of a system of primary education, whose patrons no longer disguised their hostility to the Catholic faith and to Irish nationality. He proved himself to be more than a match for its chief promoter, its Mephistophiles, the rationalistic Archbishop Whately, who fondly hoped that it "would undermine the vast fabric of Popery in Ireland." Dr. Whately was a man of an exact mind and varied attainments. An able and skilful logician, an accomplished rhetorician, he owed his promotion to his scholastic reputation in Oxford University and a bigoted work, entitled "The Errors of Romanism." He loved England, hated Ireland, advocated rationalism, and denied the fundamental mysteries upon which Christianity is founded. He was the most dangerous enemy of Irish nationality this generation has yet seen. He affected liberality, while he was straining every nerve to root out the old faith of Ireland, and extinguish every sentiment of patriotism in the breasts of her children. His bland smile, like sunshine on graves, had a "rank old heart" beneath it. The man who could coolly endeavor to subvert the faith of a suffering and persecuted people, a faith which was their pride, their glory, their hope, their consolation in every affliction, and, at the same time, regard Christianity as a myth, a pleasing fable for weak minds, must have been a fiend in human form—a prodigy of turpitude. Cardinal Cullen compelled the false prophet to raise the veil that concealed his dark designs against a nation's happiness and prosperity, and

l his true character to an aston-
l and outraged people. He scat-
l to the winds the league of op-
ion, cruelty, and craft, and saved
atholic countrymen from a terri-
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inal's unceasing efforts have, to a
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inal Cullen and the Irish bishops.
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a Catholic education in the
se of Dublin. This number
not include the students of the
olic University, Maynooth Col-
All-Hallows College, Holy
College, Terenure College,
Rock College. The great dio-
of New York, with all its wealth,
not thirty thousand pupils at-
ng Catholic schools. As long
atholic education makes such
ying progress in Ireland, the
h government cannot succeed
rcing upon the Catholic popu-
any system of instruction
lated to shake their religious

convictions. Priests and people
are of one mind on this great ques-
tion of education, which will not
only determine the wellbeing, but
the very existence of society in the
next generation. When we reflect
upon the moral ruin which has swept
with such fearful force over Spain,
Italy, France, and Germany, the
union of priests and people of Ire-
land presents to the world a glorious
spectacle, "beautiful as the tents of
Israel, terrible as an army in battle
array."

We have briefly described Cardinal
Cullen's efforts in the cause of educa-
tion. His exertions in the cause of
charity have been equally successful.
We may safely assert that he has
done more for charity in Dublin
than any of his illustrious predeces-
sors. He may be justly called the
father of the poor. He does not
despise poverty; he does not imitate
the Protestant bishops, who prefer the
loaves and fishes of the Established
Church to the spirit of self-denial
which never grows weary in promot-
ing the glory of God and alleviating
human suffering. Like St. Lawrence,
he looks upon the poor as the treas-
ures, as the wealth of the Church.
He knows that the wants of the poor
have called into existence many relig-
ious orders, whose labors and self-
sacrifices, whose countless deeds of
heroism are the glory of the Catholic
Church. To educate the poor, to
give their children a sound Christian
training, to bring them up in good
principles, to teach them the indus-
trial arts, to reform the reckless, to
shelter the homeless; to rescue the
fallen, to protect fatherless and des-
titute children in danger of loss of
faith, to tend and nurse the sick, in
a word, to make provisions for every
form of human suffering, has been
his constant aim since he grasped
with a steady hand the cross of
St. Lawrence O'Toole. To carry out
to a successful issue his great work of
charity, he summoned to his assist-
ance many religious orders. Almost

every order in the Church is represented in his diocese. Seats of learning, asylums of charity, and temples of religion have risen as if by magic, under his paternal and vigorous administration. The hospital of the *Mater Misericordiæ*, when finished, will be one of the most splendid Catholic hospitals in Europe. It is the largest charitable institution erected by the Cardinal. The diocesan seminary of Holy Cross is a lasting monument of his zeal for higher education. Forty beautiful churches have been erected in the diocese of Dublin during his episcopate. Religious societies, sodalities, and confraternities, can be found in all the principal parishes. In truth, Dublin is a city of charities. "In Dublin, I will venture to assert," said the illustrious Cardinal Wiseman, "there is scarcely a form of wretchedness that has not been provided for by Catholic charity, within our own generation. I own that, till I visited one after another, I had no idea of this wonderful variety of good works. A colossal virtue, indeed, must we pronounce the charity of Dublin. I believe I am within compass when I say, that the religious communities of women in the city and its neighborhood amount to eighty." Such is the cheering testimony of the late head of the Catholic Church in England. What a change in the short space of one hundred and thirty years! for this is a brief period in the life of a nation.

In 1743, Devonshire, the Viceroy of Ireland, issued a proclamation, offering one hundred and fifty pounds for the conviction of an archbishop or bishop, fifty pounds for the conviction of a priest, secular or regular, and two hundred pounds for the conviction of any person who was charitable enough to shelter a bishop. The cruelty of this edict, worthy of the pagan emperors, left no refuge for the persecuted priest and flock but the midnight mass on the mountain. De Burgo, the famous histo-

rian of the Dominican order in Ireland, has described in his great work, "*Hibernia Dominicana*," the sufferings of Irish Catholics in those evil days.

In 1744, a crowded congregation attended the celebration of mass, in an upper room, in a house on Cook Street, Dublin. The loft gave way, and the priest and nine members of his flock were crushed to death. This tragic occurrence excited the pity of liberal Protestants, and through the kind offices of the humane and courtly Chesterfield, Catholics were permitted to attend public worship in the few churches which they possessed at that time. Many persons still living remember the time when they heard mass in a thatched chapel near the spot where the beautiful cathedral stands at present in Marlborough Street. These are historical facts, new, perhaps, to many of our American readers. The wonderful progress Catholicity has made in the diocese of Dublin must be discouraging to the paid minions of Exeter Hall—the miserable proselytizers, whose hypocrisy Cardinal Cullen has so often and so fearlessly unmasked. We have called the Cardinal the father of the poor. He also loves his country, but his patriotism is practical. He is of opinion—and many good Irishmen share his opinion—that the wrongs of Ireland can be redressed by legal and constitutional means, that an abortive insurrectionary movement would only renew the oppression which became a proverb of infamy through the whole civilized world, and that the enlightened public opinion of the empire will do more for freedom than an undisciplined populace, no matter how patriotic and resolute they may be. Like Dr. Doyle, he would heal the wounds of his country, not aggravate her sufferings. Advanced nationalists think differently, but they ought to allow to opponents the same freedom of opinion which they claim for themselves.

Cardinal Cullen fills a high and responsible position, and no matter what may be our opinion of the prudence or wisdom of his denunciations of certain political disturbances in Ireland, it is admitted on all hands that he discharged, without fear or affection, what he conscientiously considered his solemn duties as head of the Irish Church. A man placed in his position, with the best motives and most honest intentions, cannot escape censure. The patriotic Bishop Doyle incurred, on a few occasions, the displeasure of O'Connell, and his approval of Earl Gray's coercion bill in 1833 made him very unpopular during the few months preceding his death. The excitement, however, soon died away, the great prelate's motives could not be long misrepresented, and despite the whispers of slander and envy, his fame will be one of the noblest heritages of his countrymen.

If Cardinal Cullen did not love his country, he would not be the generous patron of the gifted men whose learning and research have illustrated her annals, and shed new light upon her religious triumphs and literary glories. Are not Father Meehan and Father O'Hanlon his subjects? Were not Dr. Moran, the present learned and patriotic Bishop of Ossory, and Dr. Conroy, the eloquent Bishop of Ardagh, his secretaries? Who can forget that Denis Florence McCarthy, whose stirring muse has wakened into life the dead chivalry of the land, and Eugene O'Curry, the greatest Irish archæologist of the age, were appointed professors in the Catholic University with his sanction and approval? Nor did he confine his patronage to those of his own religion. He honored the late Dr. Todd and Dr. Petrie for their devotion and services to Celtic literature. Nothing could give him greater pleasure than to see the Catholic University produce a school of writers who would emulate the fame of Ireland's faithful sons in

other days—her Maguires, her Conryrs, her O'Clerys, her Waddings, her Colgaris, her O'Dalys, her Lynches, her Porters, her Moores, and De Burgos. Deeply read himself in Irish ecclesiastical literature, he would wish to see the glories of Lismore, Glendalough, Clonmacnoise, Bangor, and Glasnevin renewed in the cloistered hall of Maynooth.

His family has given distinguished ecclesiastics to the Irish Church, and brave men to the Irish cause, who sealed with their blood their devotion to their country in the dark and evil days of 1798. Some members of his family have devoted their services to the cause of their religion in this country. Sister Josephine Cullen, the second Superioress of the Sisters of Mercy in Pittsburg, was his niece, and another member of his family holds a high position in the order of the Christian Brothers.

He is one of the most learned theologians in the Irish Church. In his exact and profound knowledge of theology, canon law, ecclesiastical history, and the sacred Scriptures, he has no superior in the Sacred College. He is intimately acquainted with the literature and languages of Greece and Rome, and he can speak with ease and fluency the French, Italian, and Spanish languages. In his familiarity with Irish history and Irish ecclesiastical literature he rivals the immortal John of Tuam, the great and illustrious archbishop of the West, who has rescued from the grave of oblivion the sweet Celtic tongue of his forefathers, and shamed the foes of his country into respect for the language of Columba and Columbanus.

Cardinal Cullen has enjoyed several opportunities of displaying to advantage his vast intellectual treasures. His two orations in vindication of the papal infallibility before the fathers of the Vatican Council were so eloquent, exhaustive, and conclusive that over one hundred bishops, French, Spanish, English,

Irish, and American, assembled in the Irish College to congratulate him for the honor which he reflected upon his native land, and the services which he rendered to all Christendom. In one of the addresses, in which he refuted the objections urged against the dogma by the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague and the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna, and which lasted two hours, he displayed such a rare combination of rhetorical skill, logical precision, metaphysical acumen, extensive research, and exact knowledge of the tradition of the Irish Church concerning the rights of the Holy See, that all opposition from Germany and Austria ceased, so deep was the impression which his invincible arguments produced in the council.

The Holy Father, who had frequently, on previous occasions, eulogized him for his eminent piety, virtue, learning, prudence, pastoral vigilance, and zeal, was delighted with the successful fidelity of his champion, and as a mark of his special approbation, and a memorial of his gratitude, presented him with a beautiful basso relievo in marble, representing our Lord preaching on the Mount. Thirty Irish bishops, representing the Irish race scattered over the globe, offered him, in a terse and expressive address, their heartfelt congratulations for his "most able and successful vindication of the rights of the Holy See, and the tradition of the Irish Church concerning them." "Your Eminence," said the Prelates, "truly represented on the occasion the faith and feelings of the Irish people, and we are proud of the manner in which you have testified to both." I do not speak in the language of adulation when I affirm that the learning which astonished the largest ecclesiastical assembly that the world has ever seen, an assembly in which one hundred and fifty bishops of the Irish race were present, was an honor to Ireland.

In the pulpit Cardinal Cullen is eloquent, forcible, and practical. He speaks without effort, and clothes his thoughts in language the most appropriate, beautiful, and commanding. The preacher whose knowledge is ample will not want words. Abundance of matter, says the greatest of Roman orators, produces abundance of words. *Rerum copia verborum copiam gignit.*

The Cardinal's pastorals, written with taste and elegance, breathe the very spirit of the sacred volume. They give an adequate picture of his familiarity with the sacred sciences, and, when collected and arranged in proper order, they will form a valuable contribution to Irish ecclesiastical literature during a very momentous period. His humility imparts a charm to his exalted position, and lends grace to his learning. It is only reasonable to suppose that his zeal and ability in elevating and advancing religion, his courage in denouncing anti-Catholic revolutionists on the Continent of Europe, his fidelity in upholding the supremacy of the See of St. Peter, have made him very influential with the present pontiff. The number of Irish ecclesiastics who have been raised by the Holy Father to the episcopal dignity upon the recommendation of Cardinal Cullen is very large, and his influence in this respect, generously and judiciously exercised, entitles him to the gratitude of the whole Irish race.

Such is the foremost man in the Catholic Church of Ireland—the great prelate and prince cardinal who fills a vast space in the public eye—the Godfrey de Bouillon of the gallant band of good and true men who wage unceasing war against infidelity and irreligion, who battle valiantly against the errors and gigantic evils of the age, who guard with sleepless vigilance the faith of a people whose sufferings and fidelity will ever command the sympathies and admiration of mankind.

THE KING AND THE SLAVE.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I.

'Tis told somewhere in an Eastern story,
The tale of a king,
Who once, in the prime of his pomp and glory,
Did a strange thing.

A thing so mad in its melancholy,
That many a sheik
Laughs as he tells his sons the folly
Of King Bal-zeek.

He called, one day, from his myriad minions,
A wretch of a slave,
And, in spite of the court's and the queen's opinions,
To him he gave

Complete control of the royal realm,
And absolute power
To rule, as a king, at the nation's helm,—
For one brief hour.

The crown and the robe and the regal tunic
Were put upon him,
And the king himself, as the veriest eunuch,
Attended on him.

And silvery sweet from mosque and tower
The chimes did ring,—
The king was slave for one short hour,
The slave was king!

II.

But how did the crowned and jewelled actor
His liege repay?—
Lo! with his heel on his benefactor,
He cried: "*To-day,*

*"I, as a monarch, deal destruction
To this vile thing!
Seize on him, slaves!"*—and without compunction
They slew the king!

The King and the Slave.

III.

Deep in the sea of the allegory
 Lies the coral,
 Deep in the heart of this Eastern story
 Lies a moral.

Slaves are we, by a gracious Sovereign
 Called from naught,
 Not for an hour alone to govern
 A world of thought,

But crowned for a lifetime, crowned and sceptred,
 To rule (vast scheme!)
 O'er the world and the flesh and the subtle tempter
 In power supreme.

With the precious oil of a sacred chrism
 Our Liege anointed
 The regal garb of a blest baptism
 To us appointed ;

And leaving the heavenly court and castle,
 The King who saves
 Hath made Himself the humblest vassal
 Of us poor slaves.

IV.

And what return have we made *our* Master?
 Have heart and blood
 Beat 'neath our borrowed robes the faster
 With gratitude?

Alas! alack! O base dishonor!
 O outraged Throne!
 We have set our heel on the royal Donor
 Of all we own!

We have cried aloud to our passions: "Seize Him!
 And Sin shall reign!"—
 Weep, till our tears of blood appease Him,
 Our King is slain!

(GOOD FRIDAY, 1875.)

JOHN MAITLAND'S PRAYER.

I.

"Threads in the web of life."

SUNDOWN is situated on the Dela-

Its citizens delight in calling no fear of the inhabitants before their eyes, talk of it as a village. public buildings—of which the owners are immensely proud—out of two churches, a hall, a jail, the long wooden pier, at which teamboats stop daily on their way down. This pier is the first object that catches your eye from the water; behind it are thin fringes of woods, and beyond that, orchards and well-kept farms.

On days when the wind blows up from the ocean, the air is full of Atlantic freshness, and the miniature boats that wash the narrow beach up to the roots of the bordering trees, are capped with real sea-foam.

The sounds of busy trade mar the quietness, though occasionally a deposition of noisy sailors are sent ashore in some brig or oyster boat, to deliver a relay of pork and biscuits to the grocery store, at which anything you don't want can always be obtained.

John Maitland lives in Sundown. His uncle, Andrew McVeigh, is decidedly the greatest man in the place, and he has been in the legislature of the State, he has the loudest voice, the most money, and the finest land and garden in Sundown—gifts which inspire the Sundowners with respect and awe. Not finding in his home place an opening for work worthy of his ambition, John Maitland secured a position as bookkeeper in a prosperous and influential firm on the opposite city of Swedeston. He crosses the river twice every day on a superannuated steamer, which he would go to pieces if it were not too well-kept for that exertion.

John Maitland is tall and handsome, and the outdoor life of his boyhood—Sundown boys are amphibious animals—has given him that athletic development that Americans too often lack. Looking at his face, as he sits this bright spring-day in the office of Seth Wills & Co., you cannot help thinking that it is the face of an honest man. In his eyes, even now when he tilts back his high stool in earnest thought, there glimmers a spark of laughter; his mouth is too mobile, perhaps, too ready to express either anger, scorn, or good-nature, as circumstances demand. His face tells you that he is sincere, frank, impetuous, and it may be a little satirical, but it also tells you that he needs some rough discipline to teach him self-control.

John Maitland is past twenty-five; this year "the firm" has raised his salary to two thousand, and intimated that he will be offered a partnership in time. On the strength of this, he has asked Grace Lynch, the prettiest and sweetest girl in Sundown, to marry him. In consequence of her answer, he has built a gem of a cottage down by the Delaware; the wedding day is only two weeks off, and he is now thinking about the bill for furniture. Mr. Kenzie, the upholsterer, has just left him.

"My dear Maitland," Kenzie said, "I know I am asking an unwarrantable favor, and doing an unwarrantable thing in presenting a bill before I have entirely finished a job, but I am awfully 'hard up'; a batch of unexpected payments have to be made, and if you would let me have a hundred on account."

"If I could, I would, but I can't, you see." And John Maitland tossed his pocket-book in the air. "Empty. There is a tight little sum due me here, but I can't draw it till Monday. Will Monday do?"

"I'm afraid not," said Kenzie, his countenance falling; "I must have it to-morrow at the latest. Good day."

"I wish I *could* help him," thinks John Maitland, falling into a reverie made up of "ways and means." He is so deeply immersed in thought that he does not see a sunburned stranger who enters. The stranger drops his portmanteau, and throws back his Ulster overcoat; then he takes a survey of the little office, and smiles.

"Have the cares of matrimony already begun to oppress, my brother *in futuro*?"

"Why, Will Lynch!—Will, old boy!" exclaims John, starting up, and shaking the stranger by both hands. "How—when—from whence on earth did you come here? I thought you were in Rome!"

"So I was until lately; but the *Echo* wants a correspondent to go to some festival in Iceland, or Greenland, or somewhere, and so I have been recalled, with orders to report at the editorial rooms in New York to-day. And I go, like Cicero—isn't?—but to return—some time."

"You have been over at Sundown?"

"Oh, yes, all the morning. Dear old Aunt Bridget, who used to scold me awfully when I brought home stray dogs, and ask me where I expected to go to, when I came into the parlor with unwiped shoes, went into an ecstasy of joy, and as for Grace—dear little Grace! She'll make you a good wife, John, and I think you can be trusted with her."

"You *think*!" echoes John, in a perfectly indescribable tone.

"Well, I *know*, then. At any rate, 'pray accept my blessing,' as the little old woman says in Bleak House. By the way, did you know that Father Augustin, the dear old director of studies at Notre Dame—how indignant our false quantities used to make him!—is stationed at the church in Sundown? I met him in the street."

"No. I haven't been at church

there lately. When I do go to Mass—which is only now and then—I go to one of the churches in Swedeston."

Will Lynch gives him a scrutinizing look. "*When* you do go to Mass. Two years must have greatly changed you, John."

"Well," says John Maitland, with a slightly embarrassed laugh, "between business and other things, one finds such little time, and so many things to think of. In fact, I'm afraid I am growing rather careless."

Lynch makes no reply at once. He is thinking and mentally weighing Grace's influence against the possibility of this carelessness becoming indifferentism and utter unbelief.

"Grace would make a saint of anybody," he says aloud, with a half sigh. "I had a conversation with your uncle to-day. He was very kind, very kind. I always was a favorite of his, you know; indeed, I don't know how I could ever have gone to college, after father's death, if it had not been for his assistance. Andrew McVeigh is certainly one of the worst-tempered of men, and yet one of the most generous. We had a long talk; but he did not allude to your marriage. Are you on quite good terms?"

"No," answered Maitland, frowning and digging his pen nervously into the lid of the desk. "No. He is acting very meanly, I think, and since I told him so, we have scarcely spoken. I am his only relative living, and he tells everybody that I am to be his heir, and yet—would you believe it?—he actually refuses to advance a dollar towards—towards our housekeeping."

Will Lynch cannot suppress a smile as he observes the mixture of dignity and awkwardness with which his friend enunciates "our housekeeping."

"And," continues Maitland, "though he admires and respects Grace, he would prefer that I should

marry a Protestant, or, at least, he has a prejudice against her religion."

"His sister—your mother—was a convert, a very fervent Catholic, and he has always been indifferent to all forms of religion. It is singular, but such extremes—faith and lack of faith—often occur in modern families. There are Dr. Newman and his brother, for instance."

"Yes," returns Maitland, who has not heard a word of this. "My uncle says that we must begin life economically. 'If you can't afford to get married,' he said, 'don't. Two young people starting out into life ought to be satisfied with necessities.' He has no heart, except for money."

"He appears to have a great deal of sense."

"Only a moment ago I had to refuse Kenzie,—you know Kenzie, he was in our class?—I had to refuse Kenzie a hundred dollars on a furniture bill I will owe him in a short time, just because I hadn't the money!"

"A very sufficient reason. But good-by, old fellow, I must be off, or I'll lose the train. I regret that I can't be on hand for the wedding, but duty, you know. Good-by. Oh, I forgot!" And Will Lynch threw an envelope on the desk. "That's for you, in honor of the great occasion. Take good care of Grace! God bless you both!"

Lynch shakes his friend's hand violently, grasped his portmanteau, and leaves the office like a flash.

Maitland watches him, and then goes to work at his books; but times are dull, and before the clock has struck three he has nothing to do.

Suddenly he remembers Will Lynch's envelope. It has already been torn open, he notices, and he has merely to take out the three one hundred dollar greenbacks which it incloses.

"Generous-hearted Will!" murmurs John Maitland, a haze coming between him and the notes. "I am

sure he can ill afford it. I must manage to repay him somehow. Just now, however, the money is remarkably convenient. It will pay Kenzie's bill, and buy that carpet for the sitting-room Grace admired so much, and which her aunt thought we could not afford. I'll go and see Kenzie at once."

Having gone into the back office and made sure that "the firm" had no further need of his services, he starts for Kenzie's, but the sound of a bell informs him that the Sundown steamer is at the wharf. This being the case, he forgets all about Kenzie, and turns to go over to Sundown to have a talk with Grace.

As the rickety machine shakes and struggles through the water, somehow or other, he thinks of the old story of Hero and Leander, and wonders whether he would have the courage to swim across to the lady of his love if there were no super-annuated steamer.

Light, pleasant, careless thoughts; flowers on the brink of a precipice!

II.

"There are more things wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."—(*Morte d'Arthur.*)

THE cottage in which Grace Lynch and her aunt Bridget live is on the main street of Sundown—the street which runs down to that work of architectural beauty, the pier. This cottage is a small, frame, chocolate-colored house, with a veranda and a tiny lawn in front. The structure looks so fragile that one would not be surprised to hear of its being bodily carried away by a pair of muscular burglars; but Aunt Bridget covers her slight doors and windows with bolts, chains, and bars, for Will, being a prominent man on the staff of the enterprising *Echo*, is seldom at home, and Aunt Bridget, though as an old maid she pretends to hate the male sex, does not like the idea of having "no man about the house."

On this afternoon Aunt Bridget has gone to church, for Father Au-

gustin is holding the Forty Hours' Devotion, and Grace, having given all her music lessons and made her visit, is sitting before the piano, which, small as it is, fills half the room.

Grace is not beautiful; it is true she has the dark-blue eyes and luxuriant black-brown hair of her mother, who was the prettiest girl in all Galway, but she lacks color, while the cheeks of her aunt, who is sixty-three at least, yet bear the ruddy bloom given them by Irish air. Grace is gentle and sweet, but a trifle too thoughtful-looking for a girl; she deserves her name, for every action is stamped with that nameless quality which proclaims the perfect gentlewoman.

She is singing, playing a low minor accompaniment. Her voice glides from the *Stabat Mater* into the *Dies Iræ*.

"There is sorrow in the air," she murmurs dreamily; "to-day I can play nothing but songs of sadness." She changes her accompaniment and tries a favorite song:

"Pray, though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears—
May never repay your pleading—
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears.
An answer, not *that* you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray."

"Good enough, Miss Grace!" cries a piping treble voice from the garden. "Good enough! Give us something livelier!"

Grace goes to the window and sees a small freckle-faced boy, with very bright saucy eyes, partially concealed by the hanging rim of a dilapidated straw hat. The boy holds one hand tightly on the breast of his buttoned-up jacket, under which some bulky object is hidden, and plants his feet into the very heart of a bed of young pansies.

"Oh, it's you, Chip." Grace smiles, and then says sternly, "Get off the grass!" Chip obeys. "Have you studied the Catechism lesson I gave you?"

Apparently, Chip is not eager to answer that question.

"Oh, Miss Grace, you sing nearly as well as the lady I heard once at a circus. Did you ever go—"

"Have you studied that lesson?"

"Oh, Miss Grace, Jonas Brown caught sixty crabs this morning!" Grace cannot help smiling. The Sundown boys, and men, too, say *cra-a-a-bs*, with an accent on the "a" like the crackling of thorns.

"Do you know your lesson?"

"Well," answers Chip, reluctantly, "well!—oh, Miss Grace, I shot a hawk, and nearly brought down—"

"Shot a hawk!" exclaims Grace, alarmed. "I hope John hasn't trusted you with a gun."

"I hadn't a gun," says Chip, clutching the object under his jacket, and very anxious to evade this new subject of conversation. "The steamers's in!—and here comes Mr. John!"

Chip knows that this diversion will be most effective. Grace, with a happy light in her eyes, goes down to the gate, to meet him,—John Maitland.

"How do you do, Chip? Idle as usual, I see. Really, Grace, I am afraid you are spoiling this imp of mischief. Look here, Chip, you were in my room yesterday; I know it by the way I found everything in disorder. If I catch—"

Chip utters a howl, for Nemesis has reached him. A stiff, slight, white-haired man on horseback has just turned from the lane into the street. He has dismounted, and with three or four stealthy steps reaches the gate at which the three are standing. His riding-whip whistles in the air, and strikes Chip's back.

"Is this the way you waste my time, boy?" the old man cries, his cold blue eyes blazing with anger. "Hey? I sent you with an important message at eight o'clock this morning, and I haven't seen you since. I'll teach you!" The whip

nds again, but Chip jumps over
w fence, and escapes.

leally, uncle, I don't think Chip
one anything—"

t is not your affair, John Mait-
" exclaims Andrew McVeigh,
g fiercely, and shaking the
at his nephew. "I tell you it
your affair. You have spoiled
ascally urchin, until he has be-
as ungrateful as yourself! Yes,
eat it, ungrateful," continued
ld man, glad to have an object,
failing, on which to pour the
of his wrath. "I have fed,
d, and educated you; I have
d you as a son, and now you
on bringing a Papist into the
y, as if your mother, though
on could not spoil her, wasn't
gh!"

can't stand this, even from
' mutters John Maitland be-
his set teeth, his face whiten-
ith suppressed anger. "Grace,
us."

've nothing to say against her
nally, and I've told her that
e," interrupts the old man;
I don't see why our family—

grandfather, John Maitland,
it under William at the Boyne
ould be so fond of Catholics.
st your confounded, pigheaded,
nate desire to offend me!"

justice to Andrew McVeigh, it
be said that he does not mean
than one-half of what he says.
as had a day of disappointments,
his temper is worse than usual.

You have thwarted me whenever
could, John Maitland, and I
repay you yet by cutting you
with a shilling, even if I have
ave my money to a papist!"

the inconsistent old man gives
Chip a vicious flip which, either
accident or design, makes a red

on his nephew's cheek. Then,
kling, he walks slowly from the
en, takes his horse's bridle, and
eds down the street.

hn Maitland, gasping with rage,
; after him.

"I could kill him where he stands!"
he mutters, hoarsely. "I will! I
will!"

"John!" Grace lays her hand on
his arm, and then shrinks back.
Fury has changed her hero into a
demon. She feels powerless. She
sees the golden cross of St. Paul's
glowing in the sunlight, and the
sight inspires her. "John," she
says, pointing with her hand, "go,
if you love your soul; if you love
me, go, and kneel before our Lord!
He alone can save you from your
passion!"

John Maitland stands irresolute,
and then, as the echo of her plead-
ing accents enters his brain, he starts
forward with hurried strides towards
St. Paul's, without looking to the
right or to the left, and keeping his
hands clutched on his breast as if to
strangle the murderous thoughts with-
in him. If Andrew McVeigh could
see him now, he would feel sure that,
however much in other things his
nephew may have departed from
the principles of his ancestors, he at
least possesses the family temper in
perfection.

All is silent within the little
wooden chapel. There is a wor-
shipper here and there among the
rough benches, and two acolytes,
in black and white, kneel before the
Most Blessed Sacrament. A faint
breeze enters with John Maitland and
stirs the laces on the altar and the
candle-flames. He walks into the
"dim religious light" from the glaring
sunshine without, and finds himself
in a new world of Faith, Love, and
Adoration. The subtle scent of the
early flowers on the altar mingles
with the odor of incense whose soul
has flown to heaven, and brings back
to his mind the morning of his
first communion. He kneels, and
breathes a loving, contrite prayer,
taking no note of time.

His old friend, Father Augustin,
whom he knew in his college days,
has seen him enter. Father Augus-
tin stands just behind the altar

and watches him. Four o'clock strikes.

"Father," whispers a small boy, who wears a black cassock, "Father, it's four o'clock, and the two O'Briens have been out in the Sanctuary since three. It's our turn now."

"Let me see." The priest refers to a small note-book. "'The O'Brien brothers from three until four; John Denver and Miles Jones from four until five.' Yes, it is your turn, Miles. Go on."

As the acolytes are changing, the sleeve of little Miles Jones's surplice brushes against a candle. In an instant the light muslin is in flames. John Maitland quietly bends over the railing, and before the boy is aware of it, crushes out the fire between his hand. This has not taken a minute, and John Maitland resumes his prayer; but the boy will never forget the incident.

Nearly an hour passes before John Maitland rises from his knees, and then catching sight of Father Augustin, he goes into the sacristy to speak to him. The priest is very glad to see his old friend and pupil, but he has little time to spend in talk.

"I am going down to Maryland," he says, as they shake hands at parting, a few minutes after the clock has struck five, "on a mission. I shall start this evening; but I hope to return in a month or two, and then we will finish our chat about the old days at Notre Dame."

John Maitland leaves the chapel, and the demon of wrath that possessed him has fled. He shudders now as the shadows of his thoughts of an hour ago cross his mind. He wonders that such strange madness could have been evoked by the querulous words of a weak old man.

The evening breeze is beginning to blow from the river, and the whole west is a gorgeous crimson and gold picture of blended clouds and water. He strolls along the beach. In one spot he sees several men standing around a small pool in the sand. Is

it the sun's light that makes it crimson?

He approaches, and they draw together, whispering, "Here he is." One of them comes out from the others, and says:

"I arrest you for the murder of Andrew McVeigh!"

John Maitland laughs incredulously. His eye falls on the pool. It is blood.

III.

"For right is right, since God is God,
And Right the day must win."

AT about half-past four o'clock, Andrew McVeigh had been found dead by three farm-laborers on the beach near Sundown. These men were repairing fences on land near the river, but shut out from view of it by a thick fringe of bushes that ran all along the beach. They had heard the report of a pistol, followed by a succession of loud groans. Almost simultaneously breaking through the hedge, they had seen Andrew McVeigh lying upon the sand, a stream of blood flowing from his side, under the left shoulder. His groans grew more tremulous and fainter. He could not speak. Before they could raise him he was dead. His horse stood some distance up the beach.

At the water's edge, wet by the ebbing tide, lay a revolver with all its barrels empty. On a tiny silver plate in the side of this weapon were the words "*John Maitland, from W. Lynch.*"

The sand was covered with foot-prints, but as the spot where the murdered man had been found was a favorite bathing and "crabbing" place of the Sundown boys, this went for nothing. And at the inquest the jury rejected the idea of suicide with contempt, and brought in the verdict that Andrew McVeigh came to his death at the hands of his nephew, John Maitland.

The following facts came out at the inquest:

Andrew McVeigh had remained a few minutes at a sale of real estate which had taken place at the Sundown Hotel. The auctioneer testified that he had left the hotel shortly after four o'clock. A bystander, Seth Standen, Chip's father (by the way)—an inveterate loungeur, who, always attends sales and other free entertainments—swore that he had seen the deceased proceed towards the river, leading his horse. After that, Andrew McVeigh had never been seen alive, except by his murderer and the three laborers in those brief moments immediately preceding death.

On John Maitland's person was found an envelope containing three hundred dollars. The envelope was addressed, "Andrew McVeigh, Present." This envelope had been torn open at the end. Eli Woodbury, a drygoods merchant, of Ironborough, a town some miles from Sundown, proved that he had paid the three hundred dollars to the deceased on the day of the murder for a quarter's rent of his store. He produced the receipt. Having been called out on business, he had placed the money in the envelope, written Andrew McVeigh's name on it, and given it to his clerk.

Mr. Kenzie testified that early in the afternoon of the 16th instant—the day of the murder—John Maitland had refused to pay his bill, or rather accommodate him, with one hundred dollars, on account of want of funds.

Rebecca Plummer, who lives next door to the Lynch cottage, affirmed that she had heard John Maitland and his uncle quarrelling in Miss Bridget Lynch's garden. She could not hear the words they had used, but she had seen him (the uncle) strike his nephew with a whip. Charles Chippeway Sunden, *alias* "Chip," and Miss Grace Lynch had been witnesses to the quarrel.

Chip was missing. He had not been visible in Sundown since the day of the murder. His straw hat

had been washed up by the tide, down at the cove. He had lived with John Maitland and his uncle as "general utility," indulged by one, tyrannized over by the other, and half civilized by the efforts of Grace Lynch. It was intimated that Chip had been "made away with" by the murderer, in order to destroy evidence. Seth Sunden, however, took the loss of his boy very philosophically. Sympathizing Sundowners gave him more drinks than usual, and, after a certain number of glasses, he seems to find vague comfort in the time-honored axiom to the effect that "boys will be boys—they always land on their feet."

Grace Lynch's evidence was not taken at the inquest. She was too ill to attend. The scene in the garden had agitated her, and followed by this terrible shock, had thrown her into a brain fever.

Days, weeks, months have passed. The trial comes on. It takes place at Ironborough. Letters and letters have been sent to Will Lynch. No answer has been received. Chip has not appeared. The only new witness of importance is Grace Lynch. The poor girl is assisted to the stand. She is pale and trembling—a ghost of her former self. The buzz of many suppressed voices, the sea of upturned faces make her giddy. She dares not look towards John. Oh, surely this is her sorrow's crown of sorrow!

The prosecuting counsel draws from her the story of the quarrel, slowly, painfully. John Maitland leans half over the railing of the dock, his heart and soul in his eyes. The counsel asks his fifth question.

Grace's lips whiten, and she presses her teeth into them. She *will* not answer. There is a dead silence.

"Spare her!" cries John, fiercely. "Spare her! I will tell you what I said! I said: 'I could kill him where he stands! I will! I will!' Those were my words."

"Were those his words?" asked the lawyer, apparently pitiless.

Grace does not heed him. The look of tender love and pity in John Maitland's eyes goes to her heart. She utters a heartbroken sob, and falls senseless into Aunt Bridget's faithful arms.

The prisoner's lawyer, a man whose reputation has years ago outgrown his abilities, makes a florid speech. He has been sacrificing everything to the preparation of this speech all through the trial. He impresses the jury. He shows them what fearful odds are against him, and how gallantly he struggles to overcome them. His speech grows more and more brilliant; but he forgets the prisoner. To-morrow the newspaper will call it "a telling speech" and "a masterly effort," and John Maitland will know that he has selected for his advocate the one lawyer, of a thousand, who could fail to save him.

The verdict is given clear and loud: GUILTY.

John Maitland smiles bitterly. "And this is man's justice!"

"You have come North just in time, Father Augustin," says John Maitland, "for in another week you may write at the end of my record, 'non est inventus.'"

"In another week!" Father Augustin wipes his spectacles, and glances around the narrow cell in the Ironborough jail. "In another week!"—

"I must die,—but, believe me, Father, among the sins I will confess to you to-night murder will not be."

"I do believe you. There is some horrible mistake. I heard no word of this until I arrived in Sundown this morning."

"Those papers on the table contain a full account of the trial. While you look them over I will finish this letter."

Half an hour passes. No sound

breaks the stillness except the rustling of Father Augustin's papers and the scratching of the prisoner's pen.

"My dear boy," at last says Father Augustin, with a smouldering excitement in every movement, "you and your lawyer have acted like a pair of fools. It is unpleasant, but true. Had you no memory? Had he no—he ought to be ashamed of himself! Why did he not attempt to prove an *alibi*? Attend. From this report of the trial I gather the following: On that fatal 16th your uncle was seen alive at about ten minutes after four P.M. He was found dead at half-past four. Now, attend. *You were in St. Paul's Church, at Sundown, either kneeling before the altar or talking to me in the sacristy, from four o'clock P.M. until five.* I will swear to it! You shall have a new trial, my boy. Thank God! Thank God!"

"My prayer! my prayer! I had forgotten it, and it will save me." John Maitland buries his face in his hands to hide the tears in his eyes. Sorrow could not wring them from him, but joy has done it. He tears up the letter, for it is a farewell to Grace.

Father Augustin never loses time, and now it is doubly valuable. He moves heaven and earth to save John Maitland's life. Hope, suspense, despondency, alternate in the prisoner's mind, but the priest does not despond; he has too much to do. At last the demands of red tape are satisfied. A reprieve and a new trial are granted. Two witnesses, Father Augustin and little Miles Jones, of Swedeston, who knew nothing about the former trial, triumphantly prove an *alibi*, and John Maitland walks out of court a free man, saved by his prayer!

John Maitland finds that his uncle, eccentric to the last, left a will, bearing the date of that terrible 16th, bequeathing all his estate, without reserve, to his esteemed young friend,

iam Lynch. But he, the heir-umptive, is content; he is content, he is free, he has Grace; Father Augustin married them a few days after the second trial. Swedeston firm still trusts him, though Will Lynch has not yet dared to corroborate his statement about the three hundred dollars and his great sorrow has left him sadder and a better man. Grace is sadder and brighter than before, and the two are as happy as human beings be "in this valley of tears."

Returning from High Mass at St. Mary's, one Sunday, late in autumn, Will and Grace hear strange voices in their little sitting-room. Aunt Bridget is crying and laughing by herself, accompanied by the running accompaniment of a ringing bass voice. Of course, Grace at once jumps to the conclusion that the house is being robbed. She is agreeably amazed, however, to find her brother Will looking amiably "finishing" one of Aunt Bridget's ample lunches. He looks much the same; but he has grown taller and thinner, more freckled, and exceedingly forlorn in appearance.

Aunt Bid has told me everything," cries Will, when the greetings are over. "I never received your letters. When I had completed my *Echo* business, I started as companion and secretary to an English traveler, on a rather straggling and uncertain tour; that probably accounts for the failure of your letters. So they brought the money as evidence against you! I'll tell you how it came into my possession. My uncle, as you know, entertained a strange liking for me. Well, I happened to meet him on the 16th, before I saw you, John, and I told him that I was about to start on my journey. At first he spoke in his usual hot and inconsistent manner, and then he became very kind. He pressed that envelope into my hand, saying, 'Take this; it is only

a part of what is to come.' He forced me to keep it, and so I thought it would make a nice wedding present for you. Now, Chip, clear up *your* mystery." But Chip's mouth is very full at this particular moment, and Will considerably gives him time. "I picked up Chip in Philadelphia. I found him selling papers, and glad enough he was to come home. How do you like selling papers, Chip?"

"Too much competition," answers Chip, gravely.

Chip's story is not long. He had entertained for some time within his breast an ardent desire. It was to shoot certain prowling hawks and crows. In order to fulfil this design he waited for an opportunity to borrow clandestinely John Maitland's revolver. On the morning of the 16th, John cleaned the pistol, loaded it, and carelessly left it on his bureau. This was Chip's chance. John usually left his door open, and Chip, when his master had gone, secured the revolver. With it he shot the unfortunate hawk of which he spoke to Grace, and during his interview with her, it was the object he concealed under his jacket. After he had escaped from Andrew McVeigh's castigation, he ran down to the beach, and in blissful ignorance he was levelling the one remaining charge at another crow, when McVeigh suddenly grasped his collar. The frightened boy turned, and the charge took effect in the poor old man's side. Chip dropped the pistol and ran down to the cove. There was a schooner lying there. Chip, half dead with terror, hid himself among the barrels on deck. The crew coming on board at nightfall were a little "confused" by their sojourn on shore, and when they discovered him—which happened when the schooner was many miles from Sundown—they made him work hard. Chip's vicissitudes had subdued him considerably, and he is indeed very glad to get home..

"I will send you to school, Chip," says Will Lynch, "when we have induced the authorities to hear your story. And now fill your glasses with Aunt Bridget's currant wine. I drink to the health, long life, and

happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Maitland!" And every day since that eventful 16th those two kneel at the Holy Sacrifice in thanksgiving for John Maitland's prayer.

MIRACULOUS MANIFESTATIONS.

"See where she stands! a mortal shape endued
With love, and life, and light, and deity;
The motion which may change, but cannot die,
An image of some bright eternity."—SHELLEY.

"I KNOW that you still claim miraculous manifestations for your Church," said a friend, while discussing the question of revealed religion; "but that is clear nonsense. The age of miracles has passed, and exists only in the wild brains of fanatical monks, or is the result of the morbid, ascetic dreamings of some of those women who immolate themselves in convent-cells, and spend their lives in imaginary converse with the Lord. Young women must find some outlet to their love of sentiment and romantic dreamings; so, if the natural course is debarred them, a species of religious frenzy is the result."

My friend herein only expressed the common belief among Protestants; a belief which is the cold result of casting away the precious gems of an interior life, when, in the mystic silence of the chosen cell, the voice of God is heard, as he is wont to speak to his beloved alone. And yet what an inconsistency this is; as if the arm of God could ever lose its might, or his power be circumscribed. Every age finds its parallel, and history repeats itself forever. Why, then, should not circumstances arise in the new order, as well as in the old, wherein God should see time and occasion for some striking manifestation of his power, whereby some

purpose, some result, known to himself alone, may be attained? We open the pages of the Old Testament, and read with awe, blended with faith, the marvellous works therein related. All denominations give their unquestioning assent thereto; but tell them, in these days, of a miraculous revelation, of the restoration of some hopeless invalid, through the power of prayer alone, no matter how incontestable the evidence may be, yet all is at once ascribed to the magic force of popish superstition. And yet a little calm, dispassionate investigation will prove that the mysticism which still hallows the ancient revelations was but the foreshadowing of what (though in a limited degree) should dawn with the Christian era. The operations of the Holy Spirit that we have since been required to witness and believe, bear scarcely a comparison with the overwhelming wonders that were crowded into the forty years of life while travelling through the wilderness, "when the majesty of the Lord abided with the people in a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night."* When, as perpetuated in the beautiful canticle of Moses: "The raiment with which thou wert covered, hath not decayed for age, and thy feet are not worn in this the forty years."†

* Exod. 11 : 32.

† Deut. 8 : 4.

For us there blooms now no rod of Aaron, "whose buds swelling, it bloomed blossoms, which, spreading its leaves, were formed into almonds."* What would the scoffing skeptic of the nineteenth century say, should one of our old battle-fields present the miracle of the plain of dry bones, or witness any other of the marvellous miracles that were of daily occurrence in the life of the Prophet Eliseus? But all who are conversant with the history of those days, know how forcibly and vividly those God-voices rang throughout those primitive ages of creation. As then, so now does it ring,—deep, clear, and resonant for those who, like Heli and Samuel, are ready to say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." All of life is a miracle; and there are silent and secret signs given, at times, to some chosen ones, who, like Mary, keep them locked in their own hearts. Even for little children has the veil at times been lifted, and the mysteries lying beyond been revealed. Bearing closely upon this affirmation, and corroborating it, I will here relate an incident for the benefit of the incredulous and scoffing, which occurred in the life of a child, when about six years old, and who now, though a grandmother, has never related the circumstance but once before this, always feeling, when inclined to do so, that it was like exposing to desecration some hallowed, sacred shrine. When travelling, many years ago, from Canada to the southern part of the State of New York (a long journey in those days), owing to the extreme illness of the father of the family, they were detained in a wayside town. The gentleman's illness becoming alarming, a priest was sent for, and early next morning he came to administer the *Viaticum*. Now, the little girl in question had never received any instruction, upon any point whatever, connected with this great mystery; not the slightest idea

of its material form or spiritualized substance, were known to her. At the hour appointed, she was told by her mother, that if she would be good, keep quiet, and kneel down while the priest was there, she might remain in her father's room. Watching with intense earnestness every motion of the priest, wondering with childish curiosity what that was which he was taking out of the little gold "watch," she saw, as he raised the host, to the words of the solemn *Ecce Agnus Dei*—what? a plain, opaque white wafer? No; but there appeared to this little ignorant child's vision, as plain as the priest's hands that held it, an extended transparent ball, clear white and red, which reminded her, then, of a carnelian breastpin sometimes worn by her mother, and to which her little mind at once compared it. Such was the impression then; but as each after-year deepened, strengthened, and sanctified this "*nolli me tangere*" in her life, the manifestation assumed its true character—that of flesh and blood; appearing just as the hand does when held up before a strong fire or light. This truth was so stamped upon the child's mind, that it remained a fixed fact and an undying memory throughout her childhood; and as years ripened into maturity, all the reason, knowledge, and experience, together with the consciousness of being totally unworthy of such a blessed light, have never been able to efface the conviction from her mind, that a miraculous vision of the Real Presence had been vouchsafed to her. In her darkest moments of spiritual fear and wavering faith, this memory has always beamed as a star, not of promise, but of fruition. Two years after this event, she was sent to one of our religious institutions for education. At the first Sunday's mass, she watched with excited curiosity the communicants going to and coming from the railing, wondering (though with a latent intuitive sense) what it all meant.

* Numb. 17: 8.

After mass, her mind still absorbed with the same thought, she asked one of the Sisters: "What was that the priest gave you and the girls at the railing?" "Why, child," exclaimed she, "is it possible that you have never seen the Blessed Sacrament before this?" The light suddenly dawned. "Yes," the child replied; "but when it was given to my father, it didn't look like what I saw this morning." Even then she made no explanation. Something—what was it?—kept this naturally talkative little one silent; but the voice and the vision were with her through all her early preparation for that great event in the young Catholic's life; and at the breaking of bread, she, too, knew and felt that Jesus himself had been walking with her. Ah, happy, blessed day! No other joys—and they were many in her after-life—stand out so perfect and complete in bliss, so bereft of all alloy, as the glorious heritage of that day. But apart from such miracles as may be deemed private, or personal, of which the number is legion, the Church can point to innumerable pictures and shrines, through which God has been pleased to show the might and majesty of His will, thereby proving that there does exist a special *cultus*, wherein this power may be exceptionally verified, although we know that God is everywhere. Yet Scripture proves that there have always been privileged spots where God has chosen to bestow special mercies and favors; hence, as in the two visions of Jacob, and the Transfiguration on Mount Thabor, these places were thenceforth marked as sacred. "Take off thy shoes, for thou standest on holy ground." The early fathers recognized this truth, and denoted certain shrines for the devotion of the people, though, as St. Augustine says, "None can explain why greater miracles are wrought in one place, and not in another." It is a common belief that peculiar virtues lie concealed in certain material things; for

instance, there are precious stones that are believed to possess occult influences, through some mystical power hidden under their natural effulgence.

We have Scripture proof that the two precious stones, the *urim* and *thummim*, worn on either shoulder by the high priest Aaron, when officiating at the divine sacrifice, were endowed with miraculous power. They represented doctrine and truth, and "gave divine answers and oracles as if rational and endowed with judgment."* Therefore, when we find from the earliest dawn of Christianity a fervent devotion bestowed upon special representation of our Lord or the Blessed Virgin, and in tracing its origin, are met by some remarkable tradition, or, as in most cases, by authenticated historical records, as the true reason for such special homage, why should we not be as willing to accept the hand of God in this evidence, as we have done in antecedent mysteries? Anterior to the Christian era, the dawn of future devotion to the Blessed Virgin brightened the darkness of the sky of heathendom. The tradition of a virgin who was to bear a child, was a part of all ancient creeds. To the Druids of Gaul, who were considered the most learned in the theology of that day, we owe the first tangible evidences of the coming faith, which they illustrated by the enthroning of a carved wooden statue, in every respect analogous to the Christian type of the mother and child. To this they gave the title of *Virgini Paritura*, and offered it the homage of their religious rites. It was over the original cavern, in the centre of a dense wood, where the Druids worshipped, and offered sacrifice to their gods, that the ancient church of Chartres (France) was built by the first Christians; and enshrined therein, through all the subsequent transitions of change and additional splen-

* Annotation to verses 15-30 in chap. 28 of Exodus.

dor to this temple, the ancient statues ever held the place of honor, and received the veneration of the faithful for years. It was reserved for the iconoclastic spirit of the French Revolution to destroy this precious and invaluable relic of prophetic power. Among the Abnaki Indians, also, the early missionaries discovered that they held a tradition of a Virgin's Son, who had restored the world after the great deluge, and who would come again some day to live among men. Probably one of the earliest pictures to which miraculous effects have been ascribed, is that of the Blessed Virgin now in the church of St. Mary Major in Rome. It is believed to have been painted by St. Luke, and was brought by St. Helena from Jerusalem, and placed in the church by Pope Liberius. During the prevalence of the plague, in the pontificate of Gregory the Great, this picture was borne in solemn procession amid the chants and prayers of the people, and it is recorded that choirs of angels were heard singing around it the *Regina Cœli*. It was also on this occasion that the Pope, on the third day of the invocation, beheld the archangel Michael alight on the tomb of Adrian, sheathing his sword, "which was bedropped with blood," to give assurance that the plague had ceased. It was to commemorate this event, that the marble angel was placed over the castle of St. Angelo in Rome, where it still stands. Subsequent centuries, also, bear testimony to the many favors and miracles which were the result of the devotion performed before this picture. The *Madonna del Paradiso*, in the church of our Lady of Good Counsel, Genazzano, like the house of Loretto, was also borne through golden clouds, and upheld by the hands of angels, to its destination (1467), and testified its miraculous origin by innumerable curative and other miracles, that have been confirmed by the testimony, under oath, of contemporary eye-witnesses.

For those who are inclined to scoff at such credulity, we would remind them of the miraculous transmigration by the angel of Habacuc to Daniel in the lions' den;* of St. Peter's release from prison; of Elias to Mount Horeb, and other similar marvels in both the Old and New Testaments. Those who have read the interior life of Pierre Lacordaire, will here be able to recall the interesting account this illustrious orator gives of the novitiate made by his little band of earnest followers in the old convent of La Quercia (of the Oak). It was through his faith in the attested miracles and responsive prayers, for which this ancient shrine had so long been noted, that reduced him to prefer all the discomforts of its crumbling walls to any other home. Originally, this picture was a way-side offering, painted and hung upon a large oak tree, in 1417, on the campo Guazzano, in Viterbo, by the poor but pious artist, Baptiste Guzzante. The usual results of miraculous demonstrations, in the way of fervent piety, votive offerings to churches and religious houses, soon sprang up around this shrine, and it became a beacon for pilgrimage from the highest dignitaries to the lowliest peasant. Pierre Lacordaire, with all his genius and profound attainments, chose this Madonna as the patroness of his convent, and ascribed to her intercession all the future success of a mission which labored under so many material and spiritual difficulties in its infancy. "That piece of tile," he would say to the skeptical, "has obtained all our prosperity." He had the original faithfully copied by one of the band, who was an artist, and taken to their new convent on their return to France. After three hundred years of battle with time, exposed during many to the fury of the elements, this picture is said to preserve still its early freshness. It, together with the trunk of the oak to which it was originally

* Dan. 14 : 35.

attached, stands over the high altar of the church in Viterbo, and is still as piously visited by the faithful in the nineteenth century as it was in the fifteenth.*

Setting aside, for the present, the traditions and ocular evidence relating to miraculous demonstrations in particular pictures, which date from a very early period, we have the unanimous testimony of hundreds of witnesses in every grade of life, as sworn to before the highest judicial tribunals of Rome, in attestation of such facts in the eventful year 1796. These manifestations were not exceptional in behalf of one picture, or in favor of any special sanctuary; but the marvel was repeated in as many as six pictures in one day. These miracles were seen in the streets, in churches, and in various parts of the city and small country towns. Signs of life, expressions of joy, sorrow, and supplication, lived in the movement of the eye and light of the features in various representations of the Mother of God. Apart from the miraculous cures that followed the devotion of the faithful, greater miracles in the way of conversions in almost hopeless cases, and an increase of fervent piety, combined with general moral rectitude, were some of the results. It was the pillar of fire, awakening the faith of the people, and guiding them once again to the land of promise. More than any other place, have the sanctuaries of Rome been favored by these celestial lights. No one can dispute her prerogative of graces. Is not every stone within her boundaries consecrated by the tears and blood of countless throngs of Christ's own children? The prayers and sighs of delicate virgins, sainted prelates, and brave warriors, yet echo through the walls of the old Mamertine prison. Truly may the poet call her "the Niobe of nations." Yes; but a Niobe that no tears can

drown, no calamity crush, no ruin destroy—the *Eternal City*, that stands wrapt in the ægis of her seven hills, and over which forever smiles the *benedicite* of the Almighty!

Many of our readers remember the history of the miraculous picture of the Mother of Mercy in the church of Santa Clara at Rimini, and the great sensation and cry of "trickery and fraud" that followed the announcement. Yet, the investigation, though rigid and exhaustive in the extreme, failed to find in this, as in preceding cases, any natural causes for the marvel. "Let us allow," says St. Augustine, "that it is possible for God to do some things, the reason of which we cannot investigate; in such matters the reason of the thing is to be sought for only in the power and in the will of him who does them."*

Among a people whose appreciation of a high degree of art is so general, one might suppose that only such works as appeal directly to their æsthetic tastes, would be invested with these heavenly attributes. But, strange to say, those works which have most excited the admiration of connoisseurs—those upon which the greatest labor and time have been expended—every line and lineament of which have been wrought through a spirit of enthusiasm for art itself, or through the *animus* of divine love, as were the works of Angelico, Lippo, Dalmatio, and Fra Bartolomeo—men, who always fasted and prayed before they felt themselves worthy to attempt even the portrayal of a divine subject; yet, such gems have rarely, if ever knowingly, been chosen for this kind of mysterious communication.† Some inferior, unknown Madonnas, that occupied an out-of-

* Quoted in Northcote, p. 11.

† Since writing this, I find mentioned, by Rev. Xavier Donald McLeod, in "Devotion to the Blessed Virgin in North America," page 323, that the *Del Tulligno* of Raphael, in the church of Hoboken, N. J., is specially venerated, and her shrine honored by "many ex votos, in gratitude for graces, cures," and conversions obtained by her intercession.

* "Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna," by Rev. J. S. Northcote, D.D.

ny niche in church or convent, covered with the dust of ages, almost crumbling into ruin, even generally the chosen media through which a gleam of heaven might be opened. The Mexicans have a special reverence, far above historic gems that decorate their altars, an ugly, black image of the Virgin of Guadalupe, that dates from the colonial times.

Tradition ascribes special graces and favors granted, as the object of devotion at this shrine. The Virgin, whose virgins were so lovely and lifelike that it was generally believed he had been favored by a vision of the Holy Mother, "went every Saturday," says Emerson, "to pray before the black Madonna della Guardia, as we are assured, held this old relic in devout veneration." The early settlement of Montreal, called Ville Marie, when some missionaries returned to France to seek material aid for the first time, among other benefactors, the Lord of Fleury, heard their story. "He had a collection of angels in the chapel of his castle. One of these was a little statue of the Virgin, by which it had pleased God to work miracles. This he decided to send to Ville Marie, where he hoped it would be more valued than elsewhere, as that town and colony were more particularly devoted to the pure Mother of God than any other portion of the continent."

Being brought to M. De Fanfan, another member of the community in Paris, he was healed instantly of a dangerous illness, and he vowed to labor steadfastly in the chapel, and headed the subscription list with a heavy sum from his purse."* This little statue, installed with great honor, under the name of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. During the prevalence of the plague in 1754, this "beloved and venerated shrine" was reduced

to ashes. Nothing was saved, picture nor altar furniture; all disappeared under the smoking ruins; all things save one. Beneath the ashes they found the little statue, not even discolored by the fire, but in perfect preservation. "The church was rebuilt in 1774, and still holds the religious heart of Canada," says McLeod. "Again was the precious relic installed with great honor. This famous image was of dark-brown wood, exquisitely sculptured, and after being the object of affectionate veneration for three centuries, was stolen by some infamous wretch in 1831, and has never been discovered."† The miraculous picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe was believed by early missionaries to have been the main instrument in the conversion of the Indians of New Mexico. The annals of our Indian missions are replete with records of miraculous graces. I have space but for one, which I quote from McLeod: "Louis, a Christian Huron, taken by the sanguinary Iroquois, was condemned to be burned alive, but was saved by the Blessed Virgin. He himself told the Ursuline, Mary of the Incarnation, 'how, as he prayed earnestly to Our Lady for help in the night, he felt the knots of the sinew-cord which bound him loosening on his right hand. Then it fell off, and left his fingers free to undo the other knots, and so passing unseen through several hundred sleeping Iroquois, he, thanks to St. Mary, escaped to Quebec.' "†

Wayside crosses, also, upon which the storms of years have spent their strength, have given comfort and rest to many a lone, homeless wanderer, when kneeling in anguish before that blessed sign of redemption. Extraordinary and miraculous phenomena meet us in the various supernatural apparitions of the Blessed Virgin; beginning in favor of the poor old paralytic woman in Puy, France, during the apostolic age of 46, on Mount Corneille, extending through

tion to the Blessed Virgin in North America, p. 93.

* Ibid., pp. 135-137. † Ibid., p. 45.

every subsequent age, down to our own day, in La Salette and Lourdes. Were these trails of glory substantiated alone by the fallible testimony of the credulous devotee, we would be at perfect liberty to reject them. But the source from which they come indorses and stamps their heavenly origin by the results. The blind see, the lame walk, the sick are healed. Hearts blackened by years of sin are regenerated; souls hardened and grown arrogant in scientific subtleties and worldly learning, lay down their former antagonism to divine revelation, and cry with the publican, Lord, I believe. Thus are the weak things of the world used to confound the strong. The majority hear of these wonders, yet find difficulty in grasping the actuality of the picture. Thomas has more advocates than Peter.

The nearest approach to a complete realization for the skeptical of these verities, is to hear of such from the lips of a perfectly reliable witness, who has had direct ocular evidence of such phenomena. One of the most remarkable and elevating incidents in this connection, the writer feels now justified in recording here, as coming from the lips of one of the most distinguished prelates of the church in America. Now that he has passed to the actual realization of that vision of glory, which was granted him to see here, "as dimly through a glass," there can be no betrayal of confidence in giving his name, carrying, as it must, the strongest verification of the incident about to be related. During a visit made some years ago by the late revered Bishop McGill, of Richmond, Virginia, to the Continent, while in quest of every relic that could throw light upon the old archives of the faith, he was told of a marvellously miraculous picture of the Crucifixion, but then recently discovered, which could be seen in a **certain old convent in —**. The **circumstance** of its discovery was

thus related by him. One of the lay sisters, remarkable for the sanctity of her life, had been sent to clean out and arrange the garret, in which was accumulated the débris of centuries, stored therein by generations of women, who had lived, prayed, and died within the walls of this mediæval structure. While arranging in order some old pictures and empty frames, the subjects of which were lost in the darkness of age, her attention was suddenly riveted upon one, that seemed to emit a peculiar light from out the ebon hue that covered its surface. Looking intently at it, while a thrill of awe ran through her frame, she saw, gradually emerging from the gloom, a distinct figure of the Crucifixion. As the lights and shadows increased, she beheld the form of our Saviour assume the appearance and action of life. The eyes looked at her, the mouth moved, and from the thorn-crowned head rolled down upon the face crimson drops of liquid blood. Falling prostrate upon her knees, in adoration of mingled awe and love, she watched this miraculous revelation, feeling almost tempted to believe it a delusion of her own senses, when she saw the darkening shadows again slowly creeping over the picture, the accessory details disappearing one by one, until only a dull black surface was again before her. Recovering her equanimity, she arose from her knees, and went directly to the superior, and told her story. It was at once attributed to the power of a nervous, overwrought imagination, strongly influenced by the place and associations wherein she had been working. But when, after a second and third day, she solemnly asseverated that the miracle had been again repeated, then the matter was deemed worthy of serious investigation, and resulted in the corroboration of the poor lay-sister's statement by other and more intellectual witnesses. From that time this precious gem held the place of honor, amid their collection

of holy things, and it required all the influence of fervent piety and responsible position and name, to induce the superior to expose for inspection this hallowed relic. Apprised of the possible difficulty to be overcome, the bishop yet determined to make an effort to see it. He was graciously received by the superior, and when his testimonials were given, and the object of his mission stated, she at once acceded to his request. "I must, however," she said, "prepare your grace for a possible disappointment, for many have knelt in fervent prayer before this relic, and yet have not been favored by the miraculous transformation; God, for some good reason, denying the boon to some, yet granting it to others."

The bishop followed her to the chapel, where on a small table, lifted out before the altar, she arranged the picture, placing on either side of it a lighted candle; then making her genuflexion, she left him alone with the mystery and his own thoughts. He knelt before it, and with the eyes of a scholar and philosopher, closely examined every part of the work. It could only be compared to a piece of black canvas, blotched and bleared with age. Not a line, not a tint, or ray of color, could be discovered. Then, he bowed his head, and prayed fervently that, if the will of God, he might be deemed worthy of being a recipient of this divine manifestation. After a few moments of meditation he raised his eyes, and was startled by an evident change of color. At first he thought it might be the reflection of the candles; so he changed their position. It made no difference. The phenomenon was there; light and shadow, form and tint, gradually developed; and the miracle of life, and sorrow, and bitter agony itself appeared, yet through all the woe, he was dazzled by the most divine beauty of form and expression, even though thus diademed in thorns and anguish.

The bishop could never tell how

long this ray from the eternal throne lasted. Feeling, deep as this, can take no measure of time. He was recalled to the present by the apparent dissolution of the picture. Light and life gradually melted away, and again only the old, blackened surface was visible.

Many are acquainted with the miraculous cures performed by the water of Lourdes. Probably one of the most remarkable occurred last spring, at the Charity Hospital of this city (New Orleans); the facts of the case being related to the writer by parties who had thoroughly investigated the subject on the spot, and of whose veracity and clearness of judgment there cannot be the slightest doubt. The patient was a poor young woman, who, suffering from some terrible eye disease, went to the hospital early in the spring (1874), as she was unable to remunerate outside physicians, and being a seamstress, her disease left her without any means of support. The eye, upon examination, presented the appearance of a ball of solid, offensive matter; and the humor from it was considered so poisonous by the physicians, that, after washing and dressing it, the nurse was obliged to carefully disinfect her own hands, before touching anything else. Upon examination and consultation, Drs. C—— and B—— concluded the case to be totally hopeless; but, in hopes of preserving the well eye, they thought best to destroy the little remaining sight of the diseased orb. Accordingly, they dropped nitric acid into it, which caused the woman most acute pain. Whilst she was in this state of suffering, one of the Sisters of Charity, in charge of the hospital, went to see her, and, by way of consolation and support, spoke to her of God's mercies; and in dwelling upon his miraculous power, related the latest confirmation of this, in the story of Lourdes. The woman was a Protestant, but possibly feeling that only through such divine agency

she could be helped, she told the sister that she could believe in this power, and willingly consented to say the stipulated prayers and have the water applied.

The next morning, then, the sister, with the nurse (who had been in the institution seventeen years), went to her, and after performing the religious requirements, the nurse held the eye open, while the sister dropped into it the miraculous water, when—*mirabile dictu!*—instantly, as they looked into her face, the ball of the eye turned completely over, and, in place of a mass of corruption, there beamed upon them a bright retina, shining with the intelligence of perfect vision! When Dr. C—— came, shortly after, to attend her, he stood looking at her in amazement, and said: "This is certainly not the woman whose eye I have been treating." On being assured that it was, he exclaimed: "What, then, has been done? who has taken the case?" and turning to the nurse: "I will give you," he said, "fifty dollars, if you will tell me who or what has wrought this change." "I will tell you, without money, Doctor; the hand of God, by a miracle, has cured her!" Then she related the circumstances to him. Soon after the other physician and students entered, and were equally astonished, for the case had excited great interest, as a marvel in the *materia medica*. They listened to the story; controvert it they could not; but while Dr. C—— unhesitatingly pronounced it a miracle, others shrugged their shoulders and went away. "Though one should rise from the dead, yet they would not believe." The woman proved her gratitude, by uniting with the religion that had procured such blessings for her. She is perfectly restored, and again engaged with her needle, in a large establishment on M—— Street. One of the medical students, in admitting the fact of the miracle to a lady friend, said: "But the water had nothing to do with it, for I ana-

lyzed it, and found it entirely free from any chemical property. Prayer alone produced the result."

There is held in great reverence, at the Convent of Mercy in New Orleans, a relic of St. Edward the Confessor, that is specially efficacious in all forms of cutaneous affections. Readers of history are familiar with the healing power that in olden times was believed to be held by the reigning sovereigns of England, and how, on a certain day, hundreds afflicted with scrofula—then called "king's evil"—flocked to the court to have the healing hand laid upon them. So well authenticated was the fact of the beneficial results in many cases, that one might see herein "the divinity that doth hedge a king." At all events, the faith of the people remained staunch upon this point, down to the days of William and Mary, who, as Macaulay relates, actually performed the same ceremony on the day that had been appointed centuries before, spite of their rabid Protestantism and hatred of everything that savored of Catholic faith or usage. This relic of St. Edward certainly attested the power that once lay in the living hand; and, if space permitted, numberless instances could be related of wonderful cures of cancer, and pulmonary affections arrested by this relic.

It is not the province of this writer to enter into either a physical or philosophical analysis of this subject. To scoff is to deny the credibility of witnesses in every grade of life, under solemn oath, since the dawn of Christianity; or, still worse, it would circumscribe the will and power of God within the boundary of our own finite minds. The natural and supernatural are links in the great chain of creation that can never be dis severed. The present ever re-echoes the past. Thus God continues to repeat, as a lesson of humiliation for the arrogant, these same wonders, and the spirit of scorn and infidelity, now so prevalent, is met

action which again revives the spiritual spirit against which damnation hurled her destroyed. The spiritual element died, or, at best, becomes a body, when reason is its element. Through the senses, and all that pulsates with it, noblest throbs of human life are reached and vivified by faith. Those who have neither felt the effect of miraculous notable works, can form no idea of the mystic influence they exert over the chosen ones, whose eyes are opened to behold what we have seen pictures of the angels, whose art was so perfect in inanimate canvas appeared imbued with life, and the sublimity thereof pierced the soul as a revelation from the Infinite. Then, what must be the effect of that votary, who, in the anguish of penitence, the exigency of some deep huff, while sending up a pierc-

ing cry for solace, for strength, sees those "sibylline eyes" looking in soft pity down upon her; then, again, raised in petition, as if giving inaudible response to the wail of that suffering heart, while the whole countenance beams with a divine sympathy that bears the exaltation of a realm beyond this earth. To the scoffing and supercilious, such eloquent oracles are ever dumb; but to the humble and cultured votary, he who comprehends the true *æsthetics* of devotion, a cloud of glory will compass him, and beams of supernal splendor will wrap his soul in Elysium, and he will exclaim, with the Psalmist, "*This is the Lord's doings, and it is wonderful in our eyes.*" (Ps. 118: 23.)

The age of miracles past? Never! So long as the skeptic is to be overthrown, the arrogant confounded, God and his Church to be glorified, souls to be saved, and the eternity of truth to be preserved, so shall these wonders be, until all things are made manifest.

"THIS MRS. JAMES."

Sister of charity, who had placed the little child the place of heaven entered some time after, and she thus. Looking at the setting face upon the pillow, softly: "all over! Oh, happy soul!" Mrs. James raised her head, gave place at the placid countenance of the nun bending tenderly over the orphan, closing the rayless of charity's peerless touch, and there at the pallid face death transformed. Such life! "th!" "Sister," she said earnestly, "the world fades before this!" "dear Mrs. James," replied the pathetic voice, as the touch gently closed the little

mouth, "and God's dear will shines out triumphant."

"God's dear will! If I had called it that! If I had named it dear! Sister, do you know I have been living a mistake; and the last utterance of the little mouth you have just closed was a call to show me the truth. Happy and freed soul! Its innocence has wrought for mine the highest work of an apostle!"

How changed the stately woman, kneeling there with the sweet, humid eyes, and the tender, chastened expression of face! How unlike the proud, reticent Mrs. James, the simple, humble confession. The sister going on in her quiet work of composing the still limbs, and making the little dead saint's form as much

as might be, free from the woful marks left by earthly pain, gently ejaculated,

"Thank God!"

A soft sigh then flitted through her lips; a sigh only permitted to flit through lips of those whose lives are consecrated to God in religion; the only sigh on earth whose presence is not born of pain or grief,—ah! it is the sigh of the faithful soul that, having God for its dearest love, longs to see Him "face to face." This sigh seemed to the kneeling woman to penetrate through her very soul, to come like the swift flash of a beautiful ray of heaven's own light, and give her a glorious view of that interior peace purchased by such life as that of the consecrated religious. She said nothing; she kissed, with reverence written on her face, the clasped hands of the dead child, and then she left the spot where God had sent her call, to answer it truly in the real presence awaiting her on the Altar.

The little boy's flowers, the last offering of the childish and perfect love for God, stood before the tabernacle, their sweet life softly dying out in fragrance. With a tender thought of the little life just over, the fragrance of whose love for God could never now die out of her soul, she cast herself down before the feet of God, utterly, completely down; no vestige of her own will left; no pride; no hope of earthly comfort; all cast there, too, and, awaiting the touch of God's hand alone, for the end to their whilom dreams. Life entered into a new and marvellous phase, thus unquestioningly placed within the will of God; its enigmas became obedience to him; its pains became love; its sorrows, hope in him; its anxieties, faith; its most galling bitterness, only a likeness of the Cross. Crowned with the supernatural, this hated life stood transformed, and heaven smiled beyond. So, with this new phase elevating her soul, the humbled woman glided

from the altar step to the confessional, seeking God's will there, from the lips of his direct representative.

Above, the rich man's care draped the last cold bed of the dead orphan with costly drapery of white, and garnished its shining beauty with rare sprays, and wreaths, and clusters of smiling flowers. Around the face sleeping on the silken pillow, in transfigured sleep, whereof the smile shone out like the reflection of some angel's, through death's stillness, wealth was softly disposing white blossoms of fabulous price, because the true and rough heart of the owner recognized in that face the blessed face of a saint. Ah! higher above the spirit of the lowly child, who had died loving God, help heaven's voices to "rejoice" over its own last work on earth, as the kneeling sinner sought his will.

IV.

As the evening of that marvellous day softly closed its shadows around the world, Mrs. James, sitting near the pillow of the beautiful dead, told to Mr. Lawton and Paul, brought there by this good friend's kind thought, the following story:

"As I learned to-day, from the voice of an angel, just ready for its celestial life, how to place my woful story in God's hands, it is easy for me now to give you a view of its resting there, its aspect is so changed to me. I tell it to you, Mr. Lawton, because such trust is due to you, and because I meditated wronging you by flight from your house to-night. I tell it to my boy, that all which appeared questionable in his mother's conduct may be explained, and that he may see how different are the workings of God's grace from the promptings of human emotion. I hope the lesson may sink into his heart, ennobling his whole future, and from the miracle wrought in me by this little dead saint's love

for his God, I hope he will learn that even the slightest act done for him, is nobler than any achievement of earth's heroism!

"I belonged to a family of the refugees from France, who fled to Great Britain in the Reign of Terror, and, before that unhappy period, it ranked amongst the noblest in our native land. My parents died when I was quite a child, and I was adopted by Lady B——, who had always distinguished herself by her kindness to the victims of the civil war, and especially to our family, whom she knew in Paris in happier days. She was a widow, the widow of a representative of one of the noblest families in Great Britain, and had but one child, a daughter about my own age. We grew up together, received the same education and the same advantages. We loved each other like sisters, and no power on earth could have made me injure her, as I afterwards unwittingly did. She was beautiful, and gentle, and loving to a fault. And yet, through love, her heart was wounded almost 'unto death!'"

Here she stopped for a moment, and the first change which had yet touched the inexpressibly sweet calm her face had worn since the victory of the morning, swept over it in a tender shadow of regret, and vanished in a swift upward look of her dewy eyes.

"Mamma," whispered Paul, "does it hurt you to tell the rest?"

"For if it does, ma'am," put in the other listener, "Paul and me can take your word for it. You were wronged by some scoundrel, and we can just bring you home, and circumvent that there scoundrel, if it happens he's a-lookin' for you just now!"

At both utterances of the word "scoundrel," she winced; a proud look came struggling to her eyes, but was not allowed egress.

"Don't, Mr. Lawton," she almost besought; "don't! That is a

hard name, for what I—worshipped once! Let me go on with my story. In the absence of a direct heir to the title of the late Lord B——, the nearest male heir existed in the person of James Willoughby, a young man, who gave promise of becoming distinguished in the future by his talents, as well as his high rank. It was a favorite project of Lady B——, that Ethel, her daughter, should become his wife, thereby keeping up that direct succession in the family so much prized by the English nobility. When his course at college was over, he was brought to stay at her country-house, *en famille*, and thus was afforded an opportunity of seeing the beautiful Ethel, from that point of view in which she appeared to the best advantage, under the shelter of home's genial influence. She was not one to shine in society; even her beauty was of the modest kind which shows most away from dazzling scenes, and unaided by elaborate dresses; and her mind, though of the finest order, was too retiring to display its treasures to crowds. So the world never recognized her gifts; they were too genuine in their worth to meet the views of a judge who dealt in tinsel alone. James Willoughby came—I well remember our girlish estimate of him—handsome, winning in manner, and thoroughly educated; of splendid presence, and dressed in that faultless taste, which rejects display while it compels admiring notice. He was soon decided a hero by both, and too soon, without either knowing the other's secret, both loved him. That our hearts were so easily captivated, may have been partly the result of the fact that we had not mingled much in society, and knew but little of men. Lady B—— had concealed from us her wishes regarding Ethel, desiring it to be an affair of the heart, and of her own free will, but explained them to him from the beginning. He evidently sought to carry them out, paying to her all

those particular attentions a lover pays; and no one could have been more surprised than I, when, one morning, he made a declaration of love to me, and asking me to be his wife. Always naturally reticent, I did not reveal to him the state of my feelings, till I had asked and obtained from him what appeared then a satisfactory explanation of his conduct towards Ethel. It was to the effect, that he had merely been trying to follow out Lady B——'s wishes, of which I, for the first time then, became aware; that he knew Ethel did not love him, and that, as the time approached when he must ask her to be his wife, life grew positively hateful to him. He would explain to Lady B——. She was too reasonable to sacrifice her daughter and him to a mere whim; and the world knew, that, next to Ethel, she loved me better than any one on earth; and next to her would she have chosen me for the bearer of the proud title about which she was so jealous. Alas, alas, I became Lady B——!"

"Extraordinary!" This was entirely involuntary. Lady B——, a titled personage, governess to the child of the ex-crossing-sweeper! Nothing but that all-powerful polysyllable could have relieved Luke Lawton from the dreadful weight of the thought. And he had dared to try to be kind to this noble lady!

"I beg your pardon, ma'am—Lady ——!"

"For what, Mr. Lawton? I am sure the interruption was quite natural. It *was* extraordinary, that I should marry thus!"

"Not that, ma'am—not that. I think we all marry queer, more or less, and find out afterwards it ain't just all 'our fancy painted it.' But"—in his earnestness he stood up, and his burly figure, for the moment, assumed the attitude of a very humble and, at the same time, almost reverential petitioner—"I beg your pardon for any ways I may have

treated you, since you came to my house, as if—as if—well, as if you wasn't nobody particular!"

"And I," said she, with that charming air of courtesy and dignity combined, so queenly in its aspect, "*thank you*, Mr. Lawton, for the chivalric respect and unobtrusive kindness, with which you always treated your daughter's governess, and which was fit for the acceptance of royalty itself!"

"Extraordinary, ma'am! Excuse me, but your kind ain't the kind they're took to be, at all, if you're a sample."

"Do not mind my rank, Mr. Lawton. I should be sorry to think it should change your conduct to me in the least. I will resume my story now. I said I became Lady B——. In becoming so, I thought my lover sacrificed such portion of the property as formed Ethel's private allowance, to take me dowerless; and I thought she owned no more tender interest in him than that of near kinship. Lady B—— took the matter as kindly as could be expected under the circumstances, and, for awhile, I was happy with a happiness entirely unalloyed. In high position, courted and lauded by the world abroad, adoring my husband, and living for him, at home, I gave myself up to this life and its pleasures, thinking little of that beyond. I had been brought up in the Catholic religion, to be sure, as being that of my parents; but my husband and all connected with him were Protestants, and among them I lived as they did, not, indeed, influenced so much by the power of their creed as by the pomps of the world. But when my trial came, I paid bitterly for this.

"It began when Ethel drooped and pined away, with no apparent disease to take the life so dear to us all. Before she died, she told me how she loved my husband, and how life was nothing to her without him. And I alone knew she died of a broken heart, not consumption, as

ors termed it, for want of a me. Too late, I found out a heroism of generosity superhuman, she concealed that he had declared a love equal to her own, and then stably left her to marry me. did not even confide to her and the manner in which I ed it was very strange. She ttle locket, and, drawing it day, she begged me to see ould be buried with her. death, I clasped it round with my own hands,—and a the funeral was over, the nt, whose task it was to re- the room where Ethel had leath, brought it to me, e found it on the floor. I ly account for this, by sup- at, in lifting her from the the coffin, the clasp must n snapped in some way, or my nervous fingers, unac- to touching the dead, did e it properly, and the locket

I opened it, and, through , saw a perfect likeness of und. I put it away, regret- her last wishes had been so , but did not find out its years.

not been very long married, if the only circumstance ould cast a cloud upon our is to vanish, in order to perfectly happy, I was de- iress to the large estate of a whom I had never seen. The l was dowerless, which I had roudly resented, could now r trouble me. I placed the my husband's disposal im- , glad that it should be an of love; and knowing too business to view it in any ect. He accepted, with the erson to whom its acquisi- nothing for himself, but who ndescend to be its steward

: this, some happy years nly marked by Lady B—'s

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death, and the fact that my husband, becoming absorbed in public life and becoming, also, one of the most distinguished politicians of the day, withdrew himself more and more from home and its influences; became more and more silent and grave in his demeanor; was proud of me, and of our boy, the only child vouchsafed to us, but never tender. This, however, I ascribed to his outside life, and never once thought of ascribing to want of love. But a crisis came, when all the secrets of the past entered into my possession, and I could then find no stay for my grief,—I, who had leaned on the world for my staff of life!

"It was a terrible revelation, and yet it came about very simply. Holding poor Ethel's locket in my hand, one day, as I was arranging a jewel-case where I kept it, I happened to drop it on the floor. It was broken in several pieces, and a folded paper lay revealed in a secret compartment thus exposed. I picked it up reverently, and with that kind of aching longing for some revelation from the beloved dead, which comes over us, if we see writing of theirs, even though we must know it was written before death, I opened it to read. Of course, I expected merely to see some loving inscription for the locket. Instead, I read, in writing I knew but too well, and signed with my husband's name—evidently the ending of a letter, and torn off it, to be preserved by the heart that prized it so:

"For the rest, my dearest, you have my heart's best love; the devotion of a lifetime, all yours alone, shall be offered gladly to prove it."

"And underneath his signature, in her trembling hand, was traced:

"Stay with me always, O sweet words, now silent. Lie speaking on my heart, when it is dead, for, even in death, you shall not be parted from me."

"I will not pretend to tell of my

outraged feelings when I read this, for it would be impossible. I will only tell you what I did. First, I went to my husband, my heart full of rage and bitterness. I upbraided and denounced him, pouring out all the rancor of my wounded pride, and all the terrible passion of my disappointed love, upon his startled ears. He did not flinch; he bore it all with a silence that maddened me, and when I had exhausted it, he said: 'I deserve all you have said, Lady B——.'

"Do not call me by that hated title!" I interrupted; "it is no longer mine."

"That is the mistake of passion," he replied, his calm unchanged. "I had hoped all precautions had been taken to prevent this revelation being made to you. As fate has thwarted them, the best thing I can do is to explain. You are born of a noble family yourself, and you have been brought up in one; you, therefore, will understand the necessity for such sacrifices, occasionally, and when you have heard my motives for what I did, will see that your position requires you to give up personal feelings, as regards the past!"

"Never!" I cried; "the thing with which you desecrate the name of sacrifice, will only be despised by me!"

"Wait awhile till I have explained," he said, still unmoved. "When I was a very young man, I had the misfortune, let us call it, to fall into the ways that very young men of fashion do. I consequently became involved in debt to a degree that would have swallowed up Ethel's portion and mine too. Lady B—— did not know this when she proposed our marriage, and afterwards becoming aware of it, peremptorily forbade my continuing my attentions to her; I urged the fact that I had reason to believe she loved me, and met the reply that, even in that case, she was too properly trained not to know her duty. A college friend of

mine, about this time, revealed to me the fact, that, by the will of your relative, you would become an heiress to a considerable amount, only, however, to be paid over to you after your marriage to one of your own free choice."

"What dishonor!" I cried; "how did he become possessed of such information?"

"In the practice of his profession, the law, Lady B——, and he told it to me, because he was actuated by a desire to recover some heavy debts I owed him. The last clause of the will was to prevent adventurers from seeking your hand for money."

"Infamous!" I actually writhed now under his cool demeanor.

"Picture to yourself the situation—the heir to a title requiring money to support its position, and plunged into debt beyond its means of rescue; rejected by Lady B——, and reduced to the alternative of sacrificing a career of fame and the opportunity of redeeming the past, or, on the other hand, marrying the woman I loved, against the express command of her mother, and thereby dooming her to a life of titled poverty. A man in my position is bound to sacrifice his heart, since, not alone are his own interests involved in the alliance he may choose, but the interests of his country and his posterity."

"And," I put in passionately, "to sacrifice, too, the hearts of such women as my noble and wronged Ethel! Oh! the sophistry of self-love's code of honor, which makes of such as she a victim, and such as I a tool!"

"In this interview, Valerie," he resumed, his detested calm preserved still untouched, "it would be wiser to eschew the passion, which I know to be entirely foreign to your nature, for cool reasoning alone can prevent any ill-consequences from the untoward revelation of the past, which you have unfortunately discovered. I married you, knowing I could make

happy, knowing of your prospective fortune, 'tis true; but giving an exchange, one of the proudest of the proudest nation in the

I determined to be to you a husband; I think I have been to a better one, striving thus to fulfil a duty of justice in your regard, I had been of the passionately style, who make you as mis- by exacting worship from you, indignant by jealousy, as they possibly make you happy by

And Ethel?" said I, with bit- sarcasm, 'what was your con- cealing-soothing theory regarding

how the calm so maddening to me disturbed at last. He stood up from his chair, and paced the floor, waving his hands, and with a sorrowful words could have expressed, I saw on his face.

Oh! you have nothing to say, I cried, with triumphant

Nothing!' was his sole answer. Well, I went on, unsparingly; sophisms avail no more than the truth. I had been your explanation case, too. I insist on putting an end to the detested union, by which I have been made the dupe of ambition and the passive instrument of your service to "posterity" of your country!"

He stopped in his agitated walk, and confronted me.

'Zalerie,' he exclaimed, in a tone of supreme determination, 'can never be! Sooner than dishonour should come upon the name I have braved every- where to keep unstained, before the

Yes, and only *before* it,' I in- sisted, furiously.

Even so, sooner than this; the day you have manifested to-day, is sufficient to suggest whole- some confinement, where reflection will bring reason, and, for the rest, for myself, the word of Lord

B—— will accomplish all. But do not compel this treatment; let the past rest; be, for the future, as you have been so far, my honored wife. Simply, give me your word, that you will seek no separation, and I will forget all!

"'Never!' I cried, beside myself with rage, 'for I can never forget one phase of your perfidy!'

"'Be it so, then,' he said; 'you compel me to it.'

"Before I could be aware of his design, he locked the door, and I was a prisoner in my own house!

"Every day, after that, he came and made me the same promises on the same condition. He even condescended to implore that I should relent. But I was immovable. I forgot what I have been re-taught to-day, that matrimony is a sacrament, and that, in leaving my husband, I would break the laws of God as well as man.

"Two months were passed thus, and then I escaped, through the aid of an old servant, with whom I communicated by means of my boy. This story may seem a strange one to repeat before such a child, but my passion made me represent his father to him as so much a greater criminal than he really was, that I think it but small atonement now, to tell him the true state of the case. Even, during my imprisonment, I must admit that he did all in his power to atone for the past, and it was only my absolute rejection of all his offers that made the imprisonment necessary at all. I sold my jewels through the servant I have just mentioned, and thus obtained passage-money for myself and Paul. I hoped to bury myself from English knowledge, in the vastness of this country, and the obscurity of a hireling's lot. I knew advertisements would pursue us here, and separated myself from Paul for the present, lest the description of him should aid in tracing me. I took the papers that so excited your curiosity, Mr. Lawton, that I might find out immediately the manner of advertise-

ments with which I was to cope, and take new precautions to meet them. This morning I destroyed all traces of Lady B——, on seeing what I am aware you saw also in all the morning dailies, and, to show you how low one acting under the impulses of human passion alone can fall, I will confess to you, I had made up my mind to leave your house secretly to-night, notwithstanding my previous solemn promise to the contrary. But God placed it in your heart to conduct me here, and the little child's last words showed me the true way to place my sorrow above the touch of earthly feeling. I 'brought it to God,' and he mercifully guided me to the feet of his minister, who has taught me my duty as a Catholic wife."

"Not, not," stuttered Luke Lawton, overpowered by the magnitude of the sacrifice included, "not to go back, of your own free will, without being begged by that there sc—I beg your pardon, ma'am—Lord B—— on his knees, so to do!"

She smiled. "These would have been my sentiments this morning, Mr. Lawton, and it is true, no earthly power could have induced me to comply with this duty. As it is, when this blessed clay," and she kissed tenderly the face, smiling from the flower-decked pillow, "is consigned to its quiet grave, *I will return to my husband.*"

"Oh! mamma! dear mamma! I am so glad!" and Paul threw himself into her arms, to be held tenderly there.

"And I hope the end of it will be, that the Lord will convert that there double-dyed villain," muttered honest Luke, wiping his eyes at the sight, "for it's plain to the reason of an innocent baby, he don't de-

serve any sich extraordinary proceeding as that there ordered by the church. Well, the church always was, and always will be, extraordinary, though the Andes and the Falls of Niagara both pitched into the Mississippi River, as a kind of astonishing put-up job, couldn't come up to the Catholic church!"

"Did you speak to me, Mr. Lawton?"

"No, ma'am. I only wished to remark, I hope Lord B—— 'll be as happy as this extraordinary proceeding ought to make him. That's all!"

V.

It is a well-known fact in the fashionable circles, whereof Miss Belle Lawton is deservedly a bright, particular star, that "this Mrs. James" has lapsed in stylish gossip into "our particular friend, Lady B——, who corresponds regularly with pa, and gives us all the court news."

Across the water, in another fashionable circle of a different order, it is an equally well-known fact, that the beautiful and accomplished Lady B—— astounded the world by publicly professing the Catholic religion, on her return to London, after a temporary absence "caused by severe illness," and, after being persecuted by her noble husband therefor, in true, aristocratic style, had the temerity and evil power combined, to "proselytize" him. Alas! alas! the noble Samson was betrayed by a modern Dalila! Lord B——, pillar of Established Church, and prop of state in person, has "gone over to Rome."

But, in a circle higher still, angels rejoice that below, the now happy wife and mother has succeeded in "bringing" all "to God."

A LENTEN HYMN.

TO THE VIRGIN.

OH Holy Mother, thou hast been
With shafts of sorrow wounded keen ;
Oh Holy Mother, thou hast known
Love's heart-rent shriek, love's anguish moan ;
Then think on me abiding here
A prey to sin, remorse, and fear,
Though bold to dare, too weak to shun—
Oh supplicate for me, thy Son !

Unless thy prayers my hopes sustain
I feel my life is here in vain ;
Temptations ever prove too strong—
I know the right, but do the wrong ;
And learning's lamp but serves to guide
To darker depths of reckless pride.
Then, Mother, ere I'm all undone,
Oh supplicate for me, thy Son !

(IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.)

HYMNUS TEMPORE QUADRAGESIMALI.

AD MARIAM.

Mater Sancta, quos dolores,
Nati saevos ob labores,
Tu sub cruce stans sensisti
Vocem Ejus quum audisti,
Morientem et vidisti !

Per dolores istos tuos,
Per labores diros Suos,
Ne me hic obliviscaris,
Ne me mergi patiaris
Mali fluctus inter maris !

Saxis impiis allabor,
Mox in fluctibus vorabor ;
Cernens sane meliora,
Præfero sed nequiora—
Filium pro me implòra !

Luctans, luctans frustra gemo—
Me miserior est nemo—
Saxum peccati nefandum
Segnis sum ad evitandum,
Promptus autem ad tentandum !

Stellas possum numerare,
 Terræ intima narrare—
 Fax ut istius doctrinæ
 Ad superbæ in fine
 Barathrum ducat ne sine !

Mater ! ne sit vita vana,
 Nec perdar ut gens profana,
 Evitem ut nequiora,
 Semper quaeram meliora,
 Filium pro me implora !

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

TENTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: The progress of the fabrication of the "Church of England by law established," under the guidance of Somerset, the murderer of his brother, puts forth in startling prominence the entire catalogue of iniquity, and removes the slightest trace of Christian virtue and gospel. Hence the surprise of ordinary intelligence that men of sound mind could have ever dreamed about a misty connection between such a nauseous establishment, and the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic Church.

HEYLIN.—"It was a sorry house, and not worth naming, which had not somewhat of this furniture (church) in it, though it were only a cushion made of a cope or altar cloth to adorn their windows, or make their chairs appear to have somewhat in them of a chair of state. Many made carousing cups of the sacred chalices, as one Belchazzar celebrated his drunken feasts in the sanctified vessels of the temple." (Eccles. Restaurat.)

SOUTHEY.—"Horses were watered in the stone and marble coffins of the

dead ; for never before, in any Christian country, had such demolition of churches been made. Three Episcopal houses, two churches, a chapel, a cloister, and a charnel house, were pulled down by Somerset, to clear the site for his palace, and supply materials for it. When the graves were opened, in this and other like works of sacrilegious indecency, the bones were carried away by cart-loads, and buried in Bloomsbury. The good feelings of the country were shocked at such sights ; and when he, in like manner, would have pulled down St. Margaret's Church, the parishioners rose and drove away the workmen." (Book of the Church.)

COLLIER.—"The lord protector thought there was no necessity of having two cathedrals so near one another as those of London and Westminster. He fancied the dissolution of the latter, as being lately founded, would be less regretted. Now, the revenues and buildings of Westminster were vast and magnificent. The dissolution gave a tempting prospect to the protector. This

nobleman, it seems, had a prospect of building a palace with the materials of the abbey. Benson, the first dean of the church, was glad to compound to preserve the society. To this purpose, a lease of seventeen manors in Glostershire for ninety-nine years was made to Seymour, the protector's brother. And to secure their interest farther, another present of almost as many manors and farms was passed, in a lease of the same length, to Sir John Mason for the protector's use." (Eccl. Hist.)

SOUTHEY. — "Who can call to mind, without grief and indignation, how many magnificent edifices were overthrown in this undistinguished havoc? Malmsbury, Battle, Waltham, Malvern, Lautony, Rivaux, Fountains, Whalley, Kirkstall, and so many others, the noblest works of architecture, and the most venerable monuments of antiquity, each a blessing to the surrounding country, and, collectively, the glory of the land! Glastonbury, which was the most venerable of all, even less for its undoubted age than for the circumstances connected with its history, and which in beauty and sublimity of structure was equalled by few, surpassed by none, was converted by Somerset, after it had been stripped and dilapidated, into a manufactory, where refugee weavers, chiefly French and Walloons, were to set up trade! One of the Popes, at King Edgar's desire, had taken this monastery into the protection of the holy apostles, and denounced a perpetual curse upon any one who should usurp, diminish, or injure its possessions. The good old historian, William of Malmsbury, when he recorded this, observed, that the denunciation had always, till his time, been manifestly fulfilled, seeing no person had ever thus trespassed against it, without coming to disgrace by the judgment of God. By Protestants as well as Catholics, the abbey lands were believed to carry with them the curse

which their donors imprecated upon all who should divert them from the purpose whereunto they were first consecrated; and in no instance was this opinion more accredited than in that of the Protector Somerset (who died on the scaffold). The persons, into whose hands the abbey lands had passed, used their new property as ill as they had acquired it. The tenants were compelled to surrender their writings, by which they held estates, for two or three lives at an easy rent, payable chiefly in produce; the rents were trebled and quadrupled, and the fines raised even in more enormous proportions, sometimes even twenty-fold. Nothing of the considerate superintendence which the monks had exercised, nothing of their liberal hospitality, was experienced from these *step-lords*, as Latimer denominated them. The same spirit which converted Glastonbury into a woollen manufactory, depopulated whole domains for the purpose of converting them into sheep farms; the tenants being turned out to beg, or rob, or starve. To such an extent was this inhuman system carried, that a manifest decrease of population appeared in the muster-books, which, in those ages, answered the purpose of a census. Such oppressions drove men to despair, and produced insurrections, which, by those who looked far off for causes that were close at hand, were imputed to the sun in Cancer, and the midsummer moon. The first rising was in Devonshire. It broke out in a village, on the day when the new liturgy was first to have been used; a tailor and a common laborer declared, for the parishioners, that they would keep the old religion as their forefathers had done. . . . The peasantry had been iniquitously oppressed, discontent prevailed over the whole country, and the reformation was odious to the great body of the people, both from their religious persuasions, and from a belief that it was the cause of all the evils to

which it had afforded occasion." (Book of the Church.)

COLLIER.—"The Oxford historian laments the mismanagement of some of the reformed divines of that university; that they went the last lengths of indiscretion and scandal; that both in their sermons and at disputations, they treated the holy mysteries in a very unbecoming manner; and thus the common people were encouraged to make a jest of the most solemn part of religion." (Eccles. Hist.)

BURNET.—"A bill was put into Parliament for ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Great complaints were made of the abounding vices and immoralities, which the clergy could neither restrain nor punish. . . . The temporal lords were so jealous of putting power in churchmen's hands, especially to correct those vices of which themselves were most guilty, that the bill was laid aside." (Eccles. Hist.)

COLLIER.—"This made Latimer press for the restitution of ancient discipline, in his sermon before the king. The English, says he, are infamous for uncleanness, beyond any other part of the world. Besides, they glory in their shame, and make a diversion of being wicked. Universal complaint was made of the sacrilegious invasions of the laity; that they seized and plundered the best preferments, gave two or three benefices to their stewards and huntsmen, but with a reservation of the profits to themselves. Thus they put such vicars that were not best qualified, but such as would engage upon the lowest terms, and afford the best bargain. The universities, which were to furnish the Church with proper guides, had no small number of students either erroneous in their belief or licentious in their practice. As to the service of the Church, it was performed in such a cold, lame, and unintelligible manner, that the people were little better edified than if the office were said in the Phenician or Indian language. Neither bap-

tism nor marriage were celebrated with that gravity the business required. That people are promiscuously admitted to the privileges of communion, without any proof of being qualified either in faith or manners. That they appear empty before the Lord, and take little care of the poor at their religious assemblies. That the churches are made places of commerce and diversion. Thus the fear of God, and the notion of religion, make a very faint impression; and hence it is that lying, cheating, theft, perjury, and uncleanness are so much the complaint of the times." (Hist.)

BURNET.—"Indeed, the sins of England did at this time call down from heaven heavy curses on the land. They are sadly expressed in a discourse that Ridley writ, under the title of the Lamentation of England; he says, 'Lechery, oppression, pride, covetousness, and a hatred and scorn of religion, were generally spread among all people; chiefly those of the higher rank.'"—(Hist. Refor.)

COLLIER.—"Ridley made a visitation about June (1550). The main business of this visitation was the taking down *altars* and putting *tables* in their room. The leading motive in this alteration, as Heylin conceives, was the giving in, in some measure, to the sentiments of Calvin and those of the Zuinglian persuasion. Some of these foreigners, it seems, made it their business to bring the English establishment to the model of Geneva and Switzerland. For this purpose, Hooper, who had no regard for antiquity, took occasion, in his court sermon, to suggest that 'government would do well to turn the *altars* into *tables*, that by this expedient the people would be cured of a false persuasion of the performing sacrifices.' The discourse was well received by some great courtiers, who practiced upon the hint, and, as it is to be feared, not altogether upon religious considerations. That inter-

est had the ascendant, seems not improbable, by the inquiry made some time after, what jewels, gold and silver plate, hangings and other rich ornaments and furniture, belonged to cathedral or parochial churches; with orders to leave only a very slender remainder. This alteration being resolved, a letter in the king's name was directed to Ridley, subscribed by the Duke of Somerset, Cranmer, etc. Ridley complied with the order; and afterwards, when there happened a contest about the Lord's *board*; that is, whether it was to be made upon the resemblance of an *altar* or like a *table*, he declared for the latter figure, and gave a precedent of it in St. Paul's Cathedral; where he ordered the wall standing on the back of the altar to be broken down. However, it seems this change did not make its way through all the kingdom, until the first liturgy (*which had been composed by 'the special aid of the Holy Ghost!'*) was set aside by act of Parliament. The first liturgy where, by the rubric, the priest is ordered to stand before the middle of the 'altar,' whereas, by the second liturgy, the priest being appointed to stand by the north side of the 'table,' put an end to the dispute." (Eccles. Hist.)

SIR JOHN HAYWARD.—"The king had two uncles, brothers to Queen Jane, his deceased mother, Edward, Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, and Thomas, Lord Seymour, Baron of Sudley, Lord High Admiral of England. Both were highly esteemed by the king; both fortunate in their advancements; both ruined alike by their own vanity and folly." (Somerset's wife, seeing her husband the first person next to the king, thought she ought to share the same pre-eminence in her sex, and take the place of the Queen Dowager, who had married the Admiral.) "The Duke, embracing his wife's council, yielded himself both to her advice and device for the destruction of his brother. Hereupon Lord Sudley (the

Admiral) was arrested, and sent to the Tower; and a very short time after condemned by act of Parliament; and within a few days after his condemnation, a warrant was sent under the hand of his brother, to the Duke, whereby his head was delivered to the axe." (Life of Edward.)

COLLIER.—"Notwithstanding the advances (*in destruction*) made in the English churches as to other matters, there was yet no system of doctrine formed for the standard of communion. It is true, something of this kind might be selected from the Homilies and Common Prayer-Book. But this did not discover the church sense in many important points, nor reach to all the controversies then on foot. The turning the altars into tables, abated the people's regard for the Holy Sacrament, and had no good effect on their devotion. While the altars continued, there was no occasion to prescribe to the people the posture for receiving. They kneeled, of course, and as they wanted no direction; so neither was there any appointment in the rubric touching the matter. But now John Alasco's congregation sitting, and the figure of the table having a less air of solemnity, made it necessary to set them a rule. But much greater alterations than this were now coming forward. The Common Prayer-Book was to be revised; Calvin, Bucer, and Peter Martyr, by making exceptions against the service established, had their share in bringing on this change. Calvin, who thought himself wiser than the ancient Church, and fit to dictate religion to all the countries in Christendom, had taken no small pains in this matter. Something of this kind has been *observed* already in his letter to the *Protector*. In another of his letters to Cranmer, he speaks disgracefully of the English reformation. 'That there was so much popery and intolerable stuff still remaining, that the pure worship of God was not only weakened,

but in a manner stifled and overlaid with it.' Heylin cites another of Calvin's letters to the king, in which he acquaints his highness, that a great many things were still out of order in England, and stood in need of reformation. Bucer was a strong second to Calvin. Peter Martyr agreed to Bucer's amendments, as appears by his letter, in which there are some remarkable passages. For this purpose, 'He gives God thanks for making himself and Bucer instrumental in putting the bishops in mind of the exceptionable places in the Common Prayer. That Cranmer had told him they had met about this business, and concluded on a great many alterations. But that which pleases me not a little, Sir John Cheek acquaints me, that if the bishops refuse to consent to the altering what is necessary, the king resolved to do it himself and recommend that affair at the next session of Parliament. To proceed, the Common Prayer-Book was brought to a review, and altered to the same form in which it stands at present, some little variation, etc., excepted.'" (Eccles. Hist.) (It is little to be wondered at, that he who thirsted for his brother's blood, should find others to thirst after his. Hayward.)

SALMON.—"The Duke of Somerset was committed to the Tower, and brought to trial before the Peers, being indicted for high treason in conspiring to seize the person of the king, etc., and with felony in conspiring to imprison the Duke of Northumberland, and two other lords who were privy counsellors. A warrant being at length obtained for the execution of the Duke, on the 22d of January, 1552, he was brought to the scaffold on Tower Hill, where he made a speech to the people, and gave God thanks for the share he had in bringing about a reformation." (In pulling down, I suppose, so many churches, to furnish materials for his palace, and staining

himself with every iniquity, even the murder of his brother, to gratify the spite of his wicked wife.)

COLLIER.—"Notwithstanding the pretentious progress for retrieving the ancient belief, the people were little mended in their manners. We find the immorality of the times loudly complained of by Bacon, one of Cranmer's chaplains. To mention something of his remonstrance: 'What strange contradictions,' says he, 'is there between the life and practice of Christians! They profess that they know God, but in works they deny him, being abominable and disobedient, and unto every good work reprobate. How lamentably are we overrun with hypocritical and sensual gospellers! Men who have their tongues tipt with Scripture expressions, can dispute very copiously for justification by faith, talk with great assurance of forgiveness by the blood of Christ, and boast of their being entered upon the list of the predestinated to glory; but then how wretchedly wide do they live of the rule they pretend to! How are they bloated, and almost poisoned with pride! Envy, malice, and revenge, are pushed to the utmost excesses in these people; they are licentious to the last degree, and deny their appetites in no instance of scandalous pleasure. Their avarice is without measure or shame; they never think they have multiplied their lordships far enough, mounted their revenues to the pitch of their merit, or swelled their fortunes to a sufficient bulk. Indeed, if we read them by their actions, we would almost think they had a mind to show themselves *heathens*, and had made it their business to live counter to their duty. As for distributions of charity, prayers, fasting, and other exercises of true religion, these counterfeit gospellers won't trouble themselves with anything of the kind. All their religion lies in language and dispute; but as for virtue and real effects, they are altogether barren and unfurnished.'"

RAELI.—“Our English Bibles, in the year 1660, were suffered to be corrupted, that no books ever armed with such innumerable errors. These errors, unquestionably, were in great part voluntary additions, passages interpolated, and sometimes forged for certain purposes to sanction a new sect, and men with an intention to destroy Scriptural authority by a total or an omission of texts; the way was left open to the option or malignity of the editors, who, like certain ingenious wine-drinkers, contrived to accommodate the waters of life to their master's peculiar taste. They had a project of printing Bibles as usual, and in form as contracted as possibly could, for the common people; and they proceeded nearly ended with having not done at all; and as Fuller, in his *Contemplations of Better Times* observes: ‘The small price of the Bible hath caused the small value of the Bible.’” (*Curiosities of Literature*.)

RAELI.—“The reformation was carried intemperately carried on. The visitors were so fond of novelty, that they ridiculed the high degrees and discouraged exercises. They called the universities a seat of blockheads, and the ruins of the wall—re of Babylon; the schools had commonly no name than the devil's chapel; and after having marked this society in an opprobrious manner, it ordered they left them nothing. We need not be surprised at visitors breaking open the treasury, and making seizure of money, plate, and jewels. But many records relating to the privileges of the University were destroyed, and little with respect to the improvement, to ornament or improvement, to ornament; treasure, left remaining. . . . Now in this reign had great mansions of wealth; the chantry

lands, colleges, free chapels, etc., amounted to a great revenue; to which we may add the seizing of a great many manors belonging to cathedrals and bishoprics. Besides this, the lands of several halls and companies in London were charged with reserved rents, etc. But notwithstanding all these extraordinary provisions for the Exchequer, the royal revenues were considerably lessened, and the government was in debt to the value of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Here it is plain, how untowardly the treasury was managed, and how far the courtiers served themselves of the king's minority. The king's fortune thriving thus ill, under such opportunities of improvement, it was thought fit to retrench the expenses of the court, and put down some of the tables, etc. But all this, though it carried a popular face, gave little relief, and fell short of the present exigencies. There was, therefore, a more serviceable expedient suggested. The council had been informed, that a great deal of the plate and furniture in churches had been lately carried off without warrant; that secular men's houses were furnished with altar pieces and copes; that they drank in chalices in their entertainments, turned the consecrated plate to common use, and made a figure out of the plunder of churches. Now, to stop this invasion, and throw the remainder into the public channel, commissions were issued out to persons of condition in every county; that these commissions were executed to the length of their instructions, there is no reason to question. The king's commissioners for gathering ecclesiastical goods held their session at Westminster, called the dean and chapter before them, and ordered them to bring in a true inventory of all the plate, cups, vestments, and other goods which belonged to their church. The piety of former ages, the solemnities of coronations, the funerals of princes

and noblemen, had ornamented this church with plate and religious decorations, and furnished it with officiating habits, to an immense value. But there was nobody so hardy as to lock the church doors, to conceal the treasure, and address the council. No, the order was obeyed, the holy furniture delivered, and a very slender portion of it returned for divine service. This Westminster precedent was followed at St. Paul's, and throughout the kingdom. The commissioners' business was to make seizure of all goods in cathedral or

parish churches, and thus all jewels and gold, all silver crosses, candlesticks, chalices, and ready money, were within their instructions. They were likewise empowered to carry off all copes of gold or silver tissue, and all other officiating habits or ornamental furniture of value. They were bound to leave no more than one chalice for the communion service; and as for other conveniences and embellishments, they were entirely left at the commissioners' discretion." (Eccles. Hist.)

A CHAPTER ON ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE.

THE subject of this chapter is one, no doubt, upon which already much has been written; and treating of it in its religious aspect, we presume to instruct neither the architect nor the scholar. However, without being instructive to the few, we may be interesting to the many, if we can only succeed in putting before them in a popular way some of the truths and ideas so often established and repeated by *masters* whose province it was to write on this matter in a purely scientific manner.

We believe, too, what a *certain professor* has written of classical literature in every language, applies to the classical works of architecture in every age. Of the one the professor says: "The classics of every language are those books which every one feels bound to talk about, but that so very few feel disposed to read." Of the other we might add, that they are those monuments of civilization which every one feels bound to admire and talk about, but of which few can tell in what their merits consist, or to what recognized order they belong. A chapter only,

on a subject so varied in outline, so minute in detail, cannot go much into particulars. The object is to give in a general way an account of the origin, progress, and development of artistic taste in church building—to give an outline by which to distinguish some features of the principal orders—the Roman, the Byzantine, the Gothic—under which scientific usage groups most of the productions of church architecture. In this and other countries, of course, there are churches belonging to no particular style, but are as it were the impromptu expression of the founder's or the builder's ideas. Such the reader cannot expect to be able to classify after finishing the chapter.

From the first it seems to have been man's ambition to raise monuments to his religious feelings, as well as to his domestic requirements and his fame. Wounded in his created perfection by the original fault, he retained ambition enough to aspire to the sublime and beautiful in art. To be able to realize the useful, the true, and the beautiful, time was

necessary to gather ideas and develop them; but developed they have been, and the works of man's hand testify to his capabilities. Counting years by the thousand before the Christian era—even in those far-off times—we find monuments of art accounted in the latter days among the wonders of the world. The Egyptian pyramids, the Hindoo temples, the Chinese oratories, the Celtic towers, speak in silent wonder to our age of how much had been conceived, how much executed, before the light of science or faith fully dawned upon the world. But though such progress had been made in this art, at so early an age, the acme of man's success awaited revelation to give outward and abiding expression to his Godlike impulses. Ancient temples may have been built in accordance with the heroic grandeur of an Eastern imagination. To them the Magi, the Brachman, or the Druid may have gone up to pray, but they symbolized little in plan or particular except what was of earth, earthy. To Faith and the Church was reserved the duty of spiritualizing the taste, and raising to heaven the soul with its aspirations. In the beginning, Catholicity had not such churches to glory in as sprung up afterwards in every land where the Cross had been planted. The commission given by him, who gathered together the twelve fishermen of the Galilean lake, was not to be executed at once. The last shadow of its ancient dignity was not to flit away in an instant, and expose the grossness of ancient superstitions. The mountain was to be gradually divested of its mystery, and the temple to exhaust its sanctity, and the synagogue buried with honor, before religion inspired art, and faith breathed an immortal spirit into stone, to be afterwards wrought into edifices called churches.

As the revealed truth was to contradict and consume the errors of paganism, the early Christians, acting up to their beliefs, would admit

into the style of their churches no peculiarity or association in common with the Jewish or heathen temples. After emerging from the catacombs they called their first churches Basilicas. They were mostly the episcopal or royal churches of the West, and in most respects of dignity corresponded with our modern cathedrals. The name Basilicæ, they took from the Roman courts of justice of that title. These civil edifices were built in the form of a parallelogram, surrounded by a colonnade, sometimes open, and at others covered at the top. They were principally used for the administration of justice, though oftentimes other public business was transacted in them. They corresponded, in fact, with our own houses of exchange. After the plan of these buildings, as we have remarked, the earliest of our churches were built. In outline or detail the religious and civil Basilica differed little, if any. The portion of the Christian church railed off for the sanctuary and altar, and called the chancel, coincided with that part of the civil court occupied by the judge's chair and throne, whilst two rows of pillars, which ran parallel through the centre of the building, suggested the idea of a nave with side aisles. Though exteriorly the early Christian churches might not be as imposing or grand as those of after times, still the interior was richly decorated; the walls were ornamented with paintings of the most expensive stamp, with mosaics, and with the choicest and most ancient marble pillars. St. Agnes's Church at Rome is said to be the best example of the old Basilica. Gradually, as time wore on, persecution ceased, the faith found a holier sanctuary in the hearts of men, and the church was growing in extent as in security, a more definite church architecture arose. Religion then would fain symbolize its meaning, and the cruciform plan, so appropriate, was adopted in the Eastern and Western

churches. From the old Basilica the transition was easy: for it had entrances at the sides, and by arching over those entrances, and throwing out wings to the left and right, the cruciform idea was at once realized. As we said, this was the first step on the way to ecclesiastical perfection in its architecture. As the Cross was the one emblem to which all believers turned with a common devotion, it was peculiar to none of the great orders of the art in any age or in any church.

Upon it, as the ground plan, might be reared the Italian or the Grecian Church, the Byzantine as well as the Romanesque, or the Gothic. In the churches of the West, however, the Italian cross was adopted, whilst in the East and Constantinople, the Grecian cross characterized the edifices of that country. As in plan, so in other details, did the churches differ. In the churches of the West, a square tower or belfry, afterwards developed into the steeple, arose from the points of intersection of the houses, whilst a dome or cupola capped the same points throughout the churches of the East. The dome or cupola was peculiar to the Eastern countries, and is to the present day a recognized feature in the style called the Byzantine, as it was at Byzantium, or Constantinople, the capital of the East, it was first introduced.

When the seat of empire was transferred from Rome to Constantinople in the year 329, the Romanesque style was introduced for the first time, combining traits of the Italian and Byzantine architecture. The characteristics of this order were the round Roman arch—the massive walls, in which were inserted small and simple windows, the doorways deeply ornamented in zigzag mouldings, and semicircular arches, the number of arches which spanned the interior, or rose to domes or arched buttresses through the church. In the Romanesque churches the nave terminated in a semicircular choir around

and behind the principal altar; and when such is the arrangement, instead of the chancel, the space so inclosed was called the apse. The new cathedral just completed at Thurles, according to the superior taste of His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, of Cashel, comprises more of the Romanesque features than we remember to have seen in any other church. Of this style, the Roman and Grecian, the Saxon and Norman, were different modifications, and therefore belong to the Romanesque order.

The great style called the Gothic or Ogival, was introduced into Great Britain from the central provinces of France. The date of its origin is not so fixed as in the other named orders. From the sixth to the twelfth century it developed itself, and at the latter date it was well defined and adopted as a system. From that time onwards it took its flight during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and the fifteenth, which was the period of its highest perfection, was also towards its close the season of its decline. In the twelfth century it was called in Great Britain the early *English* style; in the next, the *pure* or *decorated*; and in the fifteenth, on account of the perpendicular lines in the tracery of doors and windows, it was named the *perpendicular Gothic*.

The peculiarities of this style at those different periods we cannot enter upon for the present, as it would be beyond our general purpose. From the old Roman or Grecian churches the Gothic differed in many respects. Stability and ornament were sought for in the former by the use of materials massive in size, and bound together in the simplest manner. In the latter, the architect worked his will with the use of very small stones, which a Roman or a Grecian builder would despise, and sought to add strength and beauty, not so much by the pressure of column or lintel, as from a scientific

adjustment of ribs and thrusts of pointed arches, operating in various directions towards the support and symmetry of the entire building. The clustered pillars, the pointed arch, and branching roof, together with a number of spires and pinnacles pointing to heaven in their airy minuteness, are the unmistakable expressions of the Gothic architecture. In Europe the finest specimen of a Gothic church is said to be Notre Dame, in Paris. It combines every variety of Gothic art, on account of the number of years it was assuming its present proportions, from the twelfth to the present century. In turn, the Gothic style gave place for many years to the various forms of architecture in vogue during the period called the Renaissance. This period set in with the sixteenth century, and evidently manifested a tendency towards the revival of classical or pagan architecture. It was the time when novelty captivated the minds of the million. Europe was reeling in the throes of a great revolution, as well in the sciences and arts as in religion. To the modern fanaticism, all the old institutions, social and religious, all the old monuments of art, were a contradiction.

The reformed architect, giving wings to his fancy, flitted past intervening centuries of mediæval architecture, till he lit on those fanes of pagan art, and thence brought back to a servile age all that imagination could picture would express the ephemeral nature of its devotion.

The abortive productions of church architecture that arose under the ægis of Protestantism, pointed the moral if they adorned not the name of the Renaissance period. Whatever is not a copy of the early Christian or mediæval church architecture, during the period to which allusion is made, is but the supreme expression of artistic imbecility. "We may copy," says a modern writer, "but we can no longer in-

vent;" and the same thing is true of almost every department of human thought, for we have been running new metals into our castings, artistic and intellectual, but it is the ancients, in most cases, who have furnished the moulds. The decline in art which followed the departure from Gothic taste, has been felt, and again the desire to revive it in all its ancient beauty is at once perceived in the number of Gothic churches and civil structures of various kinds springing up on all sides. The followers of Pelladius in Italy, or of Jones in England, are no longer heeded when calling Gothic art of the middle ages by the name *barbarism*. A true taste assigns it a just appreciation, and it again catches the genius of the Christian architect. The grander vistas obtained in its churches, the spiritualized expression, the variety and the harmony, the logic and the meaning, are all peculiarities of this style, sure to revive it and give it lasting expression throughout the church's land.

And it seems to be the privilege of the Catholic Church alone to perfect and preserve its truth and beauty. Other churches, no doubt, attempt doing so, but they succeed so far as to degrade it, cut it up, and disorganize it in symbol as in expression, with stupid decorations never to accord with pure and simple taste. We are told that all perfection in architecture must grow from utility. Anything got up solely for ornament is false and tawdry. Taste and genius may be displayed in ornamenting a column or a capital, an entablature, an arch, or a window, but when any of these things are put up as an ornament alone, bad taste and incompetency display themselves instead.

The spirit and genius of the Catholic Church to restore Gothic art in her temples have full expression in the number and kind of these edifices within her fold; or, perhaps, the words of the Dominican preacher on the same subject, with which we mean

to conclude, more appropriately and pointedly express the Church's instincts: "Let every arch," he says, "now be pointed; let every pillar spring up as loftily as a spire; let every niche be filled with images of saints and angels; let the high tower be uplifted, upon which swings the bell, consecrated by the blessing of the Church, to fling out on the air

around, which trembles as it receives its message, the notes of man's joy, or of Christian sorrow; and high above the tower let the pointed spire seek the clouds, and rear up to heaven, as near as man can go, the symbol of the Cross." Such is the Church's idea, and such the architecture of which she is mother.

TO A CHILD'S ANGEL GUARDIAN.

"In heaven their angels——"

THOU standest there, the child stands here;
I at his feet, so small and dear,
Worship thee, for thine image lies
Not in a picture, but his eyes.
I touch the child, and thou art near.

Thee, too, from him I can divine;
Far subtler thoughts in him than mine,
Snatches of song that he may sing,
Tears of the petulant little thing,
Translated in the calm of thine!

Thou dost interpret him, though how
To read I know not; read him thou.
Things in the little one that perplex me
With possible pain and wrong, and vex me;
What utter peace enfolds them now!

His hour of childthought hushed and mild,
Intense young laughter shrill and wild,
How sweet must be in thee, and strange!
Into angelic thou didst change
All that is birdlike in the child.

A change and not a change; but rather
These baby mysteries thou dost gather
And dost unfold within the veil
(Where sight and thought of mine must fail)
Turning the child's face to the Father.

THE HISTORY OF A VIOLIN.

AN was standing by an old stall in one of the poorest streets in a large town. Starched yet quiet looks with which he regarded a troop of school-boys were near showed him to be master of the stall, the owner of the valuables which lay around in confusion.

Whether the pitiless wind blows through his gray locks or cuts his face with its piercing gusts, whether the sun shoots down upon his fiery rays, or the rain pours over his scanty clothing, turning the stall into a tiny archipelago, there was to be found.

Among us has not stood beneath a stall looking thoughtfully at the remains of greatness, of science and of art, exposed to view. A dress, which, enveloping a human form, began its course amid melody and music, is to be found here, spotted and surrounded by old medals and cups is a vase of Chinese porcelain in which has survived her decorations, and, cracked and dirty, is of her own beautiful country. On one side is a many-colored fan of ribbons, tassels, and artichokes; and on the other is a Chinese painting, once set with precious stones, of which it has been made by a needy heir.

There is a handsomely-bound book—who knows under what circumstances, by what fair means and with what joyful expectation made use of? There a trumpet, which, could it speak, might have much to tell us; and there a portrait in oils, which, upon us, half-mockingly, half-pityingly; and with these are many things whose forms and uses are lost.

His attention was suddenly arrested

by a man, who, with bent head, stood before the stall. Of his face we could see little, for his felt hat did more than fulfil its duty.

He was dressed in a close-fitting coat of no particular color, with the seams strongly marked, but carefully brushed, and buttoned up to the neck.

His well-worn trousers had once been striped; his shoes were hardly waterproof, for in one the seams had given way, and there was a large gap, which the man endeavored to conceal as much as possible by bringing the heel of the other shoe against it; we must not forget that he wore a pair of black kid gloves, mended and worn it is true, but yet they were kid gloves.

He raised his head, and thus gave us an opportunity for seeing his face. It was difficult to judge of his age. If we guess rightly, he might be about forty, and his face wore an expression of timidity and sadness which was very touching.

The deep wrinkles about his mouth told of sorrow, suffering, and disappointment. He plainly belonged to that unfortunate class of people who are ashamed of their poverty, and, in the shipwreck of their fortunes, cling to the straws presented to them by their own hopes.

Poverty is heart-saddening when, clothed in rags, it stretches forth its hand for an alms; and still more heart-saddening is it when it bears the appearance of a well-to-do citizen drawn helplessly into its abyss.

The man mechanically turned over a heap of books, writings, and papers, whose destiny seemed to be best fulfilled when they were forgotten. Presently he observed a small shabby book; judging by its title, a book of poems. A bitter smile

played around his lips, as, shaking his head, he turned over its pages. But he seemed riveted by its perusal; his eyes were more and more attentively fixed upon it.

"What do you ask for this?" he said to the vendor, who had long had his eyes fixed upon him, and now rushed towards the speaker with a rapidity very similar to that of the spider when she discerns a fly in her net.

"Eightpence, and not one farthing less, sir," was the answer.

The price was evidently too high, for he laid down the book and walked to the other side of the stall. Yet his hand involuntarily moved towards the volume of poems, and the salesman, observing this, resolved that there should be no abatement. After a little bargaining they agreed, and the purchaser produced two silver pieces from a green purse.

"Now," said the salesman, "as you have behaved so handsomely to me, I will do the same. Here is something into the bargain," and, after he had cast a look at the things by which he was surrounded, and saw nothing suitable to his generous promise, he took hold of a large basket which was near, filled with empty bottles, rags, and bits of paper, and, after a little delay, drew forth a broken violin.

Poor violin! how art thou changed! how shrunken are thy strings! and what bad company hast thou fallen into!

The salesman offered it to the stranger, with the words, "Perhaps the gentleman is musical, and," continued he, seeing the other inclined to smile, "if the thing is no longer fit to play upon, it is at least good for firewood." After a slight hesitation, the stranger took the offered gift and departed.

And leaving all the curiosities to be found at the stall, we will follow him. There was something timid and drait in his manner of passing through the busy streets which might

have seemed remarkable. But who bestows a thought upon men of this kind, numerous enough in the streets of every large town?

He had taken his scanty dinner in an eating-house. Before he entered this place, he cast a look around him, and, once again in the street, he glided, as it were, secretly through the crowd. In the meantime, it had become dark; a fine, penetrating rain was falling; lights appeared in the shops and dwelling-houses; people hastened home. Here and there a star dimly sparkled in the heavens, soon to be hidden from sight by the heavy rain-clouds.

The streets were more and more deserted. The pavement became covered with mud as we followed the journalist silently into his dwelling-place. It was poor and simple. The only ornaments were some steel engravings, and the bust of a great painter. But no, over the chimney hung a withered bunch of flowers, tied with a rose-colored ribbon. The colors had faded and the perfume had fled.

He entered shivering, lighted the little lamp, and placed himself before his desk. Before him lay the books he would require. He sets to work; the pen is dipped into the ink, but his labor does not seem to be successful. He lays down the pen and stares vacantly before him. His eyes glide from the engraving to the bust and are finally set on the flowers. There must have been some secret power concealed in them, for he could not remove his eyes from them, and a mist seemed to rise up between him and them; but his thin hand drove it away and, with it, possibly, sweet pictures of former days.

"To-day," he murmured dejectedly. "How singular that I should find that little book exactly to-day, and there." He drew the little volume from his pocket. "My dear little early firstborn, what happy dreams I had with you, and how dearly I

you. Happy time of inspiration and of childlike trust! There recollection attached to every and every verse recalls my hap-outh. What soft melodies do sound in my ear. I now remember clearly where, when, and what circumstances I wrote poem. Yes! I was a poet, a faithful dreamer. What a chasm between that time and the present! why these recollections?" he inquired, after a pause. "All this long passed away; I am sentimental this evening; I am sorry I lost that wretched little book," with a bitter smile he threw it into a corner. "Now to work!" he then resumed his pen with a firm determination to begin his labors, but time is but short; in three weeks a number of the illustrated monthly publication will appear, to the editor of which he has promised a contribution. But the mist again before his eyes, the letters dance and mix with each other in a confused fashion; he rubs his forehead, but the muse is obstinate, and he refuses to obey. He feels he is unable to write to-day, to-morrow, what will the editor then to-morrow he appears with his hands? He goes to the solitary chimney-corner, he blows the glimmering fire, he adds some wood to the grate and places himself upon a rickety chair. He puts his elbows on his knees, and rests his head upon his hands. The wind howled around the house. "It is more comfortable here," he said, as he sat by the cheerful fire, with his eyes resting thank-fully on it. And long did he sit gazing into the brightness, while the autumn wind roared in the chimney, and the flame flickered in its breath. But his stock of words was presently exhausted, and the dreamer waked from his dream to observe that his little store was empty, and that he must pass the rest

of the evening in a cold, fireless room. He looked around, and his eyes fell on the broken violin, which he had entirely forgotten. He looked at it with a kind of sympathy. One string still remained, but it was out of tune; there was a deep crack across the instrument, and three pegs of the handle had been broken off by some mischievous hand. It could not be repaired; it was fit only to throw into the fire, and thus sustain it for a few minutes longer.

The flames soon seized their new prey, and encircling it with their fiery arms, filled the whole room with sharp lights and shadows. The objects in the room assumed fantastic forms, and the owner of it was reflected in giant proportions. The wind roared louder in the chimney, as it sported with the flames; but he heard it not, for his ear was turned in quiet attention towards the hearth, as if he heard a voice proceeding from the flames, at first indistinctly, then clearly; first weak, like a sigh of complaint, then with a loud, clear voice. If you wish to know what this voice said to him, listen!

I have sunk into the lowest possible depths. Stranger, you have pitilessly given me a prey to the flames, but, at the same time, you have put an end to a bitter and aimless existence, and for this I owe you thanks.

I will tell you the history of my life. Sad like your own, it may, perhaps, be worthy of your attention. You will see what I was once, what I might have become, and what I am now.

I was born in Cremona. A great artist called me into existence. How many hours of care and study I cost him I cannot guess; but I remember that, as he fastened on my last string, his eyes beamed with proud inspiration, as holding me up, he exclaimed, "My masterpiece, thou hast a high destiny to fulfil!" And then he placed me quietly on a velvet cushion.

I observed near to me an object which in size and form was exactly like myself. We were sisters; the same hand has formed us both. There we lay both of us, without as yet having any idea of what powers were silent within us. We knew as yet that we were made to entrance and enchant, and through the ear to speak to the heart. Our future was dark and hidden. I cannot recollect the exact time at which an occurrence took place which made an indelible impression on me.

One day a young man entered the workplace, whose appearance had something about it which at once took the attention of the beholder. He had a high, noble forehead, and black hair. He stretched out his hand towards us, and took up my sister, who was nearest to him. After a few broken chords, he drew the bow slowly over the strings. He played for about an hour, but to hear him was to forget time and place. The expression he gave to the instrument was marvellous. It laughed and complained, it sighed and implored, at his will. The same expressive changes appeared in his countenance. His eyes sparkled with inspiration, his black eyelashes half closed, his pale cheeks glowed, and his breast rose and fell in delight. No doubt, he was a great violinist.

"I will buy this," he said, showing my sister to the maker; "I like it much. What do you ask for it?"

"A hundred guineas," was the short answer, spoken so distinctly, and with such emphasis, that anything like bargaining was not to be thought of,

"A hundred guineas!" said the young man; "that is a great deal—almost all I possess."

He placed it again upon the cushion, with a little shake of the head, and moved away with a kind of bitter smile; he approached the door slowly, and, as he held the latch, "I have not quite made up my mind," he murmured; "I will

come again to-morrow, and you shall know my decision." The man bowed low to his singular visitor, who, with a rather awkward salute, left the room.

And there we lay, enchanted by the wonderful things which had been discovered to us in ourselves. We comprehended what sweet melodies were locked up in us. Ennobled by the thought of what we were capable of, if any great artist took us into his hand, we formed the most charming plans for the future. How we would entrance and delight, while our voices, now clear as the song of the bird, now soft as the breath of the wind, should draw tears of joy and emotion from all who heard us. And we spoke of the stranger who had just left us. We had seen a tear in his eye—he had gained our love. Would he return, and would he take one of us into the large space outside, that was called the world?

The young man did indeed come back the next day. His step was rapid. In a moment, he had passed across the room, seized upon my sister, and said to the instrument maker: "Here is the sum you ask; it has cost me no little trouble to get it together; it is the amount of my savings for many years," and he looked at his violin with a joyful smile.

"We will never be separated," he said, "never! Hunger and cold may pursue us, but as long as this heart shall beat, I defy them both. Night - watching, want, incessant study, will all be pleasant to me. We will strive together after the beautiful, the noble, and may God reward our endeavors." And joyfully he left the room, and I was alone.

A short time only, and my destiny was decided. I heard the rattling of wheels; a carriage stopped before our large window, footsteps approached, the door opened, and a middle-aged man entered, followed by one of about five-and-twenty years

of age. Both were dressed after the newest fashion.

The elder man had a sparkling breastpin in his silk neckerchief, a heavy gold chain over his velvet waistcoat, and a number of rings on his fingers. But the freedom of his manner surprised me even more than the splendor of his toilette. The other had his hair carefully arranged, and was perfumed; he had thick whiskers, and might have been called handsome, had his face had the healthy coloring natural to youth. He seemed to be returning from a ride, for he whisked the dust from his riding boots with his cambric pocket handkerchief.

"Now, young man," said the elder gentleman, "since you, too, must bring your offering to the shrine of art, which, between ourselves, I think pure madness, I must indulge you. Choose a violin for yourself, but let it be a thing that pleases."

The violin-maker drew near. With a glance he took the measure of his two customers. "The gentlemen wish—"

"A violin, but the best you have in your shop. I do not regard the price, but it must be the best,—the best. It is fearfully hot," he added, as he wiped his forehead, "frightfully hot. A good thing we have a carriage, or we could not venture out in this boiling heat. How do you like my horses? They are a good English breed. And the carriage? The newest Paris fashion. They cost a pretty large sum of money," and he shook his head deplorably; "guess how much?"

All this he had said in one breath, and then sank exhausted on to a chair.

The young man bit his thin lips, and reached out his hand towards me. He tried a little air, but with small success. But that did not prevent the elder man from listening to him with evident pleasure. With his hands in his pockets, and his head bent, he glanced knowingly at the

violin-player, who met his look with a faint smile.

"Not bad, not bad! Bravo, bravissimo!" said the papa. "Now, young man, you must appear at the first good concert which is given. Your playing deserves a high place. How angry all these young fellows will be, who now consider themselves the heads of the company, when they are struck dumb by your performance. Ha, ha, that will be charming!" And his fit of laughing ended in a cough which changed the color of his not very pleasing countenance into shades of violet and crimson. "And the price?" he continued. "Ready money; I want no credit," and he struck his hand upon his pocket, which returned a clinking sound.

The young man reddened, and again bit his lip. The violin-maker smiled. The old man seemed to have a very high opinion of him. They soon agreed. I was packed up in a case, into which no ray of light could enter. I was placed in the carriage, and we went off at a swift pace. And here was the first period of my history.

What was concealed for me in the lap of the future? whether my ambitious dreams were ever likely to be realized, were the questions which chiefly occupied my thoughts; but, above all, I desired to know into whose hands I had fallen. My curiosity was very soon to be satisfied.

I found myself in a splendidly furnished room, containing all that riches and luxury could bring together. The rays of the sun were softened as they passed through the window-curtains; the mantel-pieces were covered with costly vases and clocks.

Mirrors gave back a tenfold reflection, and elegant arm-chairs and ottomans prevented a free course over the carpet, which was like a garden in which the most beautiful flowers lay strewn about.

But there was something cold and

repulsive in all this beauty. The eye seemed overloaded; the contrast of coloring was too sharp; different objects, which were in themselves beautiful, ceased to give pleasure, from the inartistic manner in which they were arranged.

There were no pictures on the walls. There were none of the evidences of the presence of a woman's hand ornamenting the elegant little tables. There was an ebony book-case; but it was carefully closed, that no dust might be able to penetrate.

Rows of French romances were ranged upon the shelves, and, though of little value, they were richly bound and gilt. They stood there like courtiers in attendance on some reception-day. I could not doubt it—I was in the drawing-room of some parvenu.

My young master did, indeed, possess some inclination and taste for music. But he failed in two of the requisites for those who wish to be true artists—studious habits and perseverance. Both these require sacrifices which he was incapable of making.

There were many days on which he never troubled himself about me. Sometimes there was a hunt, to which he was invited, and in which all the principal people of the town were to join; then it was a ball or a concert, at which he considered himself bound to appear.

On one of these occasions he became acquainted with a lady; they were mutually pleased, and their marriage soon took place.

Can we take it amiss if he now forgot everything else and passed all his spare time by the side of his bride? Ah! months had passed since I came forth into the world; months of painful expectation, which seemed to me as ages. Constantly inclosed in a narrow prison, I was incessantly longing for the day when I should be relieved from this state of inactivity, and my capabilities should be known and appreciated.

The dust lay thickly upon my case: I seemed hardly to exist.

"Ah!" I sighed, "if I could only be placed in the hand of an artist, a true artist, how happy I should be!"

But time moved quietly, like the ticking of the pendulum of the costly clock on the mantel-piece.

One day there was an unusual commotion in the house. Doors were opened and shut, footsteps sounded through the wide passages of the house, merry voices were heard in the so-long silent rooms.

A great entertainment was evidently in preparation. It was in honor of the marriage of the son of the house and his beautiful bride. I gathered that there was to be a dinner, and then a concert and a ball.

The principal people of the town were invited. The presence of a few men of talent was to add to the splendor of the assembly.

At last the long-expected evening arrived. Servants in rich liveries lighted the brilliant chandeliers, and arranged themselves in the hall and corridor. The whole of the house was decorated with flowers, and the lovely bride, hardly eighteen years old, almost eclipsed them by her beauty and freshness.

I see her now in her snowy dress; her only ornament the bridal crown, which was arranged with such seeming simplicity, and yet so artfully, among her dark curls, which were partly concealed by the long veil which floated about her face like a cloud. And then her beautiful eyes!—sometimes moist with tears of sorrow, sometimes glistening with those of joy. No; when I looked at her, I could no longer take it amiss that my master had neglected me for her.

The feast was magnificent, and as the tongues of the guests were loosened by wine, the sounds of merriment waxed louder.

The concert was now to begin. For this occasion I had been brought from my concealment, and was to be shown off. A young man then

led forth from among the guests. Countenance, upon which was unmistakable mark of genius, and traces of night-watchings and of exercise.

A ribbon of an order was fastened to his button-hole; I immediately recognized him, and his instrument also. He began. The company ceased to laugh and chat; at first I paid little attention to his playing, but he had not played long before I, as by an invisible power, was compelled to listen.

It was a soul-moving melody; it was and subdued, wild and fanatical—sighing, laughing, weeping. It was the outpouring of the feelings that arose from the heart of the young man, and found expression upon the strings of his instrument.

His bow merely moved up and down, the finger merely passed from string to string, and yet this alone was enough to produce a harmony as full as that of a choir of angels.

The piece was ended. Thunders of applause succeeded. There were many whose hearts had not beaten with emotion, whose eyes had not been moistened with a tear.

"Fasterly! enchanting!" sounded from all sides, and all pressed around the young artist to offer him a friendly word.

Each proffered his homage. "What do you think of it?" asked he? He stood there modestly seeking to avoid all this flattery and treatment. "The whole secret of my splendid instrument, and my own feeling."

His instrument—his splendid instrument! The violin then came in for its share of the applause. His instrument! From that moment I began to feel my own inferiority to my sister. I had an inner worth; certainly not. Fortune had given her to a man who knew how to appreciate and draw forth her gifts, and to draw from that which was slumbering within.

My existence was passing in usefulness, and yet there were many of lovely harmony hidden

within me. And from that moment the fatal seed of envy was implanted in my heart.

Years passed away after this noteworthy evening. The time seemed endless. I appeared to be entirely forgotten. I was removed from the splendid saloon to an adjoining closet, and after awhile was thrown into a dark chest in a lumber room. There I lay, buried amongst old articles of clothing, and the spider wove his webs about my head.

Now and then sounds reached me from a distance, and I could guess a little what was going on during this time. The old master had died, and the young pair, whose union had been blessed with three children, had taken up their abode in the new house.

Oh! how often did the merry silver voices of those children penetrate pleasantly to my solitude. I little thought how great a share they would have in my misfortunes!

"Oh! look there; what is that?" cried a little blue-eyed, fair-haired fellow, about eight years old. "What a curious plaything that is in the black chest!" "Oh! how pretty!" And the children climbed up to the chest, and having pulled me from my resting-place, their little hands were soon busy pulling out my pegs and jingling on my strings; but soon, one of the little ones, desiring full possession of me, stretched out his hands and tore me from his brother, and then, to the great delight of his little sister, he stood upon me. It was on this occasion that I got that crack, which was never quite cured.

Happily for me the children's maid, who had for some minutes neglected her charge, now returned to them, and delivered me from the hands of these little Vandals, though not without screams and vigorous resistance.

But the matter did not end here. The eldest boy related the occurrence to his parents, and expressed his

great desire to learn to play the violin. His wish was at once granted—how was it possible to refuse the dear little fellow?—and then began a sad life for me.

The music-master came at twelve o'clock; a short man, with pinched features and a red face. It was an unaccountable circumstance that his watch was always a quarter of an hour behind the house-clock when he came, and a quarter of an hour before it when the lesson was finished.

Equally unaccountable was it that, in spite of the talent which his mamma discovered in him, the boy made little progress. The time of instruction was a painful time for a critical ear.

I could hardly recognize my own clear voice in the discords and false tones that I heard. I knew that I was out of tune, and rejoiced with the teacher and the pupil when the time came for me to be deposited in my case till the next day. Thus it was that my fair dreams of ambition were realized.

Years passed on. It was a cold, foggy autumn day, after a night of incessant rain. The streets were covered with mud, and the wild autumn wind howled through the leafless trees. Great handbills are attached to the walls of the house, and the passers-by who read them shake their heads and go on.

The marble floor of the entrance-hall shows evident signs of numerous visitors who enter without any ceremony, and there are wet foot-prints, even upon the beautiful stone stairs.

And the drawing-room; how desolate it looks! Not a single piece of furniture is remaining in its place. Everything has been moved aside and cleared away; the handsome carpet is rolled up in one corner, and a ticket with a number is attached to it, as well as to every other article in the room.

And the visitors go about looking

into every place, from the attics to the cellar. They all seem busied in examining and feeling, and entering remarks in their memorandum-books; and then they depart unobserved as they came.

Nothing is sacred in this house, not even this room, hitherto the abode of happiness and peace, and which the merry voices of children were wont to enliven from morn till eve.

The great drama, with its smiles and tears, is ended, and a dark veil has fallen upon the players. But there is still one small room which remains private. And in this room sits the worn-down woman—the poor mother—with weeping eyes and pale cheeks. Her hands rest in her lap. Her eyes are cast sadly around; while her two youngest darlings are laughing and playing at her feet.

Her eldest son stands with his arm upon her shoulder. His face is pale; a tear is on his cheek, which he quietly wipes away.

"Be comforted, mother; I will work for you," he said, while his eyes expressed strength and determination. "I will work for you day and night; for you and—for my father." And his pale face became still paler.

"See, mamma," said the little girl, with a smile, "is not William good?"

And the mother turned her eyes to the innocent little one, and, while she played with her golden locks, smiled through her tears.

"But where is papa?" asked the silver voice, innocent of the pain she gave. "He used always to wish us good-morning, and now we have not seen him for three or four days—for a week. And why do we always sit in this dull, dark room? It is so much pleasanter downstairs. Are you angry with me, mamma, that you cry so?" And the child rose, and placing her arms round her mother's neck, began to weep, she knew not wherefore.

The old gray-haired servant sat in a corner, and shook her head in despair that she should have lived to see this day.

A dismal drama had indeed been acted, and the hero of it is far away over the roaring ocean. He fled away during the night, noiseless as a shadow; and from that time his office was forsaken, and the shutters closed, as if a corpse were in the house. The only person who remained was the head clerk, and he passed his days in examining the books and making vast calculations, the result of which was a hopeless null.

It seemed as if a curse were resting on the house, for those who passed it exchanged looks, and whispered about a fraudulent bankrupt, and flight, and shame. And these words were found every morning written in red chalk on the house-door; and however carefully they were washed away, the next day they were sure to reappear.

The house was now empty; the rooms were as silent, as the maid-servant said, as if they were inhabited by ghosts. Of all the pomp and splendor, of all the luxury of that house, nothing remained but here and there a piece of gilded paper, which hung in tatters from the wall.

And as for me—the unfortunate violin—I was thrown quite aside. Some purchasers had taken me up and looked at me, but each had put me down, with the observation that I had been a good instrument but was now quite worthless.

But at last a purchaser took pity on me. On this evening, as soon as it grew dark, the mother and children left the house.

The poor woman clung fast to the boy, who carefully led her along, while she pressed her youngest to her breast. Sobbing and tearful, the other children hung upon her dress, and so they left the desolate room and went forth into the wide, wide

world. Was I indeed quite forgotten?

No, alas! I was not forgotten. New dishonor awaited me, new humiliation. Fool that I was! my castles in the air were all swept away like dust before the autumn wind.

The day will come, I used to say to myself, when you will entrance and delight, for you are the favorite of the muses. Bitter irony! Would you know what was indeed my fate?

A dancing master bought me for a nominal price at the sale. Yes, a dancing master! A slight man with a handsome mustache and whiskers. He is always beautifully dressed, and his shoes are as bright as a mirror.

He is up very early in the morning, and hardly allows himself time for breakfast, for he has many scholars. Then begins a day wearying both for mind and body. Who can number the humors and fancies, the mortifications and humiliations he has to put up with in the course of it.

Alone, he hurries through the streets as if he fears to lose a moment of time. Perhaps he has a wife and children at home for whom he is earning the dear-bought penny, and for whom, in truth, he works from morning till night, and even when oppressed by care, and his heart is full of sorrow, he must yet appear with the same smile on his lips. And he is called unfeeling! He who, when his youngest darling had died, resumed his duties with his pupils the very next day. The old violin knew better. He always takes care of me and wraps me up in the black covering, and when he returns home, tired and exhausted, joyfully do the children come out to meet him with their greeting of happiness and love; and when he has been refreshed by his evening meal, then he takes me into his hand and plays such tunes that the young ones laugh with delight, and the mother puts her work down on her lap and laughs with them. And the eldest boy begins to tell about all he has

learned at school, and his father takes him on his knee and kisses his rosy cheeks.

"This boy must begin to study," he says, with a look at the mother.

"I will be a learned man," replies the little one, "I will be a learned man, and do those great things that we read about in books. Oh! how charming that must be. I will be famous."

And, after thinking awhile, he continued:

"Father, do famous men die?"

The dancing-master hesitated a moment, and answered:

"No, my child. Their bodies die, but their spirits live in their works. When you are older you will understand about this better than you can now, little golden locks. But now do not trouble your head about these matters, but go to sleep."

So the little scholar ran laughing to his mother and grandmother, who took him, singing, to his bed.

And when all was silent in the neat little room, and the ticking of the clock against the wall was the only sound heard, then would the husband and wife draw round the glimmering fire and relate to each other all that had happened to either through the day, whether of joy or sorrow, and would speak in whispers of their dreams for the future.

And their dreams were in process of time fulfilled. Thanks to his untiring industry, the dancing-master was able to save a good sum of money, and the boy, their pride and their hope, had grown up a fine young man, with a clear head and a good understanding. The old school-master declared him to be his best scholar, and was much grieved when he left him, though he comforted himself with the thought that it was best for him that he should do so.

"Study," he said, "and you will become a great man; but," he continued, his voice losing its firmness, "do not forget your old teacher,

and God be with you," and so he went out into the world.

Forward, ever forward! And I, poor violin, was daily declining, my destiny still unfulfilled. It was a painful feeling, but I knew that I was getting old and useless. My contemporaries were better off; for me time had only brought fresh wounds and bruises.

Often, as I lay neglected in my cover, I thought of the good old times before my sister and I entered the world. She had become famous, but my master had only given me a resting-place.

It was evident now that the dancing-master must soon retire, he was not so active and elastic as formerly; age was beginning to make itself felt. And then what would become of me? Shall I not then sink still lower?

What I had long feared now really happened. I was dismissed.

"One gets attached to an old instrument," said the good dancing-master. "I will hang the old violin on that nail in the wall as a remembrance of former times."

But his wife, a thrifty woman, sold me one day with some other useless things.

"What is the use of all these?" she said. "We must make a clearance."

And now began the last period of my life; I can hardly persuade myself to speak of it. In an obscure part of the town, there was a house which was always well-lighted, and from which sounds of merriment were heard.

There was an entertainment there, of which dancing formed a part of the amusement. Through a cloud of tobacco-smoke dim forms of men and women might be seen moving about, while music sounds from a kind of orchestra at one end of the room. Ear-piercing music, a clarinet and a grumbling bass, one always in advance of the other, and both overpowered by the tones of a creaking violin.

"The violin is out of tune," shouts a voice from above, "the violin is good for nothing!" But the composure of the musician is not to be disturbed.

Why should he be ashamed of his playing? And the ear-piercing music goes on. And I am that cracked fiddle—I, who first saw the light in Cremona.

And so I went into the corner of a ragman's shop. Thus low did I fall, and then you found me, and now you know the history of my whole life.

The clock struck six. The lamp upon the table of the journalist shed

a red light through the room, dimly penetrated by the daylight.

The journalist awoke. His book fell upon the fireplace; the fire had gone out, and a heap of ashes was all that remained. He rubbed his eyes and gaped, and seemed to be still in a dream. And by degrees the events of the last evening came before him, and he smiled a mournful smile.

He placed himself before his desk, dipped his pen in the ink, and began his long-deferred work. And first he wrote the title:

"The History of a Violin—a Fantasy of the Hearth."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Dr. J. P. NEWMAN, the United States "Inspector of Foreign Consulates," finds time, amid his official duties, to write for the Methodist "Christian Advocate." In one of his articles he gives the results of his researches into the state of Catholic Chinese Missions. He says that there are now in China forty Catholic bishops, nine hundred and fifty priests, of whom five hundred are native Chinese; forty sisters of charity, with thousands of orphans under their charge; sixty colleges, with learned professors, and at least half a million of Catholic laity. This last statement one of our Catholic contemporaries finds reason to doubt, stating that an English traveller (not a Catholic) who has recently penetrated into the interior of China, estimates the number of Catholics in China as over a million. The latter estimate is probably much nearer the truth. In 1859 there were five hundred and thirty thousand in Cochin China alone. In 1861 there were in two dioceses only of Annam sixteen thousand who suffered martyrdom for the faith, and twenty thousand more who were, for the same cause, sold into slavery. Dr. Newman himself affirms that the still later persecutions have "weakened neither their faith nor their courage." He says that "at Tientsin the Catholics have survived the massacre. Their cathedral, at the junction of the Pieho and the Grand Canal, remains

a blackened ruin; but on the very spot where the sisters were so brutally murdered, a new chapel and orphanage are in process of erection, while in the Foreign Concession is their new cathedral, 50 by 150, surrounded by buildings for the priests, the nuns, and the orphans."

OF all the French cathedrals, that of Rheims, at present under restoration, is the most magnificent. It is 450 feet long and 93 wide. The height of the nave is 110 feet. The chief door is enriched by two beautiful rosaces and by statues and bas-reliefs of fine workmanship. It is said that the statues on the exterior of this church are 5000 in number, of which 600 adorn the principal entrance. Two noble towers, 250 feet high, stand on either side of the facade, and are surmounted by figures of angels and saints. The interior of the cathedral has a vast nave and many glorious stained glass windows. The pavement is very rich, being of mosaic. On the high altar is a picture of our Lady, by Poussin, and the baptismal font is that from which King Clovis, the first Christian king of France, was baptized. The cathedral of Rheims was begun in 1211 by Archbishop Alberic de Humbert, and was not terminated until late in the fifteenth century. It was in this church that Joan of Arc crowned Charles VII. The house, in which the famous he-

roine lodged whilst at Rheims, is still shown, and so is the fine hospital where she distinguished herself by her zeal and kindness to the wounded. Another fine church at Rheims is that of St. Remy, which is nearly as large as the cathedral, and remarkable for its splendid colonnade of white marble columns. The relic of the Holy Oil used in the French coronation ceremonies, is kept over the high altar of this splendid old Abbey, the conventual buildings of which are now converted into an hospital under the care of the Franciscans. Rheims is the primatial see of France, and has been the scene of no less than eight councils.

FATHER NUGENT, of Liverpool, is a wonderful man in his way. With small resources and with very rough and unmanageable material to work upon, he has succeeded in performing nothing less than marvellous feats among the poor of Liverpool. He is never tired of making public appeals on behalf of ignorance and destitution, and he is seldom unsuccessful. And why? Because he knows how to go about the work devolving upon him. Through his instrumentality an institution has been established in Liverpool, where the little Irish waifs and strays of the streets of Liverpool are clothed and fed. He has persuaded some hundreds of working men to abstain from public houses on Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays, and to give a penny each in aid of his home. He has by this means accumulated more than a million of pence, and served those working men and their families immensely. Since the opening of this home one hundred thousand suppers have been given to destitute boys, and ten thousand boys have been provided with a night's lodgings. Many of those little ones have been also provided with situations in England, in the United States and in Canada. The home has dealt permanently with one thousand boys. There are now one hundred and sixty-seven boys in the refuge, and Father Nugent has taken the eminently practical step referred to above to provide additional accommodation for another one hundred and fifty.

THE appointment of the Most Rev. John McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, as Cardinal, has been received by American Catholics with joy, as marking the love of the Holy Father for his western children, and also as another evidence of the growing importance of the Church in this country in the work of the Church Universal. The United States seems destined, in the providence of God, to furnish a safe harbor to those exiled from Europe for their religion.

His Eminence was born in Brooklyn in the year 1810, ordained by Bishop Dubois in January, 1834, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where he also celebrated his first mass, and was consecrated Bishop of Axiere and coadjutor to Bishop Hughes. In 1847 he was appointed first Bishop of Albany, and presided over that See with wisdom and piety for seventeen years. On Sunday, August 21st, 1864, he was installed as Archbishop of New York. Here his works have been great and arduous. He has built churches, established communities of religious orders, established the Catholic protector, foundling and orphan asylums and hospitals, and vigorously pushed forward the work of the splendid new cathedral which is now rising in majesty in New York. Such services are, indeed, well worthy of the purple, and Cardinals McCloskey, Cullen, and Manning will take the rank with the best in the Sacred College.

DECIDED steps have been taken to celebrate the Centenary of Daniel O'Connell on the 6th of next August. A national conference assembled on Tuesday, March 9th, at Dublin, where were upwards of two hundred persons present, including representatives of public bodies, reverend clergy, etc. The Lord Mayor took the chair. In his opening address he suggested that, as the Centenary would fall upon a Friday, it would not be possible to have upon that day a banquet, but the banquet might take place on the day following, Saturday. On the Thursday, the eve of the 6th of August, there would be a grand religious ceremony in the pro-cathedral, Marlborough Street. It was probable that prelates and distinguished men from all parts of the globe—including the illustrious Monsignor Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, the prelates who had suffered for the faith in Germany, and also of America—would be present. A great musical festival should also be held, and a *conversazione*. An executive committee was appointed, a list of subscriptions opened, and a penny collection ordered to be taken up on St. Patrick's Day in the churches, the kind permission of Cardinal Cullen having been obtained.

THE German Society of Arctic Exploration has finally concluded to take the necessary steps for a new polar expedition, to sail in June, 1875, if the preparations can be made in time, otherwise in 1876. There will probably be two steamers of about three hundred tons burden, with crews of from twenty-five to thirty each, and the proper complement of scientific men. To one vessel will be intrusted the exploration of the deep fiords on the east coast, running into

f Greenland; the other steamer thward along the east coast in of the pole, and send out sledge time to time. The expedition ioned for three years. e no vessels fitted for the ser- perial navy, it is probable they be built or purchased from the rine. The total coast of build- ted at 150,000 thalers, with as for provisioning, stores, and

pedition can start during the it will, of course, serve as a o the British expedition, the becoming auxiliary to each h Greenland.

important move has been made eral Quinn and the Trustees lic Free Schools of New York presented a petition to the igation setting forth that 30,000 id the parochial schools of New accommodated in more than s, most of them large and sub- all provided for by voluntary . They accordingly request a the Board to meet a committee order to consider on what terms ols can be admitted to the ben- ommon school system, subject A committee of seven was ap- e Board to consider the com- nd report. This action of the atholics is timely, and will do

A similar arrangement, to that s for some time been in opera- mah, Ga., and at Poughkeepsie, ere seems no good reason why Catholics in this matter should d.

ry 25th His Eminence Cardinal rated the twenty-fifth anniver- piscopate. The event was sol- great solemnity at Marlborough ral, Dublin, when Father Burke sermon, chiefly remarkable for of eulogy on the Cardinal, an olained by the fact that it was ence's special request. During e Cardinal Cullen has earnestly omote the cause of religion and : has succeeded in abolishing estant Established Church and : Catholic University, and has e fangs of the anti-Catholic n, that in many parts of Ireland lly Catholic. He opposed the ement on the ground of its in- nd futility, and although he in- unpopularity by this, the event iction.

THE persecution in Germany continues with unabated severity, nay, it increases. During the month of January, sixty ecclesi- astics, including five bishops, have been fined, imprisoned, or banished, for being guilty of performing their spiritual func- tions! Forty-two laymen have been perse- cuted, twelve public meetings closed by the police, and several papers have been sup- pressed, and the editors imprisoned. In addition, it is now proposed to banish *all* the religious orders, and to withdraw the public allowances granted to the clergy, and guar- anteed to them by the most solemn treaties and statutes. Nothing but the total destruc- tion of the Catholic Church in Germany (if such a thing is possible) can satisfy the animosity of Bismarck, and answer the requirements of the "Liberal" party.

THE spread of the religious orders and congregations in the United States during the last twenty years has been very remark- able. The following particulars may prove interesting to some of our readers: Of the old orders of monks and friars, the Francis- cans first entered the present territory of the United States in the year 1525, the Do- minicans in 1539, the Carmelites in 1602, the Augustinians in 1790, the Trappists (reformed Cistercians) in 1803, and the Benedictines in 1846. The Jesuits entered Florida in 1565, have traversed all parts of the United States, and have missions and homes in seventeen different States. There are now seventy orders, communities, con- gregations, and sisterhoods represented in this country.

A BODY of forty-five Sisters of Charity, banished from Mexico by decree of the government, arrived in San Francisco, and on Sunday, February 21st, a large and en- thusiastic meeting, composed of both Cath- olics and Protestants, met in Union Hall to welcome them to America, and to protest against the action of the Mexican govern- ment. General Rosecrans presided, Mayor Otis was first vice-president, senators and ex-senators were on the platform; and resolutions, expressing sympathy for the sis- ters, were drafted by ex-Governor Burnett. Speeches were made by Archbishop Ale- many, Brother Justin of St. Mary's College, Father Elliott, one of the Paulists, who are just now giving a mission in San Francisco, and Senor Ainsa.

THE oldest Sister of Charity in the United States, Sister Ann Alexis, is dead. For fifty years she has been a religious, and for forty-

three years she has labored in the city of Boston among the orphan children. She, in company with two other sisters, and with the approval of Bishop Fenwick, opened a day-school, which by degrees assumed the shape of an orphan asylum. The present St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum was opened in 1859, but the institution had been chartered in 1843. Sister Ann Alexis died on the Feast of St. Joseph, having just survived her jubilee one week.

THE steady advance of Russia in Central Asia is constantly causing alarm to England. The Khan of Khiva is practically a feudatory and vassal of the Czar; year after year Muscovite legions are sent into the Tartar country, and it appears that a section of territory as large as Persia has been an-

nexed within the last twenty years; absorbed by slow degrees, piecemeal and imperceptibly. When Russia and England confront each other on the banks of the Indus, can the peace of the world be maintained?

ST. PATRICK's day was observed throughout the United States with the usual parades and festive celebrations. Very Rev. Dean Byrne, the President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, however, wrote a letter dissuasive of these displays.

At Newark the Cathedral was consecrated by the Most Reverend Archbishop Bayley, formerly bishop of that See, now the esteemed Primate of the United States. Bishops Corrigan (Newark), McQuade (Rochester), and Williams (Boston), assisted at the solemn ceremonies.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DOMUS DEI. A collection of Religious and Memorial Poems. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street. 1875.

It is pleasant in these days of doggerel to welcome the genius of song. It is good in these times of impure literature to greet the Christian muse, and Miss Donnelly, we need scarcely remind our readers, combines both in herself. Not long since we had the pleasure of reviewing her first volume of poems, "OUT OF SWEET SOLITUDE," and now she brings us a second "DOMUS DEI." The name is aptly chosen for two reasons, first, because she seldom comes out of the sweet solitude wherein she holds converse only with rich inspirations, save to electrify the Church of God with the sweet religious songs which those inspirations have prompted her to give forth.

Again, this volume is published for the benefit of the magnificent church of St. Charles Borromeo, in Philadelphia, now rapidly approaching completion. What she has said to the reverend pastor in her beautiful letter of dedication, wherein she tells him that he has built into this church some of the best years of his life, may, with but a slight change of ideas, be repeated of herself, in that she has set into the material temple some of the brightest gems of her talents.

We would like to give copious extracts,

but can afford space only for the fine description of the character of the titular patron of the Church, the glorious Borromeo, and the beautiful appeal she makes in his name.

O friends! be generous; methinks, I see
A form go 'round among you timidly;

A shadowy form in mitre and in cope,
His saintly face illumed with faith and hope;

And as he stretches forth his holy palms,
And, like a noble beggar, asks for alms,

The angel of the past, with torch aflame,
Shows through the mist of centuries, his name,—

SAN CARLO BORROMEO! Him, the sage
Pius, the Fourth, raised, at an early age,

To such unwonted honors, that with pain,
The humble Charles protested,—but in vain;

For in his very meekness he displayed
The wisdom of the choice the Pontiff made.

And so the holy Will of God (not man)
Mastered the lowly prelate of Milan.

—No marble bishop in a marble niche,
But living poor that Christ's poor might be rich,

He, when the plague raged thro' his diocese,
At the high altar on his bended knees,

A rope about his neck—his meek head bowed,
And all the church a dense and weeping crowd,—

Offered himself, as no one else had dared,
A victim, that his people might be spared!

'Tis in *his* name and by his priest, dear friends,
We beg the means to work most sacred ends;

And under *his* sweet patronage we place
This holy temple to the Lord of grace.

Cast then your bread upon the waters wide,
And after many days, upon the tide

Of prayer, which shall ascend from this new shrine,
(Reared by *your* efforts to the Lamb Divine),

The rosy tide, the pure and healing tide,—
That floweth ever from the Wounded side—

It shall return, all fragrant from the skies,
Born on the silver ships of Paradise,

And in that sunset hour, St. Charles shall be
The pilot of that priceless Argosy!

We can but hastily refer to some of the poems of the volume, though in such an "embarrassment of riches" it is difficult to make a selection.

The Angelic Youth, page 19, is an enshrined statue of St. Aloysius in verse.

In the midst of the glow and glory
Of the golden month of June,
When the buds are all in blossom
And the birds are all in tune,—
What is there more delicious,
More fraught with childlike joy,
Than the feast of St. Aloysius,
Gonzaga's blessed boy?

In the blaze of a thousand altars,
He stands,—dear little Saint!
In his snowy, airy surplice,
And his habit dark and quaint.
His head a little drooping,
(The way he used to stand),
And his dark, clear eyes on the lilies
And crucifix in his hand.

A Sunset Prayer, page 24, is perhaps for richness of metaphor the masterpiece of the volume. We give two or three extracts as illustrations.

I.

At my window I have lingered till the light is nearly
spent,
Till the breezes, dainty-fingered, sweep their view-
less instrument,
And the day hath wandered westward, flinging roses
as it went.

II.

In his royal state and purple sits the gracious sove-
reign sun,
And with faces veiled, but shining, float the clouds
around his throne;
Floating ever and imploring till the solemn court is
done.

* * * * *

V.

And that olden, golden legend seemeth written in
each cloud,
Of Saint Catharine borne by angels in her pure ce-
lestial shroud,
While the breezes, winging after, sing a requiem
aloud.

In *Lou's Guardian Angel* there is a thought so beautiful, in connection with a child, that we cannot forbear quoting it:

The dew of the Font on his soul is yet glist'ning,
And God's perfect love folds him close from all ill:
The music the angels intoned at his christ'ning,
Is filling his heart with its melody still.

Lines with an Easter Cross is a beautiful interpretation of the well-known chromo, "Easter Morning," while *Keeping the Fast* is a deliciously realistic sermon in verse. From *Patience*, page 48, we clip these stanzas, which are of an exceedingly original type of beauty:

* * * * *

Husband thy store of sunshine,
('Twere Croesus-wealth to some);
Think, in the years of plenty,
Of the years of famine to come!

That when the flowers of fortune
Fall in the time decreed,
And the yield of the blighted orchard
Is poor and scant indeed,—

The charm of a glad acceptance
May swell thy sorry share,
And the joy of a graceful suff'rance
May bless God in its prayer.

He will not send a burden
Too great for mortal toad;
He will not fill thy chalice
With more than it can hold.

With an even hand he portions
Man's pitiful estate;
On every plebeian sorrow
Patrician angels wait!

Here is a charming poem picture of St. John the Baptist:

* * * * *

III.

The muse of Christian art delights
To paint thee near Our Lady's knee,
Her eyes of speaking loveliness
Turned tenderly, dear child, on thee;
Whilst stooping, as in sweet command,
The Infant Christ extends His hand.

IV.

But who shall paint, or who shall write
The bitter sweetness of that hour,
When, leaving in the Virgin's arms,
The Infant, blooming like a flower,
Thou, thro' St. Joseph's cottage-door,
Didst journey, to return no more!

V.

In vain among the clust'ring vines,
Elizabeth in tears might stand;
And wrinkled Zachary look forth,
His dim eyes shaded by his hand!
No human ties, however sweet,
Could bind thy little hermit feet.

Emanuel, The Martyr's Vigil, Pancratius in the Arena, St. Germaine Cousin, are fine specimens of descriptive portrayal, though they by no means exhaust the list, and *Love's Reproach*, which closes the first part, and which appeared in the RECORD for February, is soul-touching in its plaintive tenderness, which seems to come directly from the lips of our Ecce Homo, piercing like an arrow of contrition directly to the sinner's heart.

The second part of the book consists of *memorial poems*, which are all pervaded by a vein of true Christian sentiment.

The poem, *All Souls' Day*, which appro-

propriately serves as an introduction, is highly artistic and beautiful. *Sister Mary Ignatius* is characterized by great beauty of thought. *Fr. Barbelin's Requiem*, reprinted from a former volume, and *The Tablet on the Southern Wall*, dedicated to the same venerated and saintly pastor, will be regarded as precious relics by his children at old St. Joseph's. While the elegy on Mr. Dos Santos, the organist for so many years at St. Mary's, will find a responsive echo in the hearts of all that congregation.

But the gem of these memorials, and a gem it is indeed, is a poem on page 87, *Her Picture, A. I. K.* What could the surviving friends or relatives of the deceased desire more acceptable than these exquisite lines?

* * * * *

She sighed in winter days :
" Alas ! that Spring were here,
To wake the bloom in orchard ways,
And lilies in the mere ;
To bless the icy streams, and wand'ring breeze,
And hang new robes upon the haggard trees ! "

The Spring is crowned once more
With violets and mist ;
It wanders in at open door,—
She does not see or list.
It goes and stands beside her grassy bed,
And blesses her and does not deem her dead.

The trees, so fair and strong,
Tap on the window-pane :
And while the warm light breaks among
Their leaves,—they sing again
Of silver mere, and empty drifting boat,
And torchlike lilies in the shade aloft.

And from the rustic bridge
Where children are at play,
The blossoms glimmer up the ridge,
Where Winter went away ;
Tracking his footsteps thro' a fragrant aisle
Of daisy-buds, and wild white camomile.

Alas ! those snowy bells
May fuller grow, and fair,
And murmurs, like the voice of shells,
Drift thro' the dreamy air ;
But one young hand must miss the flowery store,
And one young step shall press the bridge no more !

The woods may flush with bloom,
The winds breathe from the sea,
But bloom or breath shall never come,
O darling ! unto thee !
Until the Judgment-Angel bending, saith :
" The morn is here ; awake, O child ! from death. "

The typographical features of the book are in excellent taste, and correspond near enough to the former volume issued by Lipincott & Co. The two give the appearance of being merely successive volumes of the same series, and not as they are, in fact, distinct publications, to which we hope Miss

Donnelly will not long delay adding a third.

CRITERION; or, How to Detect Error and Arrive at Truth. By Rev. J. Balmes. New York: P.O'Shea. 1875. Received from C. A. Hennessy, 827 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

This production of the great modern Spanish and Catholic philosopher is a truly valuable acquisition to our English literature. It is said that when its author was yet an infant, his mother laid him before the shrine of the great St. Thomas of Aquin, offering him to God through the mediation of that glorious prince of Christian philosophers and theologians. The offering would seem to have been accepted, if we may judge of Balmes's productions, for we know of no writer who seems to be as much imbued with the spirit of the angelic doctor. Indeed, he always seemed to us to be an abridgement, if we may use the expression, of St. Thomas both in himself and in his works. The "CRITERION" is the translation of a Catholic priest, and is one of its author's simplest works. It is simply philosophy for the million—philosophy stripped first of all repulsive technicalities, and then invested with a charming attire that must attract almost even the unlettered reader. The work, though thoroughly Catholic in tone and doctrine, as all true philosophy must be, is not a religious but a strictly philosophical treatise, and religion is only referred to in as far as it is regarded as a subject for philosophic investigation. The beautiful and interesting manner in which the theme is treated should make it as a handbook of philosophy even more useful than modern simplified textbooks, which are now becoming deservedly popular in our academies.

THE LITTLE COMPANION OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY, published by Kelly, Piet & Co., Baltimore, is an excellent compilation of beautiful private devotions, including the Little Offices of the Blessed Virgin and of the Immaculate Conception, in Latin and English. It is of very commodious size, and beautifully bound in black cloth with red edges.

For sale by Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

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